

Edmond Netterville
THE *Woodstock*

HISTORY

L. Campbell

BETTY BARNES.

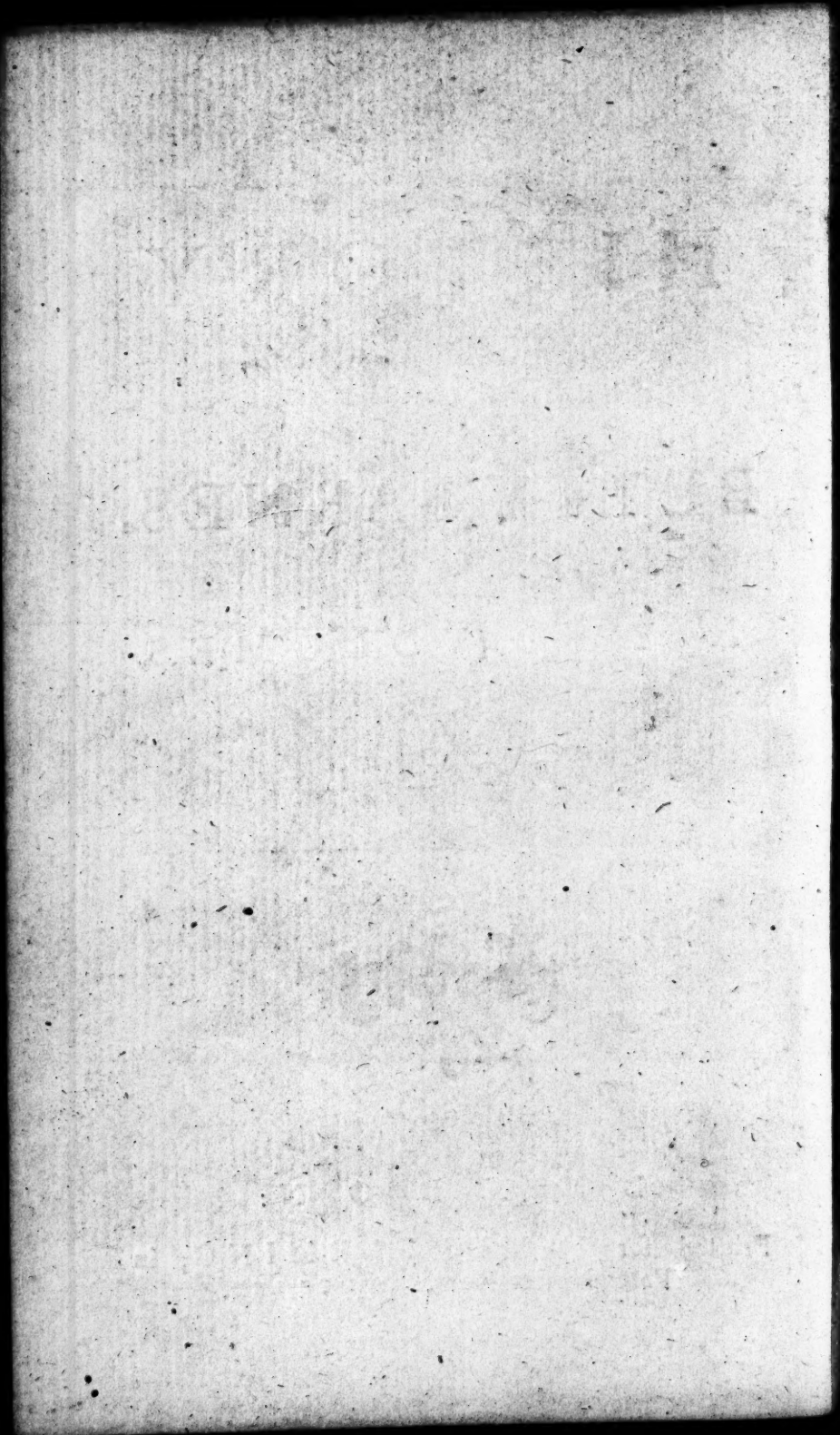
IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L . I .



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CONTENTS

O F T H E

F I R S T V O L U M E.

B O O K I.

C H A P. I.

THE high Misdemeanour of being poor. The Compassion of Parish Officers, and Charity of a fine Lady. A Birth, a Death, and a Love Story. Page 1.

C H A P. II.

Which contains little more than an Account of a broken Limb: An Infant rescued from Beggary: A short Sketch of Education, and the Beginning of an old Maid's Malice. 8

A 2

C H A P.

CHAP. III.

*In which is the History of Mrs. Evans, the Lady's
House-keeper.* Page 13

CHAP. IV.

*The Beauty, Piety, and Virtue of an antiquated Abi-
gal, exemplified in the Character of Mrs. Judy.* 33

CHAP. V.

*The Machinations of Mrs. Judy against our Orphan :
With the Destruction of a Brandy Bottle, and its
Consequences.* 36

CHAP. VI.

*The Arrival of one not in the least expected. Betty
Barnes receives some Account of her Parents ; which
greatly irritates the pious Judy.* 54

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. VII.

Some Passages in the Life of honest Joseph, Mr. Seward's Butler. The Conversation begun in the last Chapter brought to a Conclusion. Page 45.

CHAP. VIII.

After mentioning some Matters relating to Mrs. Evans, shews Judy's Skill at plotting, which introduces a new Character, who makes a considerable Figure in this and some of the following Chapters. 50.

CHAP. IX.

The Lady Benson offended at Betty Barnes, from the unfair Representations of her Ladyship's Nephew and Mrs. Judy. 58.

CHAP. X.

Betty Barnes in the utmost Danger from a Villain; with her Escape and Flight from the House of the Lady Benson. 60.

CHAP. XI.

A farther Account of the intended Ravisher and his childish Antagonists, with the ridiculous Misfortunes that beset the blustering Captain, and the chaste Consolations of the sage Judy. Page 68

CHAP. XII.

Contains an old Man's Story, which gives the Lady Benfon some Light into the Affairs of the poor Fugitive; and other Things not expected by the Reader. 72

 BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Betty Barnes sets out on her Journey. A Piece of low Conversation; female Impertinence, and matrimonial Squabbling. 81

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

vii

CHAP. II.

Betty Barnes meets with more agreeable Company. Some Particulars relating to the Captain and Mrs. Judy ; and the Behaviour of the latter at the Inn, after Betty had left it.

Page 87

CHAP. III.

Which some Readers will think very little to the Purpose.

102

CHAP. IV.

In which the young Woman's Husband tells their Story, and poor Betty Barnes loses the friendly Mr. Robinson.

106

CHAP. V.

In which is introduced a Stranger, whose Complaisance exposes Betty Barnes to much Mortification ; and an Account of a ridiculous Accident that beset the talkative Tradeswoman.

113.

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

viii

CHAP. VI.

In which Betty Barnes arrives at the End of her Journey, and is helped by a Stranger to a Place that promises her much Satisfaction. Page 120

CHAP. VII.

Betty Barnes finds all her Hopes disappointed, loses her Clothes, and is in Danger of much worse Misfortunes ; which she escapes by a speedy Flight. 124

CHAP. . VIII.

Betty Barnes after leaving her Place falls sick, and is reduced to great Distress. A Word or two concerning Hospitals. 130

CHAP. IX.

Some further Account of Mrs. Evans, with the Reason of her Journey and Stay at London. 133

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

ix

CHAP. X.

Mrs. Evans's Story continued.

Page 136

CHAP. XI.

Betty Barnes regains her Health, and goes to Service ; but is obliged to leave her Place by the causeless Jealousy of her Mistress.

141

BOOK III.

CHAP. I.

Some Account of Betty Barnes's new Place, and the History of her Lady.

146

CHAP. II.

In which the Lady's Story grows more interesting.

152

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

The Conclusion of Miss Askew's Story, who is reduced, by the Perfidy of her Lover, to the Extreme of all human Wretchedness. Page 158

CHAP. IV.

Contains what may, perhaps, offend some Readers, and be laugh't at, as improbable, by others. 165

CHAP. V.

Recommended to the Perusal of all Servants, as containing the Spirit of Kitchen Conversation. 173

CHAP. VI.

In which Betty Barnes unexpectedly meets with one of her Fellow-travellers in the Person of her new Mistress. 181

CHAP.

CONTENTS.

xi

CHAP. VII.

Betty's Lover explains the Reason of his Absence, and offers to maintain her without Servitude, which she rejects. Page 185

CHAP. VIII.

Betty receives a Proposal of Marriage from one much her Superior. 189

CHAP. IX.

Mrs. Robinson gives Betty some wholesome Advice, and a Person is introduced, with whom the Reader will shortly be better acquainted. 194

CHAP. X.

The Story of an unhappy young Lady, which, if read in Connection with the foregoing Chapter, will neither be found impertinent, nor ill placed. 197

CHAP. XI.

Betty gets a new Place. Some Account of her Master and Mistress. The Dusting of a Livery Frock, and other Matters equally curious and important. 202

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Betty's Mistress applied to for Relief, by her own Daughter, who is ordered to be turned out of Doors. Page 208

CHAP. XIII.

The History of Captain Milner and his Lady. 212

THE

THE
HISTORY
OF
BETTY BARNES.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

The high Misdemeanor of being poor. The Compassion of Parish Officers, and Charity of a fine Lady. A Birth, a Death, and a Love Story.

MY Heroine has neither Birth nor Titles to render her illustrious; she was the Child of a labouring Man in a little Village in *Yorkshire*. If Honesty and Benevolence of Heart could have exempted this poor Family from the worst of Misfortunes, she had not drawn her first Breath in so deplorable a Place as a Barn. But her unhappy Father, being weak enough to be bound for a worthless Brother, was obliged to leave his Wife when big with Child.

VOL. I.

B

This

This poor Creature, the humane, the compassionate, the tender-hearted, Officers of the Parish, fond of imitating their Betters in great Towns, drove from her Habitation, alledging that as she had not been there a Year, she had no Right to become chargeable. In vain did she plead the Impossibility of her travelling in that Condition ; they insisted on her Removal.

Thus distressed she was forced to attempt a Journey of thirty Miles to the Place where her Husband was born ; but before she had, with weary Foot-Steps, half accomplished the Task, Nature's strongest Pains obliged her to stop. As no House would receive her, she with much Importunity gained Leave of the Servants of a Man of Fortune to lie in the Barn ; here she experienced, for the first Time, since the Departure of her Husband, something of the Humanity of her Fellow-creatures, the good Women, who were making Hay for the Squire, being all ready to assist her, and in Spight of all her Sorrow and Fatigues she was delivered of a fine Girl, who is the Subject of the following History.

On the Birth of this Child, the good natured Creatures who had themselves contributed to help the poor Woman, applied, by the Medium of her Maid, to Mrs. Seward, the 'Squire's Lady, for some small Assistance ; but they were repulsed with great Disdain : Yet this did not proceed from the good Lady's being altogether void of Compassion, it having been observed she had been exceeding kind to a Footman who lay long under a Consumption, of which he was taken ill soon after he came into the Family. However, tho' the Mistress was not to be moved in Favour of this poor Creature, every Servant in the House gave her something,

something, and the Mother and Child seemed to be in a fair Way of doing well, when unhappily the Cries of the Infant reached the Ears of Mr. *Seward* the Master of the House, who had been absent till the third Day after his Birth.

This Gentleman inquiring of a Servant who attended at Breakfast the Reason of this unusual Noise, was, answered in the following Manner : “ Oh Sir ! it is a poor Creature’s Child in our Barn ; it was born there but last *Saturday* ; the Maids say it is the sweetest Baby that ever was seen ; but I don’t wonder at that, for I am sure the Mother, though she was sick when I saw her, put me in Mind of the Angel in the Picture I have heard your Worship praise so much.” Artless as this Description may seem, it was not given without Design ; for as the Speaker had been an old Servant in the Family, he knew his Master was no Enemy to a pretty Woman, tho’ to obtain a considerable Fortune he had chose for his Spouse a Lady very little beholden to Nature for her exterior Charms. It was to revenge this Lady’s Inhumanity, that he thus painted the forlorn Inhabitants of the Barn.

Scarce had he uttered the Word ANGEL, when he beheld the meagre Face of his Mistress covered, not with a crimson Blush, but with a Kind of Orange tawney. He would not have been suffered to have compleated the Sentence, if the Redundancy of her Passion had not prevented the speedy Expression of it ; however, as soon as her Words could get Vent, he was called an impertinent Fellow, a Ringleader of all Disorder, bid to get out of the House ; for that the Example of so prophane a Wretch was enough to spoil the best Servants upon Earth ; she added, “ Is it not sufficient

ficient that you have played upon the Weakness of your Fellow-servants in Favour of your Drab and Bastard, for such I make no Doubt they are, but you must be stuffing your Master's Ears and mine with the fulsome Praises of your Angel, as you wickedly call her; but I am resolved she shall be no longer harboured in any Place where I am Mistress." It was to no Purpose that Mr. *Seward* pleaded in Favour of the poor Wretch; the whole House was filled with Noise and Tumult, the Lady's Virtue was alarmed, and she had too much Delicacy to think with any Degree of Patience of a Whore's having been delivered in any Place belonging to her or her Husband.

Susan, the Maid, who first spoke in Behalf of the lying-in Woman, did not go without her Share of schooling, in the Midst of which, her Lady took Care to inform her, with as much Certainty as if the Woman herself had told her so, that *Joseph*, was the Father, of the Bastard. Now this same *Joseph*, having been in the Family ever since he was a Lad of fourteen, had saved a round Sum of Money, which had made him be looked upon with Eyes of Affection by each successive upper Maid the last seven Years; but Mrs. *Susan*, whom her Mistress had bought from *London*, was the only one who had found the Way to touch his Heart; nay he only waited the Death of an old Man of ninety-three who rented a pretty Farm of the Squire, to be united to her by indissoluble Bonds. Judge then what such an Assertion must produce in the Mind of this young Woman; she was in the first Transports of her Rage ready to engage with her Mistress in any Scheme for the Removal of the unhappy Wretch, whom she now looked upon as her Rival. All Charity, all Pity for her distressed Circumstances were swallowed up in the
dearer

dearer Interests of her own Heart. Thus animated, she was prevailed upon to apply, without mentioning her Mistress's Name in the Affair, to a neighbouring Justice of the Peace for a Pass to convey her out of the Reach of her Lover.

This she easily obtained, and the miserable Mother must have been separated from her helpless Infant, and in her present Weakness have undertaken a Journey of fifteen Miles, had not the Compassion of a Woman, who had a little House in the Village, prevented it. Thither she was carried, after Security had been given by the friendly Widow, that in Case of the Death of her Guest, she would be at the Expence of her Funeral. There was a good deal of Reason for this Precaution, since the first Notice she received of her Removal and Parting from her Child, a Stroke which she did not expect, threw her into a violent hysteric, Fit, out of which she was with Difficulty recovered; and this was followed by a high Fever. When this News was brought to the Squire's House, the poor Girl who had been the Cause of her Removal felt the most lively Remorse; to which, no doubt, the distant and cool Behaviour of her Lover, had not a little contributed. This honest Butler had been informed of the Hand *Susan* had in the Affair, tho' he was quite a Stranger to her Motives; she, therefore, to satisfy the Reproaches of her own Heart, naturally tender and compassionate, and to regain the Favour of her future Husband, determined to make the poor sick Woman all the Reparation in her Power.

Susan therefore having gained Leave of her Lady to be absent, went to the House of the charitable Widow, where the first Sight that struck her Eyes made her almost relapse into her former

Rage ; it was no other than Mr. *Joseph* the Butler wiping his Eyes and coming out of the Door she entered ; they past each other without speaking, but as *Joseph* had many good Qualities besides that substantial one already mentioned, this young Woman really loved him, and was unable any longer to dissemble her Uneasiness ; she therefore bursting into Tears, asked him what she had done that he would not speak to her ? To this he replied, “ distressed the miserable.” This laconic Answer produced a Reply that brought them to an Explanation. They went both back into the House, where the Girl excused, as well as she could, the Step she had taken, and frankly owned the Motive ; and *Joseph*, after having assured her that he never had seen the Woman till the Day before the Birth of the Child, and that he only praised her, to be even with his Lady for her Cruelty, and to engage his Master to assist her, informed her that he came then by the Order of Mr. *Seward* to bring her some Relief ; but that he found the poor Creature light-headed, raving for her dear Husband to come and deliver her out of the Hands of some People, who, she said, were carrying her to Prison. This Pity-moving Sight, was, he said, the Cause of the Tears he was endeavouring to conceal, when he saw her at the Door.

Just at this Time the Woman of the House was looking in a Bundle belonging to her Guest, for some Necessary for the Child, when a little Parcel dropt out of it on the Floor, which her Curiosity made her open ; she found in it a Letter in which was wrapt a Lock of Hair and a small bit of Silver. This she brought down to the Lovers who were in the lower Room. The Letter *Susan* eagerly
snatched

BETTY BARNES. 7

snatched out of her Hand, hoping to have all her Doubts cleared up. The Contents were as follows.

My dear Betty !

“ I Have, I thank God, got safe to *London*, and
 “ I have entered myself as a Sailor on Board
 “ one of his Majesty King *George's* Ships. I am
 “ to have twenty-three Shillings and Six-pence a
 “ Month, and I am told I can give you Will and
 “ Power to receive two Months Pay out of six,
 “ while I am beyond Sea ; so that I hope my dear
 “ Wife and Child will not be so unhappy as I
 “ feared. If it shall please God to bless my Endeavours, we shall still look up with Comfort, when
 “ perhaps our merciless Creditor may himself want
 “ that Pity he refused to us. I durst not, my
 “ Dear, send you Word where I am, lest this should
 “ fall into bad Hands, and I believe I need not tell
 “ you that I am for ever,

“ Thy affectionate Husband,

S. H.”

This Letter entirely removed from the Breast of *Susan* all Remains of Suspicion, and as her Fears for the Interest of her Heart decreased, her Pity for the unhappy Cause of these Fears was raised in Proportion. This she shewed by caressing the Child, to whom she promised to stand God-mother, and by adding to what was sent by her Master for the Support of the sick Mother : but this unfortunate Woman was soon past all Relief ; for she died the next Day, leaving her helpless Infant to the ungentle Care of a Parish Nurse.

The two honest Servants did not forget the Child, but as they were not in Circumstances to maintain her, they contented themselves with

answering for her at the Font, and however improbable it may seem, firmly resolved to fulfil the Obligation they there laid themselves under, when she should arrive at Years fit for Instruction. They called her *Elizabeth* after her Mother; but as they were unacquainted with the Name of her Father, they gave her that of BARNES, alluding to the Place of her Birth.

C H A P. II.

Which contains little more than an Account of a broken Limb: An Infant rescued from Beggary: A short Sketch of Education, and the Beginning of an old Maid's Malice.

I SHALL not, like most modern Biographers, entertain my Readers with the lisping Wit or dawning Beauty of my Infant Heroine, but shall pass over the first four Years of her Life, only telling you in general, that she was a fine forward Girl, and tho' much Sun-burnt, far from disagreeable. She was just entered into her fifth Year, when she and several other Children who were nursed by the same Woman, went a little Way out of the Village into the High-road, as had been their Custom every fine Day since they were able to walk, to raise Contributions; - not by Sword or Pistol you may believe, but by the more harmless Artillery of Supplication and Tears. This Lesson they were early taught, as their Nurse daily found the Benefit of her Precepts. It was in the Exercise of this laudable Employment of Begging that our little Lads met with a happy Misfortune.

As she and a Boy about her own Age were struggling for some Half-pence that had been thrown from

from a Coach that was just past by, she fell down, and being hurt by the Fall, was unable to get out of the Way of another Coach, Time enough to prevent her receiving a Kick from one of the Horses that laid her senseless. There was in the Coach a Lady whose Name was *Benson*, the Widow of a Baronet of an ancient Family, and a young Sea-officer, her Nephew. The Gentleman immediately got out to the Assistance of the Child, whom he brought into the Coach, bleeding and without Motion. The Lady sent one of her Servants into the Village to seek for a Surgeon; but alas! none lived there; frightened at the Danger she believed the little Creature to be in, she could think of no Method so adviseable as that of taking her to her own Seat, which was about three Miles off. Thither they carried her, where, after being blooded and having her Head dressed, which was much bruised by her Fall, she came to herself.

They then found by her Complaint, that the Hurt she received by the Horse was in one of her Legs, which was broke, and she would have been infallibly killed, if the Descent of the Road had not thrown her forward out of the Way of the Coach. When her Leg was set and dressed, the next Care of this good Lady was to send a Man to enquire for the Parents of her little Guest, who could only inform her that her Mammy was called *Goody Gurton*. On being asked, if she had any Brothers or Sisters, she answered, "Oh yes, *Tommy Whitlock* and *Sammy Jones* the Boy that threw me down, and little *Jemmy Smith* are all my Brothers, and a little Baby that has never a Name is my Sister."

This odd Account was explained by the Lady's Maid, who cry'd out, "I'll be hanged, Ma'm, if this
 " is not some Parish Bastard. I thought so as soon
 " as I saw her, she has such a mean Look." To this
 " her Lady only said, that if that was the Case, the
 poor Child was to be pitied. " No Doubt of that
 Ma'm, returned Mrs. *Judy*, " but you will not let
 " the little Wretch stay in the Family till her
 " Leg is well, will you?" " Why not, *Judy*?"
 " Because, Ma'm, I think it will be a Sort of
 " Encouragement, for such a good Lady as you are
 " known to be, to have such a Creature in the
 " same House with you." " I can't be of your
 " Mind, *Judy*," returned the Lady; " for I
 " think Hardness of Heart, and Unfeelingness of
 " the Distresses of our Fellow-creatures, are
 " Crimes of as black a Dye, as to that which
 " perhaps this poor Baby owes her Birth; and as
 " the Child would not probably have been hurt, at
 " least not by a Horse of mine, had not Providence
 " made a kind Distinction in my Favour, I should,
 " I think, but ill deserve that Distinction, if I did
 " not endeavour to alleviate the Misfortune I was
 " unwillingly the Cause of." This Reasoning was
 far from being relished by the Lady's Woman,
 but as she feared disobliging her Mistress, she
 made no Answer.

The next Morning *Goody Gurton* came to Lady *Benson*'s House, and informed her of all she knew concerning the Child; which was only, that she was born in 'Squire *Seward*'s Barn, and put by the Parish to her to nurse. This Confirmation of her Suspicion made the virtuous Mrs. *Judy* triumph not a little in her own Sagacity.

The Knowledge of this poor Infant's unhappy Circumstances did not in the least make the Lady
Benson

Benson regret her Care, so far from it, tho' the Nurse would gladly have eased her Ladyship from the Trouble of such a Guest, and the upright Mrs. *Judy* seconded her Request, yet she consigned the Child to the Care of her House-keeper, resolving to keep her in the Family, and to give her an Education that would enable her to get her Living without being a Vagabond, or at best a meer Drudge, which must have been the Case, if she had been suffered to return with her Nurse, and continued at the Expence of the Parish.

I should, like my Brother-Writers, tell you, that it was something peculiarly taking in the Face, the Prattle, or the Air of this poor Orphan, that influenced the Lady in her Favour; but as her Ladyship never mentioned the Motive, I am apt to believe it intirely proceeded from her Humanity and Benevolence of Heart. But to proceed.

The Person who had now the Care of our little Girl, so faithfully discharged her Trust, that the Bandages were scarcely thrown off from her lately broken Limb, before she was divested of all the Rusticity and ill Habits she had contracted in the Company of her ragged Companions. Nor did the Care of this worthy House-keeper stop here, for she taught her little Scholar (who learnt with the greatest Facility) to read, to work, and even to play, mixing all her useful Lessons of Instruction, with what is most apt to delight the Mind of a Child; the Fox, the Ape, and the Ass all contributed something towards her Education, by opening her Mind; or as *Thompson* elegantly expresses it, "By teaching the young Idea how to shoot."

No.

No Wonder that a Mind naturally docile should make a surprising Progress with such an Instructress; she was hardly seven Years old, before she could read with Propriety; a Qualification that made her, who was before only an Object of Pity, soon be looked on with Complacency by her kind Benefactress, to whom she frequently had the Honour to read, an Honour at that Time her young Heart was but little ambitious of, as it was chiefly in Works of Morality or Religion that she was employed, and indeed it cost Mrs. *Evans*, the House-keeper, some Pains to reconcile her Pupil to this Part of her Duty; but if the Task was irksome, the Applause that sometimes attended the Performance was a Recompence, to which, young as she was, she was by no Means insensible. These Marks of Favour did not a little irritate Mrs. *Judy*, the Lady's Woman, against poor *Betty Barnes*, whom she honoured, whenever she was out of the Hearing of her Mistress and Mrs. *Evans*, with the Title of *Beggar's Brat*, and every Epithet of Contempt; but this she was amply made Amends for in the kind and tender Care of her dear Mrs. *Evans*, who neglected Nothing in her Power to promote her present and future Happiness. This excellent Woman had seen the World, and had learnt in the School of Adversity the just Value that ought to be set on human Favour; a Lesson which is taught in no other Academy upon Earth. But as she makes a considerable Figure in our future History, I shall give you some of the Particulars of her Life, which I shall reserve for the Subject of the next Chapter.

C H A P. III.

In which is the History of Mrs. Evans, the Lady's House-keeper.

MRS. Evans was the Daughter of a Merchant in London, and had been brought up at the same Boarding-School with the Lady she now served ; at the Age of seventeen she was so weak as to marry one of her Father's Clerks, unknown to her Parents, who, tho' this was, perhaps, the only Instance in which she had given them the least Cause of Offence, were irreconcilable. Her Mother dying soon after her unfortunate Marriage, her Father, that he might, I suppose, keep his Daughter's Folly in Countenance, took to Wife his own Servant, who industriously kept up her Husbonds Resentment against his Child. This was but the beginning of her Misfortunes. She had lived about two Years in a mean, but decent Manner, with this Husband, for whom she had lost the Favour of all her Friends, he having only a Place of about Sixty Pounds a Year. By him she had one Child, when, in his Absence, a Letter was brought by an elderly Woman, who seeming extremely uneasy, and asking several Questions concerning the Child which Mrs. Evans held in her Arms, raised the Curiosity of this terrified Wife to such a Pitch, that, contrary to her usual Custom, she opened the Letter, which the Woman, who had not yet gone out of the House, had given her ; but who can describe the heart-rending Pangs with which this poor young Lady was seized at reading the Contents ! which were as follows.

“ Dear

“ Dear William,
 “ **Y**OUR long Silence fills me with Wonder and with Grief; what, not one Hour to spare! sure you might, at least, let me have the Pleasure of knowing you were well, tho’ far divided from me; I fear your Uncle at *London* was only a Pretence for leaving a Wife, whose Fondness was become a Burden to you. Oh that my Fears may be without Foundation! but Mrs *Mo-bray* told Mrs. *Jane*, our Minister’s Sister, that she had seen you with a young Lady in Mourning, and that you was in Mourning too; but sure, O sure, my dearest *Billy* can’t be such a Villain—yet if it was your Sister, why was I kept ignorant that I had a Sister! In short my Mind is in such cruel Suspence, that my Mother has taken this long Journey to give me Ease or Death; for I think, tho’ I have supported your Absence for three tedious Years, the Knowledge of your Falshood would soon put an End to the Life of her, who is, let who will bear the Title, your faithful, affectionate, and lawful Wife.”

This was a Stroke that not all her Prudence, not all her Fortitude could enable her to bear without the most bitter Complaints. She had sunk from a State of Affluence to meer Necessaries, with Resignation, with Courage; but Infamy she was by no Means prepared for; yet this must deservedly be her Portion, if she continued to live with a Man who she knew was under the most solemn Engagements to another, before she had seen him; but to whom shall the miserable fly? She had no Father’s House open to receive her; there triumphed

triumphed a mean, proud, cunning Step-mother. Her dear, her only Child, what would become of him, should she leave this unworthy Man who was no more her Husband ? Agitated by these afflicting Thoughts, she had just given Vent to a violent Burst of Tears when he entered the Room, and in a Tone that made her tremble, asked the Reason of her daring to open his Letters. To this she reply'd, that she had paid dear for her Curiosity ; but if she had known that she had so little Right to do it, she should not have taken that Liberty. He made no Answer, but sullenly left the House ; to which he did not return for several Days, leaving this poor afflicted Lady in the utmost Distress : For, notwithstanding the dreadful Situation to which he had brought her, she loved him with unabated Tenderness ; however guilty, he was still the Father of her Child, of her dear Boy, for whom her Fears were greater than they were for herself at the Time of his Birth. However he at length returned ; but on her refusing to admit him any more to her Bed, he grew outrageous, upbraided her with having no Fortune, and with the ill Usage he had received from her Father, on his Application to him after their Marriage. She bore this with the utmost Patience ; resolving to endure all he could inflict, rather than the more pungent Torments of a self-condemning Conscience. In vain did he try Threatenings, Promises, and Indearments ; she continued still to pursue the Track of Virture, however steep and thorny the Path. At length he finding it impossible to surmount what he called her romantic Scruples, after having made a Bill of Sale to a Broker of all his Moveables, left her and her Infant Son, with no more than five Guineas and a few Ornaments of
small

small Value ; she having been obliged to part with her Watch and a fine Pair of Ear-Rings in the first Months of her Marriage, to maintain herself and this cruel ungrateful Man before he could get Employment. Thus was she bereft of all Resource but her Confidence in Heaven, and a more than common Share of Fortitude, just as she entered into her twentieth Year. All she suffered for herself fell infinitely short of what she felt from her Apprehensions of what might be the Fate of her dear Boy, whose little innocent Sportings served now only to increase her Grief.

In this Extremity, she recollected a Person who had lived with her own Mother as a Servant, when she was a Child, and who had a Sister in the Service of the City-Recorder's Lady ; to this Sister she went, to enquire for the Woman she wanted ; whom, by her Information, she found in a little mean House in *Wapping*, surrounded by four small Children. Her Husband, who was a Sailor, was at that Time sick, so that instead of receiving that Consolation she so much wanted, she participated in the Grief of this poor Woman, and out of the little she had left contributed something towards her Support. Here she lived near two Years, and maintained herself and her Infant by working at her Needle, and disposing of some rich Cloaths which had been her Mother's, and which, in Compliance with her dying Request, had been sent to her by her Father soon after her Death. It is hardly possible to describe with what Firmness, with what Dignity, if I may be permitted the Expression, she bore this cruel Reverse of Fortune : Here were no mean Repinings at the Bounty of Providence bestowed upon others, no bitter Invectives against her cruel Husband, or inhuman Father ;
she

she submitted to her present Distress with a becoming Decency, as to the Punishment due to her own Weakness. All with whom she held any Correspondence believed her to be a Widow, and she took no Care to undeceive them; judging rightly, that a married Woman can gain no Honour to herself by blazoning the Faults of her Husband. However, as to her Conduct in this last Particular, she was obliged to make a small Alteration; for as she was still in the Bloom of Youth, she was pestered frequently with the blunt Addresses of the honest Tars among whom she lived; in order to avoid which, she was obliged to own that she had a Husband living; for she had determined never to yield her Hand to any Man, how advantageous soever his Offer, as she thought such a Step would be inconsistent with that Purity of Heart which is always inseparable from a Woman of true Delicacy.

The Strength of her Resolution was some Years after put to the Test; for the Captain of a trading Vessel calling on some Occasion at the House of the poor People, where she lived, brought with him his Brother, a *West-India* Merchant, whose Name was *Gibbons*: This Gentleman was prodigiously surprised to find, in such a Place, and in such Company, a young Creature possessed of such an Elegance of Mind and Person: For he had Time to converse with her, while the good Woman of the House was receiving the Orders of the Captain his Brother.

The next Day Mr. *Gibbons* made the strictest Enquiry concerning Mrs. *Evans*, but could gain but little Information; for she lived in a Manner unknowing and unknown: He only learnt, that when first she came into the Neighbourhood, she
had

had the Appearance of a Lady of Fortune, and was thought to be a Widow ; but that now she supported herself with her Needle, and lived without Reproach. “ But if I may speak my Sentiments,” added the Person who made this Detail, “ I fancy she is a young Creature who has eloped “ from her Parents with some Man, who, after “ having had a Child by her, (for she has had a “ Child, Sir) has left her to repent at Leisure her “ hasty Folly.” Thus ready is the Breadth of Scandal to blast the fairest Fame !

As it was not mere Curiosity that engaged the Merchant to be thus inquisitive, and as he was a Man of Probity, he was a good Deal chagrined at this Insinuation ; for he had determined, if her Character answered the Idea he had of her Prudence, to make Mrs. *Evans* the Offer of becoming his House-keeper, in the Room of one who had lived with him many Years, but was now incapable of that Employment : But as the Person he had spoke to had no visible Reason of Dislike, and had accompanied her Suspicions with several Nods and Winks, which seemed to express, that she knew more than she was willing to speak, he thought no more of it, and only called at the House to indulge the Benevolence of his Heart in bestowing some Encouragement on what he thought returning Virtue. This he himself believed to be his only Motive, but I am apt to think he was drawn thither by an irresistible Impulse, and by what follows, I fancy my Readers will think this Conjecture is not without Foundation.

He found Mrs. *Evans* at Work, and her little Boy playing by her ; an Air of Ease, which the Consciousness

Consciousness of being usefully employed had spread over her Countenance, added a Grace to her Form far beyond the Tinsel of Embroidery or the Blaze of Jewels. At a Loss how to introduce with Delicacy a Subject so interesting as that of her present or former Situation, he asked for the Woman of the House, who he was told was gone as far as *Gravesend* with her Husband, who was soon to embark on a *West-India* Voyage. He then very naturally asked if she was left to take Care of the good Woman's little Family, and whether that pretty Boy was one of the Children. To this she replied, that as she lived in the House, she should take what Care she could, but that her Landlady had never a Child so young. "No!" returned Mr. *Gibbons*. "Whose is he then?" "He is mine, Sir," she answered, with a Sigh that escaped her in Spite of her Endeavours to suppress it, and which served to confirm him in all that had been suggested.———"Yours! what is your Husband a Sailor?" To this she would have replied, but the rising Tears choaked her Words, and the humane Mr. *Gibbons* asked her Pardon for having given her so much Uneasiness, adding, that the Motive of his Impertinence, he hoped, might plead its Excuse, since it was a strong Inclination to serve her, that had made him enquire into her Circumstances thus minutely. "Sir, I am greatly obliged to you, but alas, my Grievs are without Remedy," was all she was able to utter, and the Merchant, unwilling to give her Pain, soon took Leave. Just before he went away he gave the Child a Penny to buy a Cake, but bid him be sure to let Nobody see it till he was gone, who, as soon as his Back was turned, ran to his Mother, crying, "Dear Mamma, me never had
"such

“such fine Monies in my Life!” This Exclamation roused her Attention, and to her great Surprize she found her Son’s Penny was no less than a Couple of Three Pound Twelves. It is hard to say whether this Relief, seasonable as it was, gave her more Pleasure or Pain; for tho’ she looked on it as a kind Interposition of Providence in her Favour, and felt the highest Gratitude on that Account; yet as it was the first Time she had received an Obligation that could be called by the mortifying, the self-abasing Word, CHARITY, it set before her View all the Misery of her Situation. Improbable, and even ridiculous as this Circumstance may appear to some of my Readers, it is a Fact too well attested to be called in Question: She reflected on the Ease and Affluence she enjoyed in her Father’s House, and drew the painful Contrast; yet she endeavoured to be resigned, and Heaven soon gave her Relief, by Means less repugnant to her Sensibility.

MR. Gibbons, as soon as he thought the Sailor’s Wife could be returned from her little Voyage, sent for her, and asked several Questions relating to her Lodger, which the good Woman resolved with an Air of Uneasiness, that raised his Curiosity; to satisfy which he assumed a Bluntness of Behaviour very different from his natural Complaisance, told her that he feared the young Woman had some unwarrantable Cause for all this Secrecy; “For if, says he, she has done Nothing to be ashamed of, why should you be uneasy at my asking about her? I have been told that she is a Widow; What was her Husband? or rather, who is her Child’s Father? for I am persuaded there is some Mystery in this Affair. Come, be free;

free; and I assure you it shall be never the worse, either for her or yourself." The poor Woman, unwilling to disoblige either the Captain's Brother, or her former young Lady, whom she longed to vindicate, was strangely at a Loss how to act; however, relying on Mr. *Gibbon's* Word that the Whole should remain an entire Secret, she related all she had learnt of her Lady's Story, only concealing the Name of her Father, and making her maiden Name pass for that of her Husband. This little History, though told in the most artless Manner, a good Deal affected the Heart of this benevolent Man, who, in order to make Amends for his rough Behaviour, gave her a Guinea, and promised to be a Friend to the unhappy young Lady; at the same Time desiring her to keep to herself all that had passed between them till she saw him again.

The next Day Mr. *Gibbons* called, as if by Accident, at the Woman's House, and after asking some trifling Question about his Brother's Affairs, told them he wanted a House-keeper in the Room of poor *Jennings*, who was too ill to be capable of managing the Family. 'I design, continued this good Master, to send her to *Bath*, to try if the Waters will restore her to her Limbs; and I purpose, as she has served me with Integrity these eighteen Years, and wants to go and live with her Niece, to settle on her a little Annuity.' 'Lord bless me, Madam, cried the Woman of the House with Precipitation, such a Place would suit you exactly, and I am sure it would be a vast deal better than living in the Manner you do now.' Mrs. *Evans*, a little startled at the Suddenness of the Proposal, said, she talked as if she had forgot her having a Child, or that she had never

never yet been a Servant. When she spoke her Eyes glistened with a starting Tear, and her Face was covered with Blushes. In regard to her Child, Mr. *Gibbons* told her, that she might have him nursed near his House, and under her own Eye; and as to her having never been a Servant, he could only say, that as by the Whole he had seen of her Behaviour, he was certain she had been in a very different Situation, it should be his Care that no one in his Family should treat her as such. This generous Behaviour removed all her Scruples, and she thanked him with an Air of Chearfulness that gave him much Pleasure. In short, she in a few Days went to his House, where she was used with the greatest Respect, not only by the Servants, but by Mr. *Gibbons* himself, at whose Table she always sat, except when she herself declined it, on Account of there being Company. She was as happy in this Gentleman's House, as it was possible, in her Circumstances, she could ever expect, and would undoubtedly have continued so many Years, had not an unexpected Event intervened.

This worthy Merchant, who was now near fifty, had in his Youth been extravagantly fond of a young Lady, who after having given him a Promise of Marriage, had wedded his Rival, on Account of a large Fortune which unexpectedly fell to him. This Infidelity had given him such a Distate to the Sex, that he had determined never to marry, and in all Probability he had persevered in his Resolution, if Chance had not thrown Mrs. *Evans* in his Way. The first Sight of this Lady had given him Emotions to which his Heart had been long a Stranger; but unwilling to believe himself actuated by a Passion which had been many Years
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the Subject of his keenest Ridicule, he ascribed to Compassion what was really due to Love.

Mrs. *Evans*, by the most unexceptionable Conduct, had greatly increased this infant Passion, yet it was near three Years before he mentioned it to her, and then it was in such Terms of Diffidence and Respect, as would have rather suited the Circumstances of a needy younger Brother, when addressing an Heiress, than of a Master proposing to his Servant to render her happy; but a sincere and tender Affection frequently gives a Dignity to its Object that is increased rather than lessened in the Eye of the Lover, by a Consideration of his own Snperiority in Point of Fortune.

Yet, in Spite of the most flattering Prospects, in Spite of the warmest Gratitude, Mrs. *Evans* strictly adhered to her first Resolution, alledging that she should be unworthy of the least Regard, if, for the Sake of Ease or Affluence, she consented to a Step that her Reason, when uninfluenced by these Motives, told her was wrong. ‘But how, dear Sir, said she, shall I be able to express the lively Sense I have of my many Obligations? how make you sensible, that such uncommon Goodness has not been thrown away on an unthankful, or ungrateful Heart? I owe my Life, or at least all the Comforts of it, to your Bounty; you have been a Father to my Child, when he whom Nature made so, left both him and me to feel all the Miseries of Want; yet, Beggar as I am, I have nothing to repay for all these Favours, but Thankfulness and Tears; for tho’ the Law might acquit me, as my Husband has another Wife, yet I could never acquit myself, was I to accept of the Honour you offer me.’ Mr. *Gibbons* tried in vain
to

to vanquish her Scruples by all the Arguments his Reason could suggest; yet this worthy Man, far from withdrawing his Favour, tho' disappointed in what he looked upon as his dearest Interest, really esteemed her the more for this Denial, as it was a strong Proof of the Integrity of her Heart, and the Delicacy of her Sentiments.

Soon after this Declaration Mr. *Gibbons* had a Lady came to see him about some Business, who on the first Sight of Mrs. *Evans* knew her, and accosted her in the most familiar Manner, little imagining that one whom she had always thought rather her Superior than otherwise, should be now reduced to the Condition of a Servant. This Interview was by no Means pleasing to Mrs. *Evans*, as she wished to remain concealed from her Friends, but the Lady soon made her easy on that Head; promising never to let the least Word escape her that might inform any one where she was; 'but
' I can't help thinking, says the Lady, that
' the best Way to be private would be to live
' in the Country.' 'Oh Madam! cried Mrs. *Evans*, with her Eyes bathed in Tears, 'I
' find you are quite a Stranger to my unhappy
' Circumstances, I am indebted to this Gentleman
' for the very Means of Subsistence; I should be-
' fore now, in all Probability, have wanted the
' common Necessaries of Life, had it not been
' for his Benevolence and Compassion; you have
' undoubtedly heard of my unhappy marrying
' without my Father's Consent, but not of my
' being left by an ungrateful Man with an helpless
' Infant, without Support; yet this is not the
' worst of my Grievs.—But why should I com-
' plain? I deserved to be punished for my rash
' and precipitate Choice.' Mr. *Gibbons*, unable
to

to see the Woman he loved in Tears, had left the Room, and the Lady had an Opportunity to enquire more particularly concerning her present Station, which, when she was inform'd of, she cried with a most sarcastic Look, 'I greatly commend your Wisdom in chusing the Company of a handsome Batchelor, as a Consolation for the Perfidy of your Spouse; but really, Madam, had I known your Attachments, I should have been more sparing of my Caresses.' Mr. *Gibbons* was entering just as she had done speaking; but an Air of insolent Triumph on the Countenance of the Lady, and the pale dejected Looks of his House-keeper, informed him that something more than ordinary had happened; when Mrs. *Evans*, almost unable to speak, only said, 'Madam, you are very cruel,' and immediately withdrew; but her Master, far from being pleased at seeing her so passive, turned to the Lady, and with an Air of Authority demanded the Reason of her affronting any one in his Family. To this she replied, That she had most Reason to complain of being affronted, since he thought her mean enough to be the Companion of his Servant. 'That Servant, Madam, may whenever she pleases become a Mistress,' he returned: 'Yours, I presume, Sir;' cried the Lady, 'indeed I don't doubt it; when a Man gives a high Price for Dainties, as honest *Sealand* says, he is wonderous bountiful.' This was uttered with a Giggle that sufficiently denoted the good Opinion the Speaker had of her own Wit: but Mr. *Gibbons*, far from thinking any Thing deserved that Name that clashed with Decency or good Manners, ordered a Footman to shew his Visitor out, and instantly left her.

This Mark of Disrespect too much exasperated the Lady, to permit her Memory to retain the least Trace of the Promise she had made of concealing where Mrs. *Evans* was, so that this unhappy Woman furnished a Subject of Conversation for six successive Visits the following Week : Nay, to so surprising a Pitch did she carry her Zeal, that she returned two that had been due several Years, meerly to display her great Love of Virtue by railing at a Vice, which the Uncouthness of her Form had kept her at the greatest Distance from any Temptations to commit. At one of these last-mentioned Visits, she met with the Lady *Benson* ; who, as well as the Mistress of the House, had been the School-fellow and intimate Companion of Mrs. *Evans* : This worthy Lady, far from giving the Applause she expected to her ill-natured Sallies, told her, that as one Fault could not constitute a bad Character, neither could the abstaining from one, compensate for the Want of every other Virtue ; and as to Mrs. *Evans*, she was perswaded that her Temptations must have been very extraordinary, if the Case was as she represented it. ‘ I am,’ continued she, ‘ a little acquainted with Mr. *Gibbons* ; he has been several Times at our House when Sir *Thomas* was living, and I really think he is a Man of too much Honour, to mask under an Appearance of Charity, the Design of betraying an helpless young Woman to Infamy and Ruin : However, I will go To-morrow to him, tell him whose Daughter she is, and endeavour to perswade her to come and live with me ; which, if she agrees to, will be to me a plain Proof of her Innocence.’ ‘ How, Madam ! let her live with you ! did you say ? Sure I mistook you : What, a Woman of an infamous Character

‘ Character live with the wife Lady *Benson* !’—‘ I am not sure she has such a Character; and if she has, I believe, Madam, it is yourself that she ought to thank for the Favour,’ returned Lady *Benson*; ‘ but I think we plain Women had better not be so severe against Vices of this Kind, lest the Men should say we rail more through Envy than Modesty.’ As this was uttered with a Smile of Contempt, and a Look fixed on the Face of the Lady it was spoke to, it threw her into a violent Passion; in which she soon let her Hearers perceive, whatever Perfections she had to boast of, that of Mildness of Temper ought not to be put in the List. The Widow Lady let her run on till she was out of Breath, and then with the greatest Calmness replied, that even her little Experience in Life had been enough to inform her, that Minds easily provoked to Anger, were generally far from being Stoics, in regard to other Passions. As this satirical Speech was the only Answer given to a Torrent of Abuse, the Lady seemed at a Loss for a Reply, and hastened to take Leave, to the great Relief of the humane Part of the Company, that is of Lady *Benson*; for of five Ladies that were left in the Room, she was the only one who had not listened with Pleasure to this charming Tale, and who had not something, very much to the Purpose, ready to deliver, as an Aggravation of Mrs. *Evans*’s Folly.

The next Morning Lady *Benson* performed her Promise, and paid a Visit to Mr. *Gibbons*; but as Mrs. *Evans* was engaged in the Duty of her Employment, she did not see her for some Time. The Lady, in a free easy Manner, told the Merchant, that he should before now, have had the Trouble of her Company, had she known that her

old Play-fellow lived with him : ‘ But, perhaps,’ added she, ‘ you would rather I had stayed away now, when I tell you my Business, since it is no other than to deprive you of your House-keeper ; for I can’t bear to think, that one whom I known from her Infancy, and with whom I have spent the gay innocent Hours of Childhood as with a Sister, should for one Fault be forced to waste her Days in Obscurity, and be exposed to the Malice of the ill-natured World.’ ‘ One Fault!’ returned Mr. *Gibbons* with some Warmth, ‘ I know of none she has, except her too great Patience can be calied one ; it is not above ten Days ago since Mrs. *Thomson*, whom I think I once saw at your Ladyship’s House, to shew her Wit, I suppose, as she thought it, behaved to her in the most insolent Manner, and accused her of Crimes I am sure she abhors ; but I shall desire her Husband to keep his Wasp at Home, and not let her come buzzing about my Ears with her outrageous Virtue, that No-body who had his Eyes open would ever put to the Test.’ Tho’ this was spoke with great Heat, it was far from being displeasing to the Lady it was address’d to ; which, I believe, my Readers will readily conceive, when they reflect on what passed the preceding Day ; however she desired the Merchant to be calm, for she had no Design of renewing the Insult. She then told him, Mrs. *Evans* was the Daughter of Mr. *Evans* the Merchant ; ‘ whom,’ said she, ‘ you must know, it is not above a Year ago, that he gave twelve thousand Pounds with his other Daughter to a Son of Sir *Thomas Jeffery’s*.’

The Merchant had been informed that his House-keeper was of a good Family ; but it had
never

never entered into his Head, that a Lady, brought up in the Expectation of so large a Fortune, could, with such Chearfulness and Resignation, submit to the little Offices of domestic Life; he only thought she might be the Daughter of some reputable Tradesman in middling Circumstances: He was therefore greatly astonished at what he heard; however, he suffered the Lady to proceed without Interruption. 'For my Part, I think,' says she, 'her inhuman Father is accountable for every Fault his Cruelty is the Cause of her committing; and tho' I should be extremely glad to find she is innocent, yet if it is otherwise, I still think her an Object of Pity, and will endeavour to preserve her from total Ruin.' 'I did not know she was in any Danger,' returned Mr. Gibbons; 'I am sure I would hazard my Life and Fortune to preserve her from Ruin.' 'Ah! Sir,' replied the good Lady with an Air of Seriousness, 'you Gentlemen are too apt to think nothing Ruin that promotes your own Inclinations; but when a Woman of Sensibility is conscious of Guilt, where is her Happiness? where is her Consolation?' 'Dear Madam, let me understand you,' cried Mr. Gibbons a little warmly; 'you talk of Guilt and Ruin; sure you don't take me for a Ravisher, do you?' 'Why, really, Sir, I think a Rape upon the Mind has very little less Guilt in it than that on the Person,' returned Lady Benson, fully persuaded in her own Thought, that the ill-natured Lady had been right in her Information. 'And who is it accuses me of this dreadful Crime? I dare say Mrs. Evans will not. I am not conscious that I deserve such a Character from her; I have offered to marry her several Times, and to make

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her

‘ her Mistress of myself and Fortune. If this is
 ‘ the Ruin you mean, I am far from being ashamed of it : but this she refuses, and from such
 ‘ noble Motives, that tho’ I should look upon such
 ‘ an Union as my Honour and Happiness, yet this
 ‘ Refusal has rendered her more dear to me. But,
 ‘ Madam, I will send for her to vindicate herself
 ‘ and me.’ He then rang for a Servant, whom
 he ordered to desire Mrs. *Evans* to come to him
 immediately.

The poor Woman no sooner saw her old Friend,
 than her Legs refused their Office ; and she stood
 pale and motionless as a Statue : Lady *Benson*, now
 strongly prepossessed in her Favour by what the
 Merchant had said, ran to her and embraced her
 with Tears : this Mark of her Ladyship’s Conde-
 scension soon roused Mrs. *Evans* from her painful
 Revery. As soon as they were enough recovered
 from their Emotion to be capable of Conversation,
 Mr. *Gibbons* addressed his House-keeper in the fol-
 lowing Manner : ‘ I have, Madam, tho’ unac-
 ‘ quainted with your Family, made it my Endeav-
 ‘ our to render you as easy as it was in my Power,
 ‘ since I have been so happy as to have you in
 ‘ my House ; yet this Lady seems to hint there
 ‘ has been something in my Conduct that deserves
 ‘ Censure.’ ‘ O Sir!’ cried Mrs. *Evans*, with the
 the greatest Precipitation, and her Face covered
 with a deep Blush, ‘ you must have been grossly
 ‘ misrepresented, or she could not think so : you
 ‘ have been to me and my Child a Father and a
 ‘ Friend ; and may the Blessing of that God,
 ‘ who is the Father of the Fatherless, and the
 ‘ Consolation of the Widow, be your Reward.
 ‘ But let not an unhappy Creature, whose Misfor-
 ‘ tunes are without Remedy, draw on you the
 ‘ Calumny

‘Calumny of the World: permit me, Sir, to sink again into the Indigence and Want you found me in, rather than hurt your Reputation.’ This was uttered with a Voice and Gesture, too pathetic, not to affect the tender-hearted Lady *Benson*; and even Mr. *Gibbons* himself was obliged to use his utmost Efforts to restrain the starting Tear.

The Lady then offered Mrs. *Evans* an Asylum in her Family; which she readily accepted; but it was with great Difficulty that her Master was prevailed on to part with her: however, convinced by the Arguments of the Lady, and tender of the Fame of the Woman he esteemed, he at Length consented, on Condition of her leaving his little Play-fellow, as he called her Son, behind her. This was what she earnestly wished; for as Mr. *Gibbons* had always shewn the Child as much Tenderness as if he had been a Relation, she did not doubt, but he would take upon himself the Care of his future Establishment; nor was she disappointed in her Hopes. But I ought to acquaint my Readers, that there was a stronger Reason than any that has yet appeared for Mrs. *Evans*’s leaving her beneficent Master, which was, that though she could command herself enough not to let it be observed, she really felt for him more than Gratitude; she sighed in Secret for the Man who was continually conferring on her fresh Obligations; for the Man who would gladly have thrown his whole Fortune in her Lap, if it would have given her Happiness; and though she was inflexibly determined as to her Conduct, was yet far from being in a desirable Situation, since she frequently stood in Need of all her Prudence, to conceal, under an Appearance of Gratitude, the tender Sen-

fations with which she was animated. But methinks I hear my Reader cry out; what! a Woman of Virtue capable of loving any other than her Husband, after having been married for Love too! an excellent Proof of Delicacy truly! Dear young Lady, for such I will suppose you to be, by the Vivacity of the Remark, I beseech you remember, that you are not now reading the Memoirs of some romantic Heroine, but a Character taken from real Life; and that, as an Historian, I am obliged to represent Circumstances as they are. But permit me to say, that I think such a Sensibility perfectly consistent with the severest Virtue; since it is not the Ease, but the Difficulty, of the Conquest that heightens the Glory of Victory. She had long endeavoured to forget her Husband, whom she represented to herself as of Right belonging to another; and the Struggle she found to blot from her Mind this unworthy Man, made her imagine it impossible that she should be again susceptible of the softer Passions. This Persuasion threw her off her Guard, and the Comparison she could not help making between his Behaviour and that of her generous Master, was so much to the Advantage of the last, that he had, as he justly merited, all her Esteem. Now, let the most scrupulous put themselves in her Place, loaded with Obligations, the most dangerous Courtship to a grateful Mind, and seriously tell me, if they think themselves able in such a Situation to remain insensible. But it is Time to have done with apologizing.

Mrs. *Evans* went in a few Days to the Country-seat of the Lady *Benson*, where she chose to be considered in the Light of a Servant, to prevent all Enquiry concerning her; and it was not so much

much as suspected, that the Lady had now for her House-keeper, the charming Creature, that but ten Years before had made such a brilliant Appearance in the same House, at her Ladyship's Wedding : however, in this humble Station, she had the Advantage and Pleasure of her Ladyship's Conversation ; who in private, did not assume the Character of Mistress, but treated her with the same Freedom as if she had been still her Equal.

She had enjoyed in this calm Retreat a tolerable Degree of Happiness, for almost three Years, when Chance, in the Manner that has been related, put under her Care our little Orphan : every Pang she had formerly felt for her own Son, when left destitute, rushed into her Thoughts, and intendered her Mind in Behalf of the Child ; and perhaps it was a good Deal owing to this first Impression, that *Betty Barnes* became so dear to her ; for Pity is nearly allied to Love in more Senses than one.

CH A P. IV.

The Beauty, Piety, and Virtue of an antiquated Abigail, exemplified in the Character of Mrs. Judy.

IT is necessary, in order to our Readers better Understanding some of the Passages of this History, a little to delineate the Character of Lady Benson's Woman Mrs. Judy. She had been in the Service of her present Mistress's Mother, and was, at the Time of *Betty Barnes's* being brought into the Family, about eight and forty, tho' she owned herself but little more than thirty ; she was above the common Height, and took Care not to lose an

Inch of her Stature ; for her Head was always held to the utmost Extent of a long scraggy Neck, that seemed without Joint, since she never turned it either Way, without her whole Body bearing a Part in the Motion, Her Face was admirably well suited to hide this enormous Neck, if she had not frustrated the Design of Nature, by the Exaltation of her Head. The bridling of a picked Chin, the Sharpness of which was rendered more conspicuous by a pursed-up Mouth ; a Nose a little turned up at the End, and such a Pair of Eyes as I should chuse to give the Figure of Jealousy, were the Perfections that adorned her Countenance. Her Hair was reduced to a small Quantity ; for as it had been silvering by the Hand of Time for the last ten Years, she had taken the greatest Care to strip it each Day of its hoary Honours, till at Length, the Fear of being grey gave Place to that of being bald, and she wisely contented herself with hiding this Defect of Colour with Powder ; but in Spite of this Precaution her Head, in some Places, resembled a Fowl ill picked. Her Shape was so exactly uniform, that had it not been for the Difference of the Shoulder-Straps and those at the Waist, she might have laced either End of her Stays uppermost, without perceiving the Mistake ; for not all her bridling had given her the least Fulness of Chest, I would have said Breasts, but I think hers could not deserve the Plurality, since there was not any Sign of a Division. Two long boney Arms, which, when not employed, were constantly laid across, like the Sign of the Daggers, is the last personal Charm, belonging to this accomplished Fair, I shall do myself the Honour to mention. As to her Mind, it is hardly possible to give you any Idea what it was ; and indeed

indeed it can only be defined by Negatives. She had none of that Milk of Humanity, which inclines us to pity the Misfortunes, and even the Follies, of others; for she, good Soul, was sure that every one might avoid Unhappiness, if they acted with her Prudence. If at any Time an Accident befel any one she knew, she would try all her Skill to find out what heinous Crime had provoked the Divine Judgment; but if any Thing happened to herself, it was only sent for a Trial to her Patience; "for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth" was a Text that she constantly applied to herself, tho' she seldom admitted it to be proper for the Consolation of others. If any of the inferior Servants were guilty of Oversights, and in Excuse for themselves reminded her, that she herself was not perfect; her common Answer was, "I am sure no one can say, that black's my Eye; (which indeed was literally true) "I, when but a Child for Years, was admired for the Solidity of my Judgment; and tho' I say it that should not say it, I have not been without my Temptations." "They must have been from within then," replied a blunt Fellow whom she was one Day documenting in this Manner, "for the Gentleman in black himself would hardly attempt such a starched Piece of Sanctity." This comical Answer not a little enraged the pious Mrs. Judy, and gave a high Delight to the other Servants, who were, by far, more plagued with the Perfections of this waiting Gentlewoman, than with their own Faults. She attributed the Kindness of her Lady to her, as a Regard due to her superlative Merit; when, in Truth; she owed it, to her Hypocrisy; since the good Lady, conscious of her own Integrity, gave Honour to every Appearance of Piety, till some
flagrant

flagrant Enormity gave the Lie to the Pretence ; and as she had behaved with the greatest Circumspection in Regard to the Externals of Religion, and was frequently found on her Knees, she gained the good Opinion of the Lady ; tho' she often told her, that she thought her a little too censorious, when she was expressing, what she called, a holy Fear for the Good of the Souls of her Fellow-servants. I think, by this Time, my Readers are enough acquainted with the Person and Mind of this sage Virgin, not to wonder at the Treatment she gave poor *Betty Barnes*.

It was from the Selfishness of her own Disposition, that she was prompted to persuade her Lady to send the Child back to her Nurse ; as she thought it might possibly, if continued in the Family, deprive her of some of the Perquisites of her Place ; but when, by the Care of Mrs. *Evans*, the Girl began to be taken Notice of, and the good Lady mentioned her with Pleasure, on Account of her early Proficiency, her Malice was without Bounds ; yet, as she had been long inured to the Arts of Dissimulation, and had a great Deal of what is justly called low Cunning, her Spite was not perceived till the Girl felt it by its dreadful Effects.

C H A P. V.

*The Machinations of Mrs. Judy against our Orphan :
With the Destruction of a Brandy Bottle, and its
Consequences.*

BETTY BARNES, was about thirteen Years old, when Mrs. *Evans* received a Letter from Mr. *Gibbons* ; which informed her, that her Son was, by his own Desire, going a Voyage

Voyage with the Captain his Brother ; and that he should be glad if she would come to Town before he went. This Request was readily complied with by his fond Mother, who had not seen her only Son for seven Years ; she having never been in *London* but once, since she left Mr. *Gibbons*, and would not permit him to come to her, lest it might by some Accident have betrayed her Secret.

It was in the Absence of this prudent Woman, to whom, I should have told you, she had the most inveterate Spite, for being in Reality, what she endeavoured to appear, that Mrs. *Fudy's* Machinations began to take Effect ; and she had not been gone a Month before the Pride and Pertness of the Girl became the Subject of her Complaint ; ‘ I always was afraid, Ma’mé, would she say, ‘ that the poor Creature would be taught to forget herself by her great Knowledge. I am sure if ‘ Mrs. *Evans* had been of my Mind she would ‘ have learned her that it was her Duty to be ‘ humble, and set before her Eyes the Meanness ‘ of her Condition, without a Relation or a Friend ‘ upon Earth ; but, alas, instead of that, she ‘ has, I fear, got such an Habit of thinking highly of her great Accomplishments, that she will ‘ soon be, in her own Opinion, too good to speak ‘ to e’er a Servant in the House :’ ‘ I cannot think,” replied the Lady *Benson*, “ that Mrs. ‘ *Evans* would encourage her in any of the Insolence you talk of, nor do I believe that the Girl ‘ herself is ill-natured ;’ ‘ La, M’ame, your Ladyship does not know her ; it is no longer ago ‘ than last Night, that because I said I thought ‘ Mrs. *Evans* to blame that she would not let her ‘ come and help the Cook in the Kitchen, she looked

‘ looked at me as if she could have eat me, and
 ‘ coloured, I warrant you, as if such an Employ-
 ‘ ment would have greatly demeaned her ; and
 ‘ tho’ I only said that People that came of honest
 ‘ Friends were obliged to work hard for their Living,
 ‘ she burst into a violent Cry, and told me I used
 ‘ her ill ; but if Mrs. *Evans* had been here I durst
 ‘ not have done so, and forsooth pretends to Day
 ‘ to be sick, and won’t speak.’ You should con-
 ‘ sider, *Judy*,’ returned the Lady, ‘ she is yet but a
 ‘ Child.’ “ As much a Child as she is, M’ame,
 ‘ she has more Cunning than you are aware of ;
 ‘ for my Part I tremble when I think what will
 ‘ become of her : I durst to say if your Ladyship
 ‘ was to ask her, she would give quite a different
 ‘ Turn to what passed last Night, but I make it
 ‘ my Comfort that my Conduct has been such
 ‘ that I am not afraid of your believing her before
 ‘ me.”

Just after this *Betty* came to read to her Lady,
 her Eyes were so swelled, and she looked so dejected,
 that her kind Mistress really pitied her, and
 insisted on knowing what she ailed ; she only said
 that she had been thinking all Night of Mrs *Evans*,
 who had used her so kindly that she loved her as
 well as if she had been her Mother. ‘ Well but,
 Child,’ rejoined the Lady, ‘ you must note xpect to
 ‘ be for ever “ with Mrs. *Evans*, therefore it is
 ‘ your Duty to behave in such a Manner as will
 ‘ make every one your Friend ; you will find that
 ‘ very few are of her Way of thinking, if you
 ‘ quarrel with all who want her good Sense, al-
 ‘ most all Mankind will be your Enemies.’ ‘ In-
 ‘ deed, Madam, I quarrel with Nobody,” she an-
 ‘ swered sobbing, as if her Heart would burst,
 ‘ But I wish I was in the Grave rather than to
 ‘ be

' be always hearing of the Shame of my Mother, ' which your Ladyship's Woman is for ever ' sounding' in my Ears.' As this did not contradict the Account which the Lady had received from *Judy* herself, she took it for granted, that she had Nothing worth Notice to complain of, so dismissed her with only a Caution, that if she valued her own Happiness she must keep at the utmost Distance from all Appearance of Pride; the best Way she told her to avoid Mortifications was to be affable and obliging. " I hope, Madam, I shall always " behave so as to please your Ladyship," answered the Girl as she left the Room; but there remained a Gloom upon her Countenance that seemed to confirm what the Lady's Maid had said relating her Temper, and which did not escape the Notice of her Mistress.

Now tho' Mrs. *Judy* had represented what had been said to *Betty Barnes* in so trifling a Light, yet she must have had more Patience than was consistent with her Youth and Sprightliness, if she could have borne half her Insults, without feeling the warmest Resentment. Immediately after Mrs. *Evans* went to *London*, she began to treat her with the utmost Contempt, employed her in the meanest Offices, and tho' she readily complied with all she desired was always dissatisfied and uneasy. A Behaviour so different from that she had been used to from her old Friend made the poor Girl daily regret her Loss.

But the Night before *Judy* made the above Complaint, she had abused her beyond all Possibility of Bearing; for on the Girl's accidentally breaking a Stone Bottle which stood in a Closet that belonged to this pious Maid, and by discovering by the Smell the Contents, which was no other

other than some excellent Brandy, which she said she kept by her by Way of Medicine, as she was often troubled with the Cholic, she called her an hundred Names, and reflected on *Mrs. Evans* for bringing up a Creature who by the Infamy of her Birth was below the lowest, in such a Manner that she was fit for Nothing but to have Somebody wait on her. "But don't think, she continued, that you have got *Mrs. Evans* now; instead of your *Tattlers* and *Spectators*, and such like Riff-raff, that makes you fancy yourself a Gentlewoman, because you are lazy, you shall be kept close to Work; for I think the least Folks, that are kept on Charity, can do, is to be useful." "If I am kept on Charity, she replied crying, it is not your Charity, *Mrs. Judy*. I did not throw down the Brandy-bottle on Purpose; therefore why should you be so angry?" As the Word Brandy-bottle was spoke a little louder than the Word Charity, it blew the Passions of the discerning Waiting-maid into a perfect Flame; "I'll have you to know, Huffy," she squalled out, "that I won't be chattered at by such a one as you. Marry come up, the World is come to a fine Pass, if honest People must be put on a Level with every dirty Bastard. I suppose, Miss, because my Lady took you from Begging, you think she designs to make a Gentlewoman of you; it is a true saying, Set a Beggar on Horseback, and he will ride to the Devil." "I never expect to be a Gentlewoman," returned the Girl, as well as she could speak for Tears; "and I had rather be a Beggar now, than to be always forced to bear such cruel Reproaches." "Reproaches! I think you said," replied *Mrs. Judy*, "as if any one could Reproach you;

‘ you ; why Child, it is doing you too much Honour but to speak to you.’ ‘ I should be glad to be without that Honour from you, Mrs. Judy,’ answered the Girl, a little pertly ; but she had soon Reason to repent of her Tartness, for a Hand that resembled Ivory in Nothing but its bony Hardness, saluted her across the Face with so much Warmth, that she staggered under the Pressure ; ‘ but you shall hear me and feel me too, ‘ you impudent Minx, I’ll teach you to be saucy ;’ was uttered in a perfect Scream, when her Ladyship’s Bell relieved the poor Child from her Fright and Terror.

C H A P. VI.

The Arrival of one not in the least expected. Betty Barnes receives some Account of her Parents ; which greatly irritates the pious Judy.

BETTY BARNES had scarcely received a harsh Word, much less a Blow, from her dear Mrs. Evans since she was seven Years old ; it is no Wonder then, that she was greatly affected at the Treatment she met with from her present Companion and Bed-fellow ; and she actually revolved in her young Mind many Schemes of escaping from her Persecutions ; but as she was without Friends, and knew not any Place to go to, having never been out of the Village, further than a Mile or two round it, above three or four Times in her Life, she found herself quite at a Loss what to do, when she was roused from her Reveries and her Bed, by the shrill Voice of her Tormenter. A sleepless Night, the most Part of which had been spent in Tears, added to the Fright which

which the poor Girl had been in the Evening before, had really made her extremely ill; yet this unfeeling Woman insisted on her rising at the usual Time, notwithstanding she complained of an intense Pain in her Head; but her good Lady, as has been said before, on seeing her look pale and dejected, permitted her to retire without performing her usual Task of Reading; and she was just going to lie down, when a Servant came and told her, that a good looking Man asked for her at the Gate. As she knew no one out of the Family, who, she thought, could have any Business with her, she was seized with Surprise and Terror; for as she had no Idea of any Thing more terrible than the heavy-fisted *Judy*, she immediately concluded, that she had heard what she had said to her Mistress, and had made Use of this Pretence to get her out of the Hearing of the Rest of the Servants, to give her, at least, a good Beating, if not to kill her; and so strongly did this Notion prepossess her, that it was with great Difficulty she was persuaded to see the Stranger, though the Man that brought her the Message promised not to leave her till he was gone out of the House. However, she at last went down and found him in close Conference with her Persecutor, on which she was on the Point of running back, when the glum Looks of the Lady's Woman, which were directed towards the Man, convinced her that what he had been saying was far from being pleasing to her; and this a little dissipated her Fears.

The Man, on seeing her enter the Kitchen, into which he had been invited by the inquisitive *Judy*, in Hopes that by pumping out of him his Business, she might have more Matter for her Malevolence

levolence to work on; asked one that stood near him, if that was the Person he had asked for? On his being informed she was, he went to her, and with a Look that at once expressed Pleasure and Grief, asked her if she had ever been told any Thing relating to her Birth, or had found out who was her Father. This Question, on a Subject that had been to her a Source of so much Mortification, again revived the Fears that the Benignity of his Aspect, and the good-natured Tone of his Voice had in a great Measure allayed; and she answered in an Accent that expressed the utmost Humiliation; ‘ Oh, Sir! I need not to have
 ‘ Strangers to come to tell me how miserable I
 ‘ am. I am sure I hear of it often enough from
 ‘ Mrs. Judy; but if my Mother was not so good
 ‘ as she ought to have been, can I help what she
 ‘ did before I was born? I am sure, Sir, I have
 ‘ done Nothing to offend you, whom I believe
 ‘ I have never seen in my Life before, that you
 ‘ should make me your Jest. How is it possible,
 ‘ that I should know any Thing of my Father,
 ‘ when I don’t so much as know my own Name;
 ‘ but am called by one that is always bringing to
 ‘ my Mind, the Unlikelihood there is that I should
 ‘ ever know him?’ A Torrent of Tears prevented her proceeding, and it was some Time before she was enough composed to attend to what the compassionate Countryman, who could himself scarce refrain from weeping, had to say to her.

‘ I can’t tell what you mean, Child, by saying
 ‘ your Mother was not so good as she ought to
 ‘ have been,’ replied the Farmer; ‘ who told you
 ‘ so? I verily believe she was a very honest Woman;
 ‘ and except you have got some better Information

‘ formation than I can obtain at the Place where
 ‘ you was born, I believe I know as much of her
 ‘ as any Body in this Part of the Country ; tho’
 ‘ I take Shame to myself, that I know so little of
 ‘ you.’

His asserting that he believed her Mother honest, and that he knew something concerning her Birth, gave the poor Girl too much Desire to talk further with him, for her to be in the least intimidated by the fierce Looks of *Judy* ; who, in her present Attitude, might be aptly enough compared to a Turkey-cock, when offended at the Higler’s Cloak, or the Milk-maid’s red Petticoat : for on the first Sound of the Word HONEST, the stiff Ligatures of her Neck relaxed, and her Head might more properly be said to be thrust forward than held upright : so surprizingly was she Crest-fallen, on the bare Thought of her losing such an excellent Topic of Abuse. *Betty Barnes*, I say, enquired with the utmost Earnestness into every Particular, and was answered in a Manner perfectly good-natured by the honest Farmer ; who gave her a succinct Account of all that had happened to her Mother, from the Time she came to *Squire Seward’s* till her Death ; and when he had finished the Relation, he put into her Hand the Letter, as a Confirmation of the Truth of what he had been telling her.

The Sight, of what she believed to be wrote by a Hand so nearly allied to her, made her, for the first Time, feel the endearing Sensations of filial Love, and with Tears of Affection running down her Face, she cried out, “ Oh ! that I could but
 ‘ see and know my Father ! then I should be no
 ‘ more wretched ; for I think I could work, or
 ‘ even

‘ even beg and be happy, if I had but Somebody
 ‘ to own and shield me from the Shame of hear-
 ‘ ing myself called a Bastard.’

C H A P. VII.

*Some Passages in the Life of honest Joseph Mr.
 Seward's Butler. The Conversation begun in the
 last Chapter brought to a Conclusion.*

MY sagacious Readers, I fancy, have already discovered, that the Farmer, who at first gave such Uneasiness to *Betty Barnes*, was no other than honest *Joseph* the Butler, who had just after her Birth highly offended Mrs. *Seward*, his Lady, by endeavouring to excite the Compassion of his Master, in Favour of the Mother of our unhappy Orphan.

This Man had, you may remember, promised to take some Care of the Education of the Girl, and I make no Doubt, at that Time, fully designed to be as good as his Word; but the old Man whom I mentioned in the former Part of this History, as holding a Farm of 'Squire *Seward*, died soon after she was placed with *Goody Gurton* her Nurse; and *Joseph*, after having espoused *Susan* his Mistress's Maid, took Possession of the Farm, which was thirty Miles distant from the Village where she was. He was, the first Year after his Marriage, blest with a fine Boy, of whom he was excessively fond, as he had no other during the five Years that his Wife lived, or rather languished; for she never enjoyed an Hour's Health after his Birth. This Child too much employed his Thoughts for poor *Betty Barnes* to have any
 Share

Share in them, and she would probably have been quite forgot, had not the little Bundle which contained her Father's Letter, the Lock of Hair, and Bit of Silver, fallen into his Hands; this he found when he was looking over his Wife's Cloaths some Months after her Death. He, a good Deal softened by the melancholy Employment in which he was engaged, felt a Pang of Self-reproach at the Sight: Some Time after, he made Enquiry concerning the Child at the Village where she had been nursed, and there heard, that she was maintained by the Lady *Benson*, with whom she had been almost two Years. As it was nothing but a Sense of Duty that had induced him to trouble himself about her, he was far from being displeased at this Intelligence; He was weak enough to esteem the Engagements he had laid himself under, as a kind of Injury to his own Child, to promote whose Happiness he denied himself every Enjoyment of Life, that had the least Tendency to frustrate his grand Design of leaving him rich; so foolishly was he blinded by the criminal Excess of a Passion, which, when kept within proper Bounds, is a Source of the most refined and rational Delight, I mean paternal Affection, that he thought the saving a few more Guineas of more Importance than the great, the god-like Pleasure of doing Good, than the dear Delight of giving Instruction to the Ignorant, and rescuing the Orphan from Beggary and Wretchedness.

But vain is human Foresight! this Child, for whose future Welfare the careful Father spent so many anxious Nights and toilsome Days, had hardly reached his twelfth Year, before he was, like the Son of the *Shunamite*, carried from the Field to the House, struck with a mortal Disease,
of

of which he soon expired, to the inexpressible Grief of this indulgent Parent.

This Stroke, painful as it was, was attended with very happy Effects. since it restored to a just Way of thinking, a Mind naturally benevolent, that had been contracted and made narrow by a too fixed Attention to one Object.

As-soon as the first Transports of Sorrow had given Way to calm Reflection, he began to be sensible of the Folly of his late Conduct, and even submitted to, and made a right Use of, the afflictive Providence.

It was about three Months after the Death of this Child, that a Servant of the Lady *Benson's* came to the Farmer's House, to see his Brother who was just come to live with him. *Joseph*, on seeing the young Man, as he was taking Leave, enquired who he was and where he lived? when he was answered by his Plough-man, with an 'Oh! Master, in a rare good Place, at the Lady *Benson's*, where he would be as happy as the Day is long, if it was not for a damnation Devil of a Waiting-maid, who, the poor Lad tells me, is always scolding.' 'Can you tell me,' returned the Master, 'if there is a Girl in the Family that the Lady took out of Charity?' 'What! *Betty Barnes*! yes, poor Creature, she lives there still, but no Toad under a Harrow lives such a Life as she does, along of that Screech-Owl of a Maid, who, *Tummas* says, is always teasing her about her Mother's being a Whore.'

This was enough to awake the Humanity of *Joseph*, and to make him resolve at least to deliver *Betty Barnes* from these causeless Reproaches, and
.it

it had that Effect; for he set out the following Week for the Seat of the Lady *Benson*, where he arrived, as has been before related. But to return:

Mrs. *Judy*, who had been obliged to leave the Hall in the Midst of *Joseph's* Narration, returned just as it was finished; and, on seeing the Girl in Tears, said to her in the most peevish Tone, 'Come, don't stand sniveling there, listening to a Story of a Cock and a Bull, about who is or is not your Father; I suppose, if the Truth was known, Half the Parish have a Right to the Honour, if they have a Mind to claim it; for what honest Woman, do you think, would be forced to lie in a Barn? And you, Mister,' added she, giving her Head a Toss, and fixing her Eyes on *Joseph*, 'you, I think, might find something else to do, and not come here to fill the Girl's Head with a Pack of Nonsense; but I don't believe you came hither of your own Accord, her dear Mrs. *Evans*, as she calls her, is, I fancy, at the Bottom of all this; for Folks don't use to be so generous as to travel thirty Miles for nothing; but I imagine, she thought it an Affront to her Gentility to bring up one so mean; so, I suppose, we shall have Somebody by-and-by come and pretend to be her Father. For my Part, I shall be glad if it should be so; for I don't know what such Beggars are good for, but to spoil the Places of honest industrious Servants.'

It is hard to say when this fine Harangue would have ended, had she not been summoned to attend her Lady, who had just received a Letter from her House-keeper. When she was out of Hearing, the Farmer told *Betty Barnes*, that he heartily pitied her, and should be glad to have her with him;

him ; but as he had no Wife, he thought it would be better for her to stay where she was a Year or two longer, if she could possibly bear that perpetual Mill-clack. Here they were interrupted by the Entrance of the young Fellow who had been at the Farmer's House to see his Brother, who told *Betty Barnes*, that her Lady wanted her. ' There ' is the Devil to pay in the Dining-Room,' cried he with a Look of Satisfaction, ' for Somebody, ' God bless them for it, has sent Mrs. *Evans* Word, ' that this cursed *Judy* is continually a tormenting ' you, and her Ladyship is huffing her most charmingly. Do, *Betty*, go and speak for yourself ; I ' was ordered to bid you come in.' She no sooner appeared, than her Lady told her, that her old Friend was coming Home. This News, undoubtedly, gave her great Pleasure, and, being added to the Information she had received from *Joseph*, put her into such a Harmony of Spirits, that she was far from being in a Humour to increase the Pain of the already mortified Chamber-maid. She returned to the Farmer, and gave him the most grateful Thanks for the Trouble he had given himself, and told him with the utmost Joy, that her dear Mrs. *Evans* was returning, and would make her happy : He replied, ' I heartily wish ' you may find it so ; but if not, you shall be well ' come to come and live with me : This young ' Man,' pointing to the Brother of his own Servant, ' can inform you where I live, and you may ' be sure of a kind Reception—but hold, I forgot to give you this Bit of Silver, which, with ' a Lock of Hair, was wrapt up in the Letter I ' gave you.' He then delivered them to her and went away.

C H A P. VIII.

After mentioning some Matters relating to Mrs. Evans, shews Judy's Skill at plotting, which introduces a new Character, who makes a considerable Figure in this and some of the following Chapters.

MRS. Evans returned in a few Days, and every Thing seemed to go on with the utmost Harmony; the poor Girl had no longer the Pain of hearing herself abused, and on her Part felt not the least Resentment; for she was the Dupe of Mrs. Judy's Artifice, who, affrighted at the Menaces of her Mistress, had fallen from Reproaches to Fawning. Tho' this Behaviour could impose on a young unexperienced Girl, it could not on the prudent House-keeper, who saw through the Cheat, and warned her Pupil to be on her Guard; but, notwithstanding all her Cautions, the poor Girl became the Victim of her Treachery and Malice. But before I proceed, I ought just to mention some Particulars relating to Mrs. Evans's Journey.

She found her Son and her worthy Master perfectly well; but the last had some Time before been ill of a Fever, in which Illness he had made his Will, and had told young Mr. Evans, for that was the Name he went by, that his Mother, as well as himself, would find that she was not forgot. 'I have,' said this worthy Man, 'no Relations living but my Brother, who is himself too wealthy to need any Thing I can leave him, and an unworthy Nephew I have not seen these eighteen
' or

‘ or twenty Years ; so that I think I am intirely
 ‘ at Liberty to appoint whom I please my Heirs.’
 As this was a Subject, that he found affected the
 young Man, he took no more Notice of it to him ;
 but when Mrs. *Evans* came to Town, he shewed
 her a rough Copy of a Will, in which she was
 appointed sole Executrix, and her Son entirely
 dependent on her ; except for five hundred
 Pounds, which he was to have when at Age. This
 Generosity overwhelmed the Heart of Mrs. *Evans*
 too much to admit of Words, and the silent Elo-
 quence of Tears was all the Thanks she was able
 to pay for a considerable Time ; however, she at
 last spoke, but was permitted only to say, that such
 unmerited Goodness was without Example. Mr.
Gibbons insisted, that she would never mention it ;
 ‘ for, I don’t think,’ said he, ‘ that there is any
 ‘ Thing in it that can render this such an extraor-
 ‘ dinary Obligation, since, if I knew any one who
 ‘ I thought would make a better Use of what I
 ‘ shall leave, I should certainly constitute him my
 ‘ Heir.’

Mrs. *Evans* had not been in Town above three
 Weeks before she received a Letter without a
 Name, that informed her of the Cruelty of Mrs.
Judy to *Betty Barnes* : This Letter she sent to the
 Lady *Benson*, inclosed in one from herself, which
 acquainted her Ladyship, that her Son was gone
 his Voyage, and that she was returning to her
 Charge. This Letter had been the joint Contriv-
 ance of all the inferior Servants, who, to prevent
 Discovery, had intrusted it to the Care of the
 young Fellow that lived with *Joseph*.

But to return to the poor Girl. She was, as
 has been said, the Dupe of the artful *Judy* ; who,

finding that she could not, by all she could say, prejudice her Lady against her, strove, by the most insinuating Behaviour, to make her believe she was her Friend ; and seemed to vie with Mrs. *Evans* in little kind Offices to her. In this seemingly happy Situation she remained some Time, and began to throw off the Child, when there arrived a Relation of Lady *Benson* : This was the young Officer that was in the Coach with the Lady when she first took Notice of *Betty Barnes*. He had not been to pay a Visit to his Aunt since that Time, and very probably her Ladyship owed this Mark of his Respect, more to some Intimations he had received of her threatening to exclude him out of her Will, than to any real Affection.

This Officer had a Person that was naturally far from disagreeable ; but as he wanted that Greatness of Mind, which alone ought to be called Courage, he, in attempting to hide the Defect, assumed a Ferocity that made him appear more the Bully than the Gentleman : While he was in *London*, he had found this the Way to gain Submission from Chairmen, Drawers, and Women of the Town, and therefore he still kept up a Behaviour, which he fancied so much contributed to his Dignity ; and that he might render himself resistibly terrible, he tried the almost Extent of his sterile Genius in inventing new-coined Oaths and horrid Execrations, which he uttered without Connexion, or even the lame Excuse of Passion ; believing, that when he was abhorred by the harmless Villagers as a perfect Demon, they stood in Awe of his superlative Merit, as of a Hero of the first Rank. He added to this, that common Defect of little Minds, to ape the Failings of great Characters,

ters, esteeming them Ornaments, when they are in Reality only Foils, that like Shades in a Picture may, perhaps, sometimes add a Beauty to the more striking Parts of the Piece. He had heard, for to Books he had an unconquerable Aversion, so could not have read it, that many of the Heroes of Antiquity were negligent in Dress, and, therefore, that he might answer his own Idea of a great Man, he sometimes needed the Remonstrances of his Aunt to be tolerably decent. An uncombed Wig, a long Beard, and foul Linen were inseparably connected, in his Opinion, with a Man of Bravery ; and he scarce ever saw a Visitant at his Aunt's, who had been complaisant enough to be clean, but he pronounced, with the Addition of S'blood, Wounds, and Thunder, he was a Poltroon and a Coward. Her Ladyship was sometimes ready to resent this Freedom of her Nephew to her Friends, but as she had only a mean Opinion of his Intellects, she thought his Censures, as well as the Expletives that commonly ushered them, were only for Want of being able to hold more pertinent Discourse ; and from hence it happened, that on these Occasions he had less of her Anger than her Pity.

He was a Man, in every other Respect, of very dissolute Principles ; and by having been much in the Company of the lowest Sort of lewd Women, had contracted a Habit of talking in a Manner quite offensive to Decency ; indeed Awe kept him on his Guard in the Company of his Aunt ; but in the Hearing of *Betty Barnes*, he threw off all Restraint : He often assailed her Ear in a Language to which she was intirely a Stranger, and the poor Girl would innocently ask the Meaning

of what he said, when it could hardly be called by so soft an Epithet as a double Entendre. He thought, no Doubt, that this was a Proof of his Wit, and pleased himself in an unmanly Triumph over the Ignorance of a perfect Child: A Triumph that none but the Possessor of a mean, low, groveling Soul could be capable of enjoying; since a Libertine, of the least Refinement, always avoids shocking the Ears of the chaste with Obscenities.

This Behaviour soon threw down all Distinction between them, and she no longer looked on him as the Nephew of her Benefactor, nor paid him Respect as such; but boldly refused to attend his Commands, except they were to be executed in the Presence of her Mistress. This Step, which was the natural Result of her own Reflections, and the hasty Expressions of affronted Purity, gave the penetrating *Judy* an Opportunity to display her Eloquence, in expatiating on the Pride of such low-born Wretches, and insinuating to the Nephew, that she much feared the Girl would have a greater Share in his Aunt's Will than would be consistent with his Interest. 'But, for my Part,' she continued with a Shrug, 'I must hold my Tongue, for my Lady is so wrapt up in her and Mrs. *Evans*, that I had like to have lost my Place some Time ago, only for endeavouring to make the Creature know herself; and there has been a Man here that pretends that she is no Bastard, when you know, Sir, that the Woman who nursed her told my Lady, that she received her from the Parish as such. However, I say nothing, it is no Business of mine to make myself Enemies; but I know what I know, if I

was

‘ was in somefolk’s Place, I would not suffer e’er
 ‘ an impertinent Slut in *England* to affront me. If
 ‘ I was any Thing but a Servant, I warrant I’d
 ‘ soon rid the House of all that I thought would
 ‘ hurt my Interest; indeed, such as had shewn
 ‘ themselves my Friends, I should think had a
 ‘ Right to my Favour; for, you know, tho’ one
 ‘ can’t speak, a seasonable Letter may be of Ser-
 ‘ vice.’

This a little awakened the Gentleman from the
 Revery into which he had been thrown by the
 Hint relating to his Aunt’s Will, and in which he
 had lost a good Part of what she had been saying;
 for Souls like his are alive to nothing but what con-
 cerns themselves, their Passions and their Vices;
 but on her intimating that she was the Author of
 the Letter he had received, he pulled it out of his
 Pocket, and told her if he had known sooner who
 he was obliged to for it, he should have acknow-
 ledged the Favour; ‘ but,’ says he, ‘ I must
 ‘ trouble you to explain something, that for my
 ‘ Life I can’t find out, who it is you mean, when
 ‘ you say, that there is one who has long been my
 ‘ Friend, out of Inclination as well as a Sense of
 ‘ Duty: I had a Notion it was my Lady’s hand-
 ‘ some House-keeper; but she, as well as the
 ‘ little Chit, gives herself Airs, because I ap-
 ‘ pealed to her as a Woman of Experience, and
 ‘ told her, she should instruct the Wench how to
 ‘ answer a Gentleman with something better than
 ‘ Blushes and Curtesies.’ Mrs. *Judy* was now at
 a strange Loss how to behave, and could only say,
 ‘ Sure, Sir, you must be mistaken; I don’t think
 ‘ such a Thing escaped me; I would not for the
 ‘ World be guilty of being forward.’ This was

too plain for him to mistake the Sense ; but as the Form of this meagre Maid was by no Means fit to inspire a Passion in the Heart of a Man of thirty-five, he wisely replied, that he supposed he had read it wrong, but was far from having entertained such a Thought. As this Letter is an Original, I shall give it my Readers, wrote from a Copy that a Friend of the Gentleman took from the very Letter, which he carelessly pulled out at a Tavern when in Liquor, and which was transcribed whilst he slept.

‘ Dere Sur,

‘ **H** OPEING that you air in gud helth, this
 ‘ cumes to let you no, that I wish you wuld
 ‘ cum down into the contry for my ladee, yur
 ‘ ant taukes of makin a nu will, and i much fere
 ‘ me, you have lost her favour by not cuming to
 ‘ see her in so long a time, and she has got fume
 ‘ foukes about her that taks upon em as thouf
 ‘ they ware sure of being pervided for; but i be-
 ‘ leve if you cum, fume how or other we ma
 ‘ contrieu to get the better of all that wuld hurt
 ‘ yur interust and i assure you, Sur, i shall in-
 ‘ devor all in my pour to sarve you, and let me
 ‘ tell you, that thare is won hear who out of in-
 ‘ clinashion as well as a sens of duty is long your
 ‘ frend ; but if you cume you must not menshon
 ‘ that you no any thing of her ladeship’s being
 ‘ angri. So no moor at present from yur.

‘ umbel sarvaut unnoun.

This Letter was entirely the Work of Mrs. *Judy*’s fruitful Brain, both as to the Matter and Manner; the Lady *Benson* having no Design of altering

altering her Will, nor had ever expressed any Dislike to her Nephew; she had once, indeed, said to Mrs. *Evans*, in the Hearing of her Maid, who had made a full Stop without the Door of the Room where she heard her Mistress's Tongue, that she would do something for the Girl, if she behaved well; and as the Gentleman I have been talking of, had in early Life given many Proofs of his not being insensible to what concerned himself, *Judy* thought no Person so proper to assist her in her Designs of removing *Betty Barnes* from the House and Protection of her good Lady: Yet, as she knew he had no great Affection for his Aunt, on Account of some warm Remonstrances she had made to him, on his attempting, when he was last in the Country, to corrupt the Honesty of a poor labouring Man, by offering him a Bribe to betray to him the Chastity of his only Daughter; and that he had been offended at her Ladyship's refusing to ruin the Fellow, who had given his Worship a good Drubbing, when he expected the Indulgence of his most favourite Appetite; she, lest he should slight her Admonitions, thought it necessary to alarm his Fears, by something considerable.

After this, *Judy* frequently threw herself in the Captain's Way, and as she had her wicked Scheme much at Heart, lost no Opportunity that offered to excite in his Mind, already enough enflamed, the most cruel Resentment against poor *Betty Barnes*, who, as much as possible, kept out of his Sight; yet, in Spite of all her Endeavours, they could hit upon no Scheme that had the least Probability of Success, while she was guarded by the Vigilance of Mrs. *Evans*, who, unhappily for the

poor Child, received a second Summons to *London*, from a Hand little expected.

CH A P. IX.

The Lady Benson offended at Betty Barnes, from the unfair Representations of her Ladyship's Nephew and Mrs. Judy.

THE Absence of Mrs. *Evans* seemed to Mrs. *Judy* the most happy Event, as it promised her the Accomplishment of her Wishes ; she had not been gone above two Days, before, by her Advice, the Captain, as they called him, though he was only a Lieutenant on Half-pay, complained of *Betty Barnes's* Want of Respect, and that she behaved as if she thought him her Equal. This was far from being pleasing to her Mistress, as she had a very different Idea of what he meant, than he intended she should. “ How, Nephew, as if she thought you her Equal ! then I am afraid you have been yourself to blame ; for, I am confident, it must have been some undue Condescension on your Side, that has encouraged her to forget herself.” “ Yes, yes, Madam,” he returned, to be sure, I am always in the Wrong ; but if my Father had lived, I should not have been insulted in this House.” “ I am sorry, Sir, that you should meet with any Thing that offends you now ;” replied his Aunt, a little ruffled by the Reflection ; “ and I am far from meaning you any Insult, but I shall be accountable to none, who I admit or continue in my Family. If the Girl is to blame, I shall talk to her.” “ Indeed, Madam,” cried the Waiting-maid, who came into the Room by Design ; “ I don't love to make Mischief,

Mischief, but I have often wondered at the Captain's Patience; for the Girl (not of her own Head, I dare say) refuses to bring him what he calls for, and always sends a Servant to wait on him; and once, I think, Sir, she told you, that she was sure her Lady would not be displeased, if you told her of her refusing to wait on you." This was strictly true, for the Girl had said the very Words; but had added, 'if she was told in what Manner he had behaved to her:'. This the conscientious *Judy* suppressed; as it perhaps would have offended the Captain, had she mentioned it; or rather as it might have led to Explanations that would have rendered her Scheme abortive.

The Lady *Benson*, though she knew her Nephew was far from being unexceptionable as to his Morals, did not imagine him capable of so mean an Action, as conniving with a Servant to ruin a poor friendless Child, who had never injured him; and the Behaviour of her own Maid, since the Time of the former's coming, had been so kind to the Girl, that she began to think her House-keeper a little to blame, and that *Betty Barnes* was silly enough to fancy herself entitled to some Distinctions, because she was not put to the laborious Offices of the Family.

Thus persuaded, she, the first Time the Girl came in her Sight, asked her with an Air of Sternness, the Reason of her not attending the Commands of her Nephew; "Sure you can't think yourself above serving any Relation of mine; can you? I am informed you say, I should not be angry at your behaving in a Manner so unbecoming: But you will find yourself mistaken; for though I shall be a Friend to you while you continue

tinue to deserve it, I shall withdraw my Favour as soon as I perceive it is made an ill Use of." As this was uttered in an Accent that convinced her that her Ladyship was much out of Humour, the poor Creature was so affected, that she was unable to vindicate herself; and could only sob out, "Indeed, Madam, If I could tell your Ladyship, you would not, I am sure you would not, be so angry; but I see my Ruin is designed, and I have no Friend to plead for me now." The inveterate *Judy* heard what passed; for she had seen *Betty* go in to her Mistress, had followed her, and now thought it high Time to put an End to the Conference, lest it should go far enough to remove her Lady's Displeasure, which appeared greater than her Hopes; she, therefore, sent the Captain, who was in an adjoining Room, to interrupt them; by telling him, that *Betty* would, if he let her go on, make her own Party good at his Expence; however, she advised him to take no Notice that he knew what had passed. This Advice he complied with, and on his appearing, the Girl immediately withdrew

C H A P. X.

*Betty Barnes in the utmost Danger from a Villain;
with her Escape and Flight from the House of the
Lady Benson.*

SEVERAL Days passed before the poor Girl had Orders from her Mistress to attend her, and she was so struck by this Mark of her Anger, that she could neither eat nor sleep. In this Situation she frequently went into the Orchard, which adjoined to the Kitchen Garden, to give free Scope, without Witnesses to her Tears; the Suppression of which almost choked her. This was observed by

by *Judy*, who thought of a most detestable Method of improving this trifling Incident to her utter Ruin. She communicated her Observations to the Captain, and told him, this was the Time, if ever, to get rid of her ; “ for if,” says she, “ you let her talk for herself, she is such an artful Witch, she will be too many for us both. I see my Lady begins to relent, because one of the Maids told her she was always crying ; and when Mrs. *Evans* comes Home, we shall have a whole Budget full of Complaints, and my Lady will believe her before any Body. If we could hit on some Contrivance to make her Ladyship believe she told her a known Falsehood, I dare say her Business would be done in this Family.” “ Ah, but I can’t contrive, for my Part”, replied the Nephew ; “ besides, Mrs. *Judy*, the Girl is a good pretty Girl, and it would be a Pity to ruin her, except it was for some End.” This Answer put a Stop to the Conversation for that Time ; for, vile as she was, she could not help feeling some Remorse. The next Day she was long in private with the Captain, and the Subject of their Conversation will be seen by its Effects.

In the Afternoon the Captain, as he affected to be called, was seized with a violent Pain in his Head ; which, he sent Mrs. *Judy* to tell her Mistress, he feared was the Fore-runner of a Fever. The good Lady immediately ordered a Messenger to be sent to the next Market Town, for a Physician ; but this Order was countermanded by the Captain himself, who said he had some faint Hopes of being better by next Morning, for he was exceeding sleepy, and desired that he might not be disturbed. We shall leave him to his Repose, and follow *Betty Barnes*, who will soon be in a Condition that deserves our Pity.

She

She had retired to the Orchard to indulge her Melancholy, just before the Captain went to his Chamber, and was, therefore, unacquainted with his sudden Indisposition. She was sitting on the Stump of a Tree, that often served her for a Seat, and had in her Hand her Father's Letter, which she was weeping over; when a Man rushed from behind some Trees that were near where she sat, and, with the greatest Rudeness, ravished a Kiss by mere Force. This Behaviour frightened her very much, and she was running towards the Place where she entered, when the Wretch gave her to understand, that they should not part so; 'You shall have no more Cause to complain of Words, my little Lady, for since you love telling of Tales, I warrant I'll furnish you with something to talk of.' This Speech, and the Face of the Man that uttered it, who in the Scuffle had dropt his Hat, gave her the most dreadful Apprehensions. She, in the utmost Terror, begged him to leave her; but he, far from listening to her Entreaties, began to persuade her to grant those Favours voluntarily, which he was determined, if she refused, to use Force to obtain.

Shocked at the Proposal, which was made in a Manner the most indecent, she gave a loud Cry, and by a sudden Effort sprung from him, towards that Part of the Orchard farthest from the House: he followed, and had just overtaken her, crying out in a Tone of Triumph, 'You are very kind, I only want you out of Ear-shot;' when an invisible Hand threw a large Apple at his Head, with so well directed an Aim, that his Nose gushed in a perfect Stream.

The Sight of his Blood, and the Noise of the Fruit that fell round him, made him stop his Pursuit, and turn to the Place from whence he was assaulted,

assaulted, which the poor frightened Creature did not fail to make the most of. She, with nimble Footsteps, ran into the Garden by which she had entered; where she found *Judy*, who seemed extremely frightened at seeing her pale and out of Breath. She insisted on knowing what had happened, 'but first,' says she, 'you must take something, come go with me, one Trouble never comes alone, the Captain is this Afternoon taken ill, and my Lady is quite uneasy. I wish you would not be so much by yourself, I dare say something has frightened you; for I thought I heard you cry out. I designed to bid the Gardener see what was the Matter as soon as he returned from the other Garden, where I had sent him. I was gathering some Sage, to make the poor Captain Tea against he wakes.'

This incoherent Stuff spoke with the greatest Volubility, while she was ascending the Staircase; whither the poor Girl followed, almost without knowing what she did. The Terror and Agitation she had been in, had made her quite stupid; and in Spite of what Mrs. *Judy* gave her, she had a fainting Fit, in which she continued a considerable Time.

When she came to herself, she recollected all that had passed, and saw Reason to think there was a Plot laid against her Innocence as well as her Peace. She debated within herself, whether to acquaint her Lady with the Insult she had received, or to fly immediately from a Place where she had every Thing to fear; however, lest a precipitate Flight should give her Enemies a Handle to traduce her Character, she determined to beg to be admitted to her Ladyship's Presence.

While she was forming this Resolution, the implacable Waiting-maid was not idle; for as *Betty Barnes* had, on her first coming out of the fainting Fit,

Fit, which had been occasioned by her extreme Terror, uttered in wild Incoherence, some Sentences that informed her of the Behaviour of her execrable Agent, she found that all her Art would be necessary to keep her Mistress from believing what the Girl should tell her; therefore as soon as her Lady's Bell gave Notice that she was awake, she, with many Signs of Affright, told her, that she believed *Betty Barnes* was out of her Senses; for she did not know her when she first waked, and talked in a strange Manner of the Captain, who, if she had not been sure was too ill to have any such Wickedness in his Thoughts, she should have imagined had made some Attempts that were inconsistent with Modesty. 'She says, Ma'am, that he was rude to her in the Orchard last Night, when you know he was in Bed soon after Dinner, and I am sure I must have seen him, if he went out; for I was most Part of the Afternoon in the Back-kitchen; besides, when I carried him some Tea in the Evening, I found him fast asleep, and every Thing in his Room exactly as I left it. I could wish, Ma'am, you had let the Girl come to you as usual; for I can't help being a little afraid, that the poor Creature takes your Anger to Heart.'

As this was spoke in a Tone of Compassion, it kept the Lady from suspecting the Fraud, and as soon as she was dressed, she ordered Mrs *Judy* to send *Betty Barnes* to her.

On Sight of her Lady, the Tears flowed afresh, in Spite of all her Endeavours to suppress them; and as her Countenance bore some Traces of her last Night's Affright, her Ladyship was almost of Opinion, that her Woman was right in her Conjecture. The Lady asked her the Reason of her
Tears,

Tears, and why she seemed in such Terror ; the poor Creature, emboldened by the kind Manner in which her Mistress spoke to her, replied, " Madam, if I could but gain Credit with your Ladyship, you would not wonder at my being frightened ; the Captain has sworn to ruin me. He last Night followed me into the Orchard, and almost frightened me to Death."—" Last Night ! followed you into the Orchard ! The Girl dreams ; why he was very ill A-bed," returned the Lady. " Oh, Madam, indeed, it is true," replied the Girl weeping, " I am sure it was him ; for I plainly saw his Face while I was struggling to get away from him, and he told me I should have no Cause to complain of Words, for he would furnish me with something to tell of." " Why, I never heard that you made any Complaint of my Nephew," returned her Ladyship. " I am afraid, Child, you have more Cunning than Good-sense ; for, if you think to excuse your ill Manners to my Relation by imposing a Story on me, you are deceived. I am sure he was not out of his Chamber after he went to it, which was just as we had done Dinner ; and how any Body else could be in the Orchard that would dare to use you ill, I can't think."

The Girl still insisted, as she well might, that it was no other than the Captain ; and on her Lady's saying, that she believed she had lost her Senses, she answered with great Earnestness, " If I was in any other Circumstances I should be believed ; but, poor as I am, I scorn a Lie, and I think I ought to gain Credit, as your Ladyship has never caught me in a Falshood. But tho' I am thought mad, I should be much more so, if I did not venture Beggary and Starving, rather than stay in a Place where I have no Friend, and
where

where there are such deep Plots laid for my Innocence. I hope, Madam, your Ladyship will one Day be convinced, that I have not endeavoured to impose upon you ; but if not, there is a just God that will revenge the Cause of the Oppressed and Helpless."

As this was a Sort of threatening to leave the House, and was spoke in an Accent that shewed a good Deal of Resentment, her Lady was much offended ; she told her, that if she had Truth on her Side, she would not suffer her to talk to her with so much Assurance ; and, had she not been sure before that she told her a Falshood, the saucy Manner in which she vindicated herself, would have made her mistrust it.

This Answer, and her being ordered to leave the Room, made poor *Betty Barnes* not far from the Condition in which she had been represented by the cruel *Judy*.

When she was alone, she gave a Loose to her Sighs and Tears, and made the most bitter Complaints ; but, alas ! this was but a poor Consolation ; she saw plainly, that if she stayed in the House she should be continually exposed to the Brutality of the odious Captain ; and as she greatly suspected Mrs. *Judy*, notwithstanding her seeming Friendship, she knew that he might at any Time have the Opportunity of perpetrating his vile Designs, as there was a Door in his Apartment that opened into a Closet in the Possession of the Waiting-maid, and which had a Communication with the Room where they lay. Oh ! how did she regret her absent Friend ! " If Mrs. *Evans* were here," she burst out aloud, lost in her Emotion, " I should not be thus distressed, she would gain Credit with my Lady, tho' I can't :

can't : however, I will rely on Providence, and not for Fear of Want, expose myself to what I dread worse than Death." Then she recollected that she had no Friend to go to, for honest *Joseph* the Farmer, had just before Mrs. *Evans* went to *London*, called on her in his Way to that Place, where he was going to get of Mrs. *Seward*, who was now a Widow, the Lease of another Farm which adjoined to his own, and was at that Time without a Tenant. Mrs. *Evans*, as she went in a Hurry, and hardly knew herself what Part of the Town she would reside in while she staid, it was not in the least probable she should find. As she revolved these Things in her Mind, her Resolution flagged ; but when the Closet and the Captain recurred to her Thoughts, she forgot every Difficulty, and determined to set out that very Night, as soon as she could do it without Observation.

She had very little Money ; for Mrs. *Evans*, by her Lady's Order, bought her every Necessary, and her wearing Apparel, tho' decent, was of a small Value ; for the Lady *Benson* had no Design of rendering her useless, by raising her Vanity : These she packed up, at least as many as she thought she was able to carry to the next Town, from whence a Waggon set out every Week for *London*. The good-natured *Joseph*, who was now returned to a Sense of Humanity, had, when he called, given her Half a Guinea ; and Mrs. *Evans*, that she might not have Occasion to be beholden to *Judy*, and as she herself knew not how long she might stay, had given her a Guinea, to lay out in any little Thing she might want. With this trifling Sum she set out, while the Waiting-maid was attending her Lady in her Dressing-room, and the Rest of the Servants were at Supper in the Kitchen,

Kitchen, from whom she had excused herself by complaining that she was not well. We shall now leave her pursuing her Walk by the Light of the Moon, which shone very bright, and return to the Captain who had not been out of his Chamber the whole Day.

C H A P. XI.

A farther Account of the intended Ravisher and his childish Antagonists, with the ridiculous Misfortunes that befel the blustering Captain, and the chaste Consolations of the sage Judy.

WE left the Captain just going to seize the poor Girl as the Victim of his Lust, when he was prevented by a Blow on the Nose, which gave him much Pain and Fear ; for tho' a Gentleman of the Navy, he was a most egregious Coward ; which my Readers will scarcely wonder at, when they consider by what Means Posts of Honour and Profit are frequently obtained : but when he turned and beheld the diminutive Size of his Adversary, who was only a Boy of about thirteen, he felt too much Rage to be at that Time capable of any other Passion ; and forgetting his Reasons for not being heard, he uttered many Execrations, and threatened the Boy, who was out of his Reach, with the severest Punishment.

This was only laughed at by the young Urchin, who pelted him with Fruit all the Time he was blustering and cursing. He had got to his Assistance another Lad, who had been before holding the Ladder by which his Companion was to descend from the Wall, when he had finished his Depredations on the Apple-trees, and who seemed

to

to have something a stronger Arm, and more offensive Weapons; for he had brought with him a Pocket full of Stones, which he had picked up in the Road, on the Boy's telling him in a Whisper, as he stood almost at the Top of the Ladder, that the Gentleman that his Aunt was so frightened at was running after *Betty Barnes*.

A violent Blow with a Stone on his Shoulder, which, if it had fell on a Place more susceptible of Injury, might have been equal in its Effects to a Sword or a Pistol, at last convinced the Captain, that it was not his Business to be brawling there, when he was thought to be too ill to be out of his Bed; but to retire with a good Grace, he kept retreating backwards, clinching his Fist at his Adversaries in a threatening Manner, till coming to the Stump of the Tree which had frequently served the poor Girl for a Seat, he fell over it, to the great Delight of the Boys, who by the Eminence of their Station beheld him, though at a considerable Distance. When he found himself falling, he eagerly caught hold of the first Thing that stood in his Way, which happened to be a large Gooseberry-bush, whose prickly Thorns made him in his Heart curse Mrs. *Judy* and all her Schemes. He, however, got into his Chamber without being discovered, by going through the Room where the Girl lay senseless, and then into the above-mentioned Closet. This Mrs. *Judy* had provided for, by drawing the Curtains round the Bed, which was to be the Signal for him to enter. It was by this Stratagem that the Lady was deceived; for she had sat reading in her Dressing-room the whole Afternoon, and, as it faced the Captain's Chamber, she must have heard the Door open, if he had come out or entered that Way;
and

and the cunning *Judy* took Care to go in and out frequently, always bringing Word that he still slept.

He had hardly got into Bed, before she followed and expostulated warmly with him on his going beyond her Instructions. 'I can't think,' she cried, 'how you can hope for Success in any Thing while you give Way to your Passions; you should only have frightened her enough to have set her a talking, and I would have improved it to your Advantage; then if we had been detected, it might have been no great Matter; but now, if she is believed, it will certainly be our Ruin.' 'And she certainly will be believed,' he replied in a snappish Manner, 'for who the Devil do you think will be Fool enough to be persuaded, that I have almost knocked my Nose off against the Bed-post; and the damned Thorns in my Hands too---if I go a poaching again for Maiden heads I'll be curst. I would I was safe in Town, tho' it was in a Spunging-house.' Mrs. *Judy*, offended, I suppose, that he should take the Devil's Name in Vain, when he stood in so much Need of his Assistance, reproved him for his prophane Way of talking, and when she had so done, left him.

In Reality she was by no Means pleased at his having carried Matters so far; for tho' she could, to serve a favourite Scheme, permit him to talk loosely to the Girl, or perhaps to have kissed and tumbled her a little, yet she would herself have taken her Place, rather than she should have been so extremely terrified; for as she had been about thirty Years before engaged in a Scene of the like Kind, which was attended with no worse Effects than had been cured by an experienced Matron, whose

whose Assistance she would now be in no Danger of wanting, she had no such violent Apprehensions.

The next Morning his Hand was extremely swelled, which he had the Address to make pass for the Gout, depending on the Care of the virtuous *Judy* to pick out the Thorns; but alas! his Nose could by no Means be supposed to be affected by the same Distemper, and that was a good Deal increased in Bulk; had the Deception been designed for a Woman of less Virtue than the Lady *Benson*, perhaps he might have found out a Disease for that too; however, he concluded to keep his Bed till it should be better, and made the Gout a Pretence to avoid sending for a Doctor, saying, it was the Cure of all Diseases.

The kind Waiting-maid attended him great Part of the Day, and by her Care his Hand grew easy; for she had drawn out the Thorns and anointed it with some emollient Ointment; the Anger that her Lady had shewn to poor *Betty Barnes* had gained her such a Flush of Joy, that it had a little relaxed the stiff Severity of her Features, and the Sight and Touch of a handsome Fellow in Bed had raised a Colour in her Cheeks, that might almost be called a Blush. This Alteration in her Person for the better, did not escape the Observation of her Patient, and as his Debaucheries had almost dissipated the Fortune he was born to, and his Pay was but a narrow Support, he, out of a Motive of Frugality, determined to quit himself of his Obligations to Mrs. *Judy* by paying her in a Coin that, by some distant Hints, he fancied would be full as acceptable, as Specie. In Consequence of this Resolution, he

treated

treated her in a Manner that increased her Affiduity and Care.

In the Evening, when she had finished her Attendance on her Mistress, she was going to the Captain's Chamber to bid him Good-night, or perhaps to indulge the Pleasure of hearing herself talked to, in a Manner quite different from that to which she had long been accustomed; but as she did not chuse to have Witnesses of her Conduct, she went through her own Room, and was greatly surprized at finding *Betty Barnes* not there; however, she took no Notice of it to the Captain, who full of his saving Project was in high Spirits; and I am not quite sure, but the charitable *Judy* did, that very Evening, all in her Power to console him for the Disappointment he met with the preceding Day, since she did not return to her own Bed till near Morning. She had taken Care to bolt the outward Door of her Room, so that if the Girl had still been in the House, she had only to pretend that she was fast asleep, if she did not happen to hear her; however, she had no need of that Precaution.

C H A P XII.

Contains an old Man's Story, which gives the Lady Benson some Light into the Affairs of the poor Fugitive; and other Things not expected by the Reader.

IN the Morning Mrs. *Judy* enquired of every Servant in the House, if they had not seen the Girl; and on their answering in the Negative, she counterfeited the greatest Concern. 'The Lord forbid,' she cried with her Eye-balls stretched upwards

upwards to the utmost Extent of their Lids, 'that the poor Wretch, struck with Remorse for her Falsehood, has not done herself some Mischief. My Mind misgives me, that something has happened to her. Have any of you been in the Orchard To-day? but to be sure she would not go there; for I verily believe she saw something that frightened her. For my Share, I wish the Captain does well----tho' I've not much Notion of Spirits.' 'Nor I neither,' said the Brother of *Joseph's* Servant, who was just come into the Kitchen; 'but I am plaguily afraid, we shall find that her Fright proceeded from the Flesh.' As this Reply was accompanied with a Look that expressed the Speaker big with some Discovery, it gave *Judy* great Uneasiness, and she tried to worm from him the Secret; but he only told her, that Time would shew who were the Liars.

At her Ladyship's Time of Rising, she was informed by her Waiting-maid, that the Girl was missing. This humane Lady felt a good Deal of Anxiety, lest some Accident had befallen her, and enquired if she did not go to Bed the Night before. 'Oh yes, to be sure, M'ame,' she was answered by the Maid, 'but I missed her early this Morning.' She then gave Orders that they should make the strictest Enquiry after her in the Village. This Mrs. *Judy* would have evaded, by saying that she had no Place to go to, nor was acquainted with any one out of the House; for she began to fear some Discovery would follow such an Enquiry; yet, as the Lady was peremptory in her Commands, she was obliged to obey them.

The Servants, who all loved the Girl as much as they detested Mrs. *Judy* and her new Lover,

the latter of whom had never opened their Hearts by the Extension of his Purse-Strings, had been beforehand with her Ladyship's Commands, and the young Fellow who had talked to Mrs. *Judy* in the Morning, came to his Lady with a Message from *Gaffer Truelock*, who had told him, 'If so be, that he could be suffered to speak to her Ladyship, he thought, as how, he could tell her Ladyship something about her Ladyship's little Maid; thoff he was afraid, she would be angry at him, when he told her Honour as how he came to know about it.' This Speech *Thomas* delivered almost verbatim to his Lady, who immediately had the old Countryman called in.

He, after many aukward Scrapes, said that he hoped her good Ladyship would not blame him for what he could not help; for if he had not promised the Buoy not to beat him, before he would tell him any Thing, he would have thrashed him till he could not feel him; 'but you know my Lady,' added he, 'that I must not be worse than my Word, thoff I was woundy angry, that I was.' This prolix Beginning put her Ladyship's Patience to the Stretch, who cried, 'On to your Story, honest Man, and talk of beating the Lad afterwards, when I know what he has done to deserve it.' This was answered with, 'Ah good your Honour, pardon an old Man; for if I munnot tell it mine own Way, I mun hold my Tongue; for I have been so long used to make the most I can of a Story, that I cannot for my Life shorten it.' He was bid to proceed in his own Manner with a Smile that gave him Courage, and he then went on:

'Let me----let me see,--- Where did I leave off. Oh, about thrashing the Rascal, my Grandson,

‘ Grandson, who the Day before Yesterday, with
 ‘ another Boy, a Neighbour’s Child, who, in-
 ‘ deed, is but a Child to him, instead of going to
 ‘ School, where he was sent ; for I would fain have
 ‘ him something of a Scholard methinks, thout
 ‘ his old Grandfather can’t read, was stealing your
 ‘ Ladyship’s Apples: When----now for what I
 ‘ came about, the poor Girl whom Mr. *Thomas*
 ‘ says can’t be found, came running to that Part
 ‘ of the Orchard, where my unlucky Rogue and
 ‘ his Play-fellow were robbing the Trees; she had
 ‘ her Cap almost off, and was begging the Gen-
 ‘ tleman that followed her, to let her alone ; but
 ‘ he swore, the Buoy says, enough to fright one,
 ‘ that he’d give her something to chatter about,
 ‘ since she loved talking, and that all he wanted
 ‘ was to get her out of Hearing. Just as he was
 ‘ going to lay Hold of her, *Bob Perkins*, the other
 ‘ Lad, threw some of the biggest of the Apples at
 ‘ him, one of which hit him just across the Nose,
 ‘ with such a swinging Whap, that it bled as if he
 ‘ had been stuck; he then let the young Woman
 ‘ run away without minding her, and fell a curs-
 ‘ ing and swearing at the Buoys ; for they were
 ‘ both there, like an Emperor ; called them, my
 ‘ Buoy says, Sons of Whores---I ask your Honour’s
 ‘ Pardon for making Use of such Words before
 ‘ you ; but I must say what I can to excuse my
 ‘ Buoy, who on hearing himself called a Bastard
 ‘ pelted him with Stones, till he tumbled over
 ‘ something that was in his Way ; for he walked
 ‘ backwards towards the House ; so they being
 ‘ affraid, that he would call some of the Servants
 ‘ that might know them, made the best of their
 ‘ Way Home ; thoff they had got no Fruit ; for
 E 2 they

‘ they had bestowed all that they had pulled on the Gentleman, who, mayhap, was not well pleased with their Kindness.’ ‘ What Sort of a Man was he ?’ asked the Lady *Benson*, almost convinced that she had wronged the poor Girl. ‘ Why look you there now,’ returned *Gaffer True-lock*, ‘ I thought so. Now if I tell your Ladyship, you’ll think I speak out of Spite, because of my own Girl, who I thank God is honest, thoff his Honour would fain have had her been naught. So I’ll say Nothing ; but if I had e’er a Cousen in my House with a broken Nose, I warrant I’d smell him out ; besides, there’s one of your Ladyship’s Men says that he has found something in the Orchard, which he is sure he saw in your Ladyship’s Hand but the Day before Yesterday.’

On this the young Fellow, who had in the Morning raised the Fears of Mrs. *Judy*, was called up, and produced a small Perspective, which he told his Mistress he found in the Orchard. This she knew at first Sight ; for it had belonged to her Spouse, and she had lent it to the Captain as they were taking an airing together the Morning before he was taken ill, that he might take a better View of a fine Seat, which stood at some Distance, and as he had expressed his Wish of having brought one with him, she told him he might keep it while he stayed.

Her Ladyship, after having ordered that the old Man should be regaled in the Kitchen, went to her Nephew’s Chamber ; but found the Door fastened on the Inside, and on her speaking a little louder than ordinary, heard, or fancied she heard, a Buffle. She then bid him open the Door ; but he replied, that he was in Bed, and had not been

up

up since she left him, which was some Hours before. On this, she asked for her Woman, who had not been seen since the Arrival of *Gaffer Truelock*; and he said, she had not been with him for some Time.

Her finding the Door fastened, and her wanting to see the Captain, that she might have her Fears removed or confirmed, made her immediately go round to the Closet that had given *Betty Barnes* so many Apprehensions; there she found *Judy*, who was just coming into her own Room, with the Key of the other Door in her Hand. She shewed too much Confusion in her Dress and Countenance, not to be taken Notice of; for she was without a Handkerchief, and her Head-Dress a good Deal discomposed. The Lady could not now help entertaining Suspicions, a little injurious to that immaculate Virtue her Waiting-maid would be thought to possess; but on her snatching the Key out of her Hand, which she did without speaking a Word, and going into her Nephew's Room, she saw enough to confirm her Suspicions; for the unlucky fair one had in her Hurry and Affright, at hearing her Lady's Voice, taken one of her Lover's Shoes, and left her own in it's Place; which now stood full in the View of her Mistress, and her Handkerchief unfortunately hung half down at the Side of the Bed, from under the Counterpane. This, as the Lady herself had once been it's Owner, could not be mistaken; she then, with a Look animated with Rage, addressed the Captain, whose Face bore plainly enough the Mark of the Villain her Ladyship sought for, and which she discovered as soon as she threw back the Curtains.

"I desire, Sir," said she, in the most resolute Tone, "that you would rise and leave a House that shall never more be open for your Entertainment. Your Practices on a poor innocent Girl, are such a Proof of Baseness, that in my Opinion, you deserve to be drove from human Society; but out of Respect to the Memory of my Brother, I shall not expose you. Go then, and by a different Conduct retrieve your Character; for I assure you, you shall never enjoy a Shilling of mine, except your future Behaviour convinces me, that it will not be thrown away on the most shameful Debaucheries. Must my House be the Scene, and my Servant the Partner, of your Vices; but the foolish shameless Woman, who has at these Years given Way to Crimes, that I believe she escaped when young, will find Reason enough to repent her Folly; for this is the last Day she shall continue in my Family, tho' you, Sir, who seduced her, have the most Guilt." The Captain, struck with the solemn Manner in which his Aunt spoke, and not a little affected at her Threats, for the State of his Finances was not, as has been already observed, in the most desirable Condition, had preserved a profound Silence; but on her accusing him as the Seducer of her Woman, he replied, "Nay, Madam, don't lay more on me than I deserve; for your Maid has no Need of a Tempter, and I am sure I should not have thought of following the Girl, if I had not been set on." "Why, who set you on?" returned the Lady. "They that sent me Word, that you were going to disinherit me," he replied, "and I like a Fool must enter into their nonsensical Schemes to make you do so in Earnest." "I don't believe," answered the Lady, "that you had any such Information; nor can I think any one, who

who is not quite abandoned, could be vile enough to propose to you so detestable a Scheme, as destroying by Force the Innocence of a perfect Child." "Why, n—o, I can't say I was bid 'to ravish her, but she was a good pretty Girl; so Faith, I thought I might as well please myself, as other Folks; tho' methinks I am glad she escaped me. I know I am a very sad Dog, and I think I never made a more ridiculous Figure than at present; for I have got Nothing by my fine Exploits, but a battered Face and a withered Abigail that's grey enough to be Cotemporary with *Metbusalem*." By this Harangue, my Readers may see that the Ardour of his Passion was something abated, and that he did not scruple to betray to his Aunt, the pious Virgin Mrs. *Judy*; but her Ladyship was in no Humour to be diverted by this dissembled Pleasantry; she therefore left him, wishing him as she went out of the Room, a good Journey and more Sense and Honesty. This last Word stung him to the Quick; for he was in his own Opinion, and that of his Companions a mighty honest Fellow, one who was no Body's Foe but his own; tho' he would get in any Man's Debt that would trust him, and in Return for the Obligation, corrupt the Chastity of his Wife or Daughter. I dare say, gentle Reader, if thou hast been long in the World, thou hast met with some of this Stamp; but to have done with digressing.

The Lady sent for her Woman, who endeavoured to soften her Mistress with many hypocritical Tears; but she, without entering in to any Discourse with her, paid her her Wages, and insisted on her staying no longer in the House than was necessary to pack up what belonged to her. In vain she pleaded her having been many Years a

faithful Servant ; for every Thing she had said to her Lady, to the Prejudice of *Betty Barnes*, rose in her Mind, and steeled her Heart against all her Supplications. The Captain and she left the House together, to the great Satisfaction of the Servants, who were making some Preparations of Festivity on so joyful an Occasion, even in their Sight. But it is now Time to return to the poor Girl, who was the innocent Cause of all this Disturbance.

T H E

THE
HISTORY
OF
BETTY BARNES.

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Betty Barnes sets out on her Journey. A Piece of low Conversation; female Impertinence, and matrimonial Squabbling.

BETTY BARNES set out with great Resolution for the Town where she hoped to find the London Waggon; the Joy she felt at her Escape, for a long Time, kept up her Spirits; but the Length of the Way, and the Weight of her Bundle, which began to grow not a little troublesome, added to the Silence of the Night and her being alone, at last threw a Damp over the Satisfaction she had felt, and gave her some Fears which almost staggered her Heroism. The Step she had taken now appeared a much more dreadful Remedy than she had at first thought it; but recollect-

ing that nothing human was so dreadful as her Lady's Nephew, she summoned all her Resolution, and recommending herself to the Protection of Heaven, she boldly went on ; and at last completed her nocturnal Walk, without any Accident.

On *Betty's* Arrival at the Inn, she made some Enquiries after the Waggon, but had the Misfortune to find that it was set out the Day before. However, as this Disappointment was attended with little more Inconvenience than was naturally occasioned by a Delay which helped to dissipate the trifling Sum she had in her Pocket, she bore it with Patience, and in two Days mounted a covered Cart. This joulting Vehicle was not half so troublesome to our young Traveller as the insatiable Curiosity of her Companions, who were only three in Number. The first a Woman of about fifty, who, in order to draw from her some Account of herself, was extremely communicative : " I am," said she, with a Look of great Importance, " God be thanked, able to pay for a Place in the Stage-Coach that sets out Tomorrow ; but as I have a Parcel of valuable Goods, I think it most prudent to keep with them myself. I suppose you are going to *London*, to Service. Nay, 'tis the best Thing a young Woman can do ; there's nothing like it ; one learns nothing at Home, tho', perhaps, one works as hard as if one was with Strangers. Yet 'tis nothing thought on."

Betty Barnes made no Answer to this Speech of nothing, which occasioned one, who seemed to be as much a second-hand Thing as her Clothes, to resume the Conversation. " What you say, Madam, is very true ; but when one first parts from one's Friends, one can't help being a little dull :
I remember,

I remember, when I first went into the World myself, I thought I should have broke my Heart, tho' I had a very good Place ; for my Mistress was a fine Lady, and loved Company, and my Master, poor Man, was horridly jealous, and I believe not without Cause ; however, 'tis unknown the Stays, Gowns, and good Things I got while I lived there ; for as sure as ever the Colonel came, so sure my Lady gave me something. Not that I ever saw in my Life, any Thing pass between them that could be called bad ; tho' to say the Truth, I commonly found the Door locked if I went to it without calling ; but those that would live in the World must hear, and see, and say nothing."

' That won't be you, I am sure,' was grumbled out from the other End of the Cart, where an elderly Man lay as if he had been asleep ; ' for, ' damme you talk as fast as a Magpye, tho' there's ' such a Noise and a Dust that you can neither ' hear nor see. The poor Girl, if she has a Grain of ' Modesty, must be frightened out of her Wits, to ' hear you call that a good Place, where you stood ' Pimp and held the Door. Where, in the Devil's Name, is a bad Place, if that is a good ' one.' ' I stand Pimp ! I hold the Door ! you ' are a sorry Fellow to say any such Thing to me, ' who have been in the best of Families.' ' Best ' of Families, quotha,' resumed the Man, ' why I ' never heard you talk of a Mistress in my Life, ' who was not a Whore, a Drunkard, or half- ' starved her Servants ; but if People were to ' judge of the World by what Servants say, we ' should have Reason enough to fear that we ' should be destroyed by some dreadful Plague, if ' there could be a worse than such damned ' Wives.'

‘Wives.’ ‘And pray, Sir, who taught you to talk against Servants;’ was uttered in great Passion; ‘if it had not been for the Money that I saved in Service, I don’t know where you would have been by now; but you are just for all the World such a Husband as a Lady had that I lived with about seven Years ago.’ ‘I wish,’ cried the Man, ‘you would hold your Clack, and let me take my Nap out.’ On this she was silent, except some inarticulate Mutterings, that portended future Bickerings.

This matrimonial Squabble had removed the Curiosity of the good Woman who spoke first, from our Traveller, to search into the Affairs of her other Companions, as they seemed to afford more Matter for Speculation: And when the Man, by his snoring, informed them that he was fast asleep, she shifted nearer his Wife, and in a Half Whisper, said, ‘I think, Madam, your Husband is a little touchy; pray, how long have you been married to him?’ ‘Almost a Year,’ was answered; when a deep Cart-rut gave them such a Jumble, that the Women, who were just entering into close Confab, struck their Heads together with a violent Force, and both together gave a loud Scream.

The Man, who was waked by the Noise, imagined that his Wife had quarrelled with the other Woman; and cried, ‘What the Plague, can’t you be at Peace one Day; must you be always shewing your damned Temper? I’ll lay my Life, you have been peeping and peering into other Folk’s Concerns; but I am glad the Gentlewoman has given you your own.’

This Scene, in Spite of the melancholy Situation of her Affairs, made *Betty Barnes* go a little beyond

beyond a Smile, which greatly offended the affronted Wife ; and she took Occasion to mention, that forward Wenches, that fleered in the Faces of Men, never came to Good.

By the Time they had settled the Hampers on which they sat, which had been turned Upside down by the Jolt, they were come to the Place where they were to lie, and a Man came to give them his Assistance to alight ; but when he saw only two Women, for the Girl was stooping down to pick up a Handkerchief she had dropped in the late Confusion, he walked slowly back, saying, ' The old Trots might get out themselves for him, an they would. On this, he was hailed by the Man in the Cart, who cried, ' What, old Comrade, run away from a pretty Girl ! you would ' not have done so twenty Years ago, when you ' and I were young.' At this he turned, and *Betty Barnes* had no need to ask his Assistance, for he immediately removed the Bar, and lifted her on the Ground, saying, ' My pretty Mistress, you are ' as light as a Feather, I did not care if you would ' let me make you a little heavier.'

As the Meaning of this Speech was not understood, it made no Alteration in the Colour of our Traveller, who was at this Time extremely pale ; for the Motion of the Cart had made her sick. She was unable to eat what was provided ; so after having paid her Ten-pence for a Mess of Water-gruel, retired to a Bed that was many Degrees harder than Down, and which was covered with Sheets, that by their Colour seemed to have been some Time since they went thro' the Hands of the Laundress ; but she was convinced that they were clean, by their being scarcely dry.

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As our young Traveller was pretty much fatigued, she gave but a slight Attention to the Inconveniencies of her Lodging, and presently fell asleep ; in which she would have probably continued till Morning, had she not been suddenly awakened by the Entrance of several Men into her Chamber. This, at first, gave her inexpressible Surprize and Terror, but she had hardly hid her Face under the Bed-clothes, when her Uneasiness began gradually to vanish, at finding that the Men were quietly gone into another Room ; to which there was probably, no other Passage than through that in which she lay ; and this she imagined to be the Case, from seeing one of the Maids come back thro' her Room with a Warming-Pan ; however, she earnestly longed for Morning. The Terror she had lately been in, kept her for some Time awake ; when revolving in her Mind the Step she had taken, she could not help falling into some Reflections, which had before never entered her Thoughts. The Fright of the good Lady *Benson*, occasioned by her Flight, now gave her great Uneasiness. She recollected many of the Obligations she had received from her ; and these Reflections, in one and the same Moment, gave her an Idea of that Lady's Uneasiness, and awakened all her Gratitude. She then reflected on the invidious Turn the artful *Judy* would probably give to her Flight ; that she might endeavour to blast her Character, and to make the only Step she could take to preserve her Virtue, appear as a Proof that she had no Virtue to preserve. ' My ' Enemy will now triumph,' said she to herself ; ' she will have an Opportunity of throwing all her ' Guilt upon me ; and being sensible that I cannot ' vindicate myself, will make that good Lady hate ' me ;

‘ me ; she who has been so much my Friend, and
 ‘ whom I ought for ever to love, will hate me,
 ‘ and rejoice that I have left her House.’ This
 Thought cost her some Tears ; but the Hopes
 that the Lady *Benson* would at last do her Justice,
 and that at the worst she should be able to vindicate
 her Conduct to Mrs. *Evans*, whom she did
 not doubt but she should find in *London*, at length
 composed her Mind, and prepared the Way for
 the Approach of Sleep, which presently after locked
 up all her Senses.

C H A P. II.

*Betty Barnes meets with more agreeable Company.
 Some Particulars relating to the Captain and Mrs.
 Judy ; and the Behaviour of the latter at the Inn,
 after Betty had left it.*

THE Sun no sooner began to illuminate the
 Walls of *Betty's* Chamber, and to render visible
 the many sable Characters that adorned the
 Ceiling, than our fair Traveller, awaked by the
 Noise of the Waggoner's preparing for that Day's
 Journey, started from her Bed, and to avoid being
 seen by those who had given her such Disturbance
 in the Night, when they should return through
 her Room, resolved to leave it as soon as possible :
 but she was hardly dressed, when going to the
 Window, to her great Surprise, she saw her
 Persecutor the Captain, standing in the Inn
 Yard ; he was booted, had his Whip in his Hand,
 and was swearing that the Wine he had drank the
 Night before was not good, because it had made
 him drunk, tho' he had not had above two Bot-
 tles ; ‘ but now I think of it,’ said he, ‘ I have, for
 ‘ these

‘ these two Months, been forced to live a damned
 ‘ sober Life with a precise Aunt.’

This Sight renewed all her Terror: she trembled with the Apprehensions of her Danger, and was in the most dreadful Situation, when she was relieved from her Fright by hearing him call the Hostler, and order him to bring his Horse, which he presently mounted, and rode away. His going away was an Event as agreeable as unexpected, and her Fears being removed, she went down to attend a Waggon which was in the Yard loading for *London*, and by going in which she hoped to exchange her Company.

While she was waiting in the Kitchen, her Attention was engaged by two of the Maids who came in laughing, and highly diverted at something that had happened to a Woman who had been made fuddled the Night before by a Gentleman who came with her; ‘ I’ll warrant,’ said one of the Girls, ‘ she will be fine and sick when she wakes. I can’t help laughing, to think how she will stare, when I tell her the Message the Gentleman left with me.’ ‘ Why, good now, Nanny, what was it?’ replied the other, ‘ I thought he was saying something about yourself, you simpered so at him.’ ‘ Why, he did say I was a pretty Girl, and had a roguish Eye. But ’tis neither here nor there for that, you know.----He bid me tell her he was going to *London*, where, if the Dice befriended him, he would wait for her: but that she need not hurry herself in following him, as he believed the Present she had made him might, with good Management, last him a Month. But that he had no great Inclination to be put in Mind of his Mortality by being married to a Death’s Head.
 ‘ This,

‘ This, I think, is just what he told me ; for he gave
 ‘ me a Shilling to learn it by Heart. I can’t imagine
 ‘ where he picked the Woman up ; she is horrid-
 ‘ ly ugly, and old enough to be his Mother. He
 ‘ called her Mrs. *Judy*, and talked of her Lady.
 ‘ Sure she is not his Mother’s Maid, and was going
 ‘ to run away with him, pretty little Creature !’

It was no Wonder that *Betty Barnes* gave a strict
 Attention to this Dialogue, which was interrupted
 by some of the Passengers, who wanted to
 give the customary Perquisites to the Chamber-
 maids ; she now flattered herself, that the Lady
Benson was convinced of her Innocence ; she found
 that she had no longer an Enemy in her House,
 and was hesitating whether she should not return,
 when the Recollection of *Judy’s* being still in the
 Inn awakened her Fears, and put a Stop to every
 other Reflection. At this Instant she was hurried
 to take her Place, which was a Summons she read-
 ily obeyed, as she now wanted only to be out of
 the Inn, from a Dread of meeting with the cruel,
 the implacable Waiting-maid.

When she came to the Waggon, she found the
 two Women that came with her the Day before,
 one of whom was disputing with a fresh Passenger
 for a Place at the Front ; if it is proper to call it
 so, as it is at the Tail. She grounded her Pre-
 tensions on having had it the Day before in the
 Cart, and as the Waggon belonged to the same
 Man, she expected it, as the oldest Passenger.
 The other Person, who had a young Child, said,
 if she had no Air she should be ill, and unable to
 nurse her Boy. ‘ I can’t help that,’ was replied :
 ‘ I wonder *James* would take a Child, when he
 ‘ knew I was to go with him. I told him before
 ‘ it was my Aversion to travel with Children ;
 ‘ But

‘ But I am right enough served for not going in the Coach.’ ‘ Madam,’ answered the other Woman, ‘ I don’t like Children to travel with perhaps better than you ; but as I can’t conveniently knock mine on the Head, I must take him with me : Besides, as I pay for my Place, I think I have as good a Right to it as another.’ ‘ You pay for your Place, ay ; but I send Goods every Week ; and if *James Fumble* don’t shew me more Respect than common Travellers, I can assure him, I shall employ the new Waggon,’ was spoke with great Dignity. The Words, common Travellers, exasperated the young Woman, who before seemed a little inclined to resign her Place, and she replied : ‘ I believe I have been as little used to travelling as you, who, I dare say, han’t seen much by the Quantity of your Manners. But since you are so much of the Gentlewoman, there will a Coach go through this Town by and by, and I wish you would go in that ; for I took this Place, and I’ll keep it in Spite of any Body.’

The Woman of Importance, finding it in vain to contest, sat down, and they went rumbling on till near Noon, when a well dressed Woman, who rode a single Horse, stopped at the Side of the Waggon, and asked if there was Room. *Betty Barnes*, who had scarce spoke all the Morning, answered, that there was ; and the Woman having ordered a young Man who was with her to take Care of the Horse she rode, entered, and without Hesitation seated herself next *Betty Barnes*, who, from her Looks, flattered herself that she should be happy in a Fellow-Traveller.

This new Passenger was a thick short Woman, of a brown Complexion, turned of forty ; but there

there was such a Mixture of Sensibility and Sweetness in her Countenance, that pleased beyond the most regular Beauty, and it was impossible to see her without thinking her Face the lively Index of a good Heart.

She had hardly seated herself before the Tradeswoman took Notice, in order, I suppose, to begin a Conversation, in which she might indulge her own Vanity, that she wondered a Person of her Appearance should chuse a Waggon. 'Why,' she replied with a Smile, 'I have no other Reason than because I like it; the ceremonious Nonsense in a Coach is, to me, as insupportable as the *loul loul* of a Waggon; and I like to hear such a neat Country-Girl as this talk, as well as the finest Lady, and have often found that they speak as much to the Purpose. Besides, I have a Mind to be saving; 'tis a hundred to one if I shan't have more Satisfaction by then I reach Town, in bestowing the Money a Seat in the Coach would have cost on some Body that wants it, than I should have received from what is called the best of Company, tho' it is often the worst.'

This Display of a benevolent Disposition made our young Traveller extremely pleasant with her Companion, and she began to resume her natural Sprightliness, which her new Companion encouraged by several Expressions of Good-will that flowed from her Humanity, as she thought the poor Girl looked dejected.

The Wife of the touchy Gentleman, who had talked so freely of Servants, was quite chap-fallen, and had not uttered a Word all Day; for her Spouse had promised to follow immediately and had disappointed her, and as he was not remarkable

able for conjugal Fidelity any more than for Sweetness of Temper, his chaste Helpmate began to fear some unwarrantable Engagement.

The Woman of Consequence, who was so good a Customer to the Carrier, was nettled that the new Traveller, whom we shall call Mrs. *Robinson*, would not give her an Opportunity to talk of herself, so remained silent; while the Woman who had the Child seemed to be in continual Fear, lest her Boy, as she sat next to Mrs. *Robinson*, should give her some Offence: But she, with great Affability, put her out of her Pain, by telling her that she was excessively fond of Children, and actually shared with her in the Fatigue of attending him; saying, at the same Time, that they who would not suffer a small Inconvenience to relieve a Fellow-creature from a greater, in her Opinion, deserved to change Places with them they refused to assist.

In this Situation they continued till near Night, when the jealous Wife could no longer conceal her Uneasiness, but broke out into several Expressions of Anger, as, ‘Sure no Woman alive has such an unaccountable Man to deal with as I have; he minds his Word no more than a Broom-stick. If he has got some Body that will hold him in Talk, he never thinks how Time goes, for his Part: I am sure if I was like him, Things would soon be at Sixes and Sevens.’ ‘What, do you expect your Husband to over take you?’ was asked by Mrs. *Robinson*. ‘Where did you leave him?’ ‘At the Inn we set out from in the Morning,’ was replied, ‘where he met with an old Comrade who had served in the same Regiment; for my Husband has been a Soldier, and some of the Money I have worked hard for went to purchase his Discharge; but the Men have
‘ no

‘ no Gratitude in them. I can remember when I
‘ was a Servant, I lived a little while with a Lady
‘ who had married her Father’s Footman, and had
‘ brought him a vast Fortune ; when, would you
‘ believe it ? instead of making her the best of Hus-
‘ bands, he lay with her Maid.’ ‘ I don’t won-
‘ der at that,’ returned Mrs. *Robinson* ; ‘ but I
‘ hope they kept more than one, or else it was
‘ not while you lived there,” she cried with a sa-
tyrical Smile, that a little disconcerted the Person
it was directed to : ‘ But don’t be uneasy,’ con-
tinued she, ‘ I fancy I can give you some Account
‘ of your Spouse. Is he not a very black Man ?’
She was answered, he was ; and then Mrs. *Robinson*
went on, ‘ If it is the same, I think you have no
‘ need to fear being served as your Mistress was ;
‘ for I left him with a Woman’—The Thoughts
of his being with a Woman had quite obliterated
the first Part of the Sentence from the Memory of
the loving Wife, and she was too much affected to
let it be completed, and therefore interrupt-
ing Mrs. *Robinson*, cried out in a loud Key, and
with great Volubility, ‘ Oh ! I thought so ! a
‘ wicked Wretch ! was it for this that I gave him
‘ Money to pay his Debts, and made a Man of
‘ him ? If I was near the dirty Drab, I’d tear her
‘ nasty Eyes out. Waggoner, Waggoner, let me
‘ out ; I won’t go a Step further, till I am reveng-
‘ ed on the Strumpet. I dare say it is the Maid at
‘ the Inn, who was fleering and grinning at the
‘ Gentleman that went away in the Morning. I
‘ heard my vile Rogue of a Husband whisper some-
‘ thing to her, just after he went out.’ ‘ Pray be
‘ easy, Madam,’ said Mrs. *Robinson*, ‘ for I am
‘ sure you wrong the Gentleman as well as the
‘ Girl ;

‘ Girl ; for the Person I left him with was as old as himself. On a Man’s telling him he could furnish him with a Horse, that was to be returned to the Inn where we are to lie To-night, he had some Time on his Hands, and therefore staid to hear her Story.’ This a little compos’d her Fury, and Mrs. *Robinson* proceeded ; ‘ I believe, if I had not heard it before, I should have discovered as much Curiosity as your Husband ; for in my whole Life I never saw a more extraordinary Figure.

‘ I had just stopp’d at the *Golden Lion*, and was drinking a Glass of Wine in the Kitchen, when a shrill Voice called from above Stairs, ‘ Sweet-Heart, Chamber-maid, young Woman,’ in the same Breath, and two Girls ran tittering towards the Stairs, which they seem’d in no great Haste to ascend, but stood contending who should go up. At last their Consultation was interrupted by a long meagre Figure, who, staring wildly, demanded what was become of the Captain, and who had had the Impudence to take away her Gown and her Garter ? Her Cap was the wrong Side outward, and almost covered with a Paste of Powder and Pomatum. She had, by Way of Binder, a Garter round her Head, on which was wrote, or rather wove, the Word *ROSE*, which made the Landlord say, as soon as he saw it, which was presently after she came down, Ods Bobs ! Wife, sure this Gentlewoman must be woundy apt to forget herself, that she is forced to carry her Name on her Head. This arch Speech rais’d a general Laugh at the Expence of the poor Woman, who stood with an Apron round her Shoulders, raving for her Captain, her
‘ Gown

‘ Gown, and her Garter. One of the Girls, after
 ‘ many Bursts of Laughter, for which she was re-
 ‘ proved by her Mistress, tho’ she, like poor *Teague*
 ‘ in the Committee, could hardly keep her own
 ‘ Mouth from going to one Side and t’other, told
 ‘ her, if the Captain was the Gentleman who
 ‘ came with her, he had ordered her to tell her,
 ‘ that he was gone to *London*; but that she need
 ‘ not hurry herself to follow him, for that he
 ‘ had no Design of being put in Mind of dying,
 ‘ by being married to a Death’s Head.

‘ She would scarce permit the Girl to deliver
 ‘ her Message; for so boisterous was her Rage,
 ‘ that she overturned the Table near which she
 ‘ had sat down, and hastily ran up to the Room
 ‘ she had left, crying, she was undone and robbed;
 ‘ she would have them taken up for Thieves if she
 ‘ did not find her Gown. This Behaviour not a
 ‘ little exasperated the Inn-keeper’s Wife, who
 ‘ stood up for the Honour of her House, and fol-
 ‘ lowing her up Stairs, said, that no one lost any
 ‘ Thing in her House. But she supposed, she
 ‘ had put her Gown somewhere as well as her
 ‘ Garter, which, if she had not drank too much,
 ‘ she would have remembered was on her Head;
 ‘ and if she had lost any Money, she supposed the
 ‘ Gentleman had payed himself; for young brisk
 ‘ Fellows were not used to keep Company with
 ‘ old Women for nothing; and that she did not
 ‘ care how soon she went out of her House, for if
 ‘ she had known she had not been the Man’s
 ‘ Wife, she should have had another guests Room;
 ‘ for she hated a Whore in her Heart.

‘ The Woman,’ continued *Mrs. Robinson*, ‘ hav-
 ‘ ing now found her Gown, came down into the
 ‘ Kitchen,

‘ Kitchen, and, with many Tears, lamented the
 ‘ Loss of her Money and Lover ; to whom, she
 ‘ said, she had given forty Guineas the Night
 ‘ before, on his promising to marry her as soon
 ‘ as they came to *London*, to make her Amends
 ‘ for the Place she had lost on his Account; for, till
 ‘ I knew him, said she, I was always well thought
 ‘ on ; but I believe he makes Use of some Charm
 ‘ that bewitches me.’ ‘ Pshaw, pshaw, say a Sol-
 ‘ dier that stood by, if you have got Gold, I’ll
 ‘ warrant other Folks can make Use of Charms as
 ‘ well as he : So don’t stand crying about him ;
 ‘ but make the best of a bad Market.

‘ This rough Consolation seemed to have some
 ‘ Effect on the Woman ; for she entered into a
 ‘ particular Conversation with the Soldier, and I
 ‘ am much mistaken if she is not wormed out of
 ‘ some more Money before they part ; for she says
 ‘ she must be forced to stay for a Remittance from
 ‘ *London*, as she has none about her but a little
 ‘ Silver ; and I believe it is to that laudable De-
 ‘ sign that you owe the Absence of your Husband,
 ‘ who I left listening with great Complaisance to
 ‘ her Story, after I had seen him whispering to the
 ‘ Soldier in the Yard.’

As no one in the Company was interested in the
 Affair at the Inn but *Betty Barnes*, they all freely
 gave their Sentiments concerning the poor forsaken
Judy. The Woman in Trade said the foolish
 Creature deserved no Pity ; ‘ Before I’d give my
 ‘ Money to the best he that wears a Head, I’d see
 ‘ them all hang’d. I know better what to do with
 ‘ it ; when I was first a Widow, the Men thought
 ‘ to make me a Fool ; but I thank them for that :
 ‘ I put what Money I had in Trade, and know
 ‘ how to make the most of every Penny ; {which,
 ‘ I am

‘ I am sure, is more to the Purpose than bestowing it on e’er a beggarly Fellow in *England*.’ Just as she had done speaking, the Fellow who drove came to the Waggon Tail, with a ‘ How do ye all do, my good Mistresses, did no’ ye wonder what made me lag so? I was drinking at yon Town with *Robin Goodfellow*, who gives you a main good Word, Widow,’ added he, addressing himself to the Person who spoke last; ‘ and he says, he believes he should have lived with you till now, if you had not unluckily caught him a courting *Nell* the Day after you was so kind to him.’

As the last Words were accompanied with an arch Grin, and a Turn toward the Horses, as if to prevent a Reply, they did not fail of being taken Notice of by the Soldier’s Wife, who thought herself affronted by the Severity of the Widow’s last Speech, and she with great Asperity said, ‘ So, Madam, tho’ you won’t part with your Money to Fellows, you are not so sparing of other Favours, it seems. When I was a Servant’—As this was commonly the Beginning of some tedious Story, Mrs. *Robinson*, in order to prevent the Detail, or, perhaps, to divert the Choler of the Widow, which seemed just going to rise, replied, ‘ I wonder, Madam, now you are married, you should be always reminding the Company of your having been a Servant; for tho’ this be a Station that one ought to be contented with when it is our Lot, yet surely it is not a Situation to be boasted of: but I don’t know how it is, I hardly ever was in Company with a Woman in my Life, who had been at Service, tho’ ever so long married, but the Perfections or Defects of the People she had lived with became the Subject

‘ of Conversations.’ ‘ It is very true, Madam,’ replied the Widow, pleased to have escaped the Remarks of the shrewd Mrs. *Robinson* ; ‘ but People never consider how disagreeable it is to have one’s Ears stuffed with long Stories about Folks that one knows nothing of.’

Thus they went on, talking rather at, than to one another, till they came to the Inn where they were to put up. As Mrs. *Robinson* knew a little more of the World than our young Traveller, she took more Care of her Bed and Linen than she had done the preceding Night, and insisted on seeing her Sheets aired in the Kitchen ; which the Girl had the Advantage of, as she was her Bedfellow. But this Evening *Betty* had the Pain of seeing the good Qualities she had attributed to Mrs. *Robinson*, and which she really possessed, a little obscured by a too free Indulgence of the Bottle, which, tho’ she did not carry to any great Excess, took off that Restraint of Reason that her Vivacity needed, and in this unbending of her Heart, she uttered many Things that the most brilliant Wit could not plead an Excuse for ; since they clashed with that inviolable Rule of Decency, which a modest Woman ought to observe, and which no Time of Life can warrant the Breach of.

The Evening was pretty far advanced before the Soldier came to his Wife, and then he was almost unable to speak a plain Word ; however he hick-up’d out, ‘ Why, Wife, don’t look so confounded cross ; you are handsomer than her by the Half, tho’ there is *Tom Jones* as sweet on her, as if she was but fifteen. He is a sly Dog, and knows which Side his Bread is buttered on. I’ll be hanged if he don’t get a good Spell from her.’ To this his Wife made no other Reply, than that he

he was a fine Judge of who was handsome to be sure, in that Pickle ; and immediately retired with him, if one might take one's Information from the Sweetness of her Looks, to give him the Discipline of a Curtain-Lecture.

I imagine my Readers will wonder that *Betty Barnes* has had so little Share in the Conversation of the two last Days, but the poor Girl was so exceeding sick, that she could hardly hold up her Head ; and in such a Circumstance the most loquacious, however mortified, are obliged to be silent.

In the two following Days there was nothing remarkable, except the good Humour of the Man, who was perhaps pleased that his Comrade would soon be in no Condition to reproach him for his Choice of a Wife, who was on the wrong Side of Years of Maturity, since he himself was labouring with all his Might to persuade the virtuous *Judy* to become his Helpmate, after she had told him she had near two hundred Pounds out at Use.

On the Morning of the fifth Day, the Girl was surpris'd at Mrs. *Robinson's* asking her, with great Kindness, the Reason of her looking so uneasy ; ' I am afraid,' said she, ' you have left your Sweet-heart behind you ; for I observed you several Times Yesterday ready to shed Tears, tho' I was ready to die with laughing at the out of-the-Way Mortals we have got with us. Nay,' says she, on seeing the Tears in her Eyes, ' I did not speak to give you Pain, so don't cry ; but if you have any Thing the Matter with you that I can remove, tell me now ; for I am quite weary of my Company, and design to go no longer in the Waggon than To-day. You may remember what I said would give me more Satisfaction

‘than the best Company.’ The Girl blushed, but was unable to speak, when Mrs. *Robinson* proceeded; ‘I fancy, Child, your Money runs short; if it does, you shall be welcome to this half Guinea. I wish, for your Sake, I may be mistaken; but I thought last Night when you changed a Guinea, I heard you sigh out softly, Lord! what will become of me!’ Betty *Barnes*, unable to restrain the gushing Tears at this unexpected Relief, sobbed out her Gratitude from a full Heart, and the good-natured Mrs. *Robinson* felt, I am persuaded, in that Moment, more real Delight than was ever experienced by the most finished Coquet, when in the Pride of Beauty, and flushed with a new Conquest, tho’ her Countenance, at the same Time, bore the strongest Marks of Sympathy.

The Girl, a little relieved from her Anxiety by this Supply, resumed the Courage to ask her Friend, if she could help her to a Place. To this she replied, that she feared not, as most of her Acquaintance were out of Town, and that she herself should stay no longer in *London* than just to rest herself after her Fatigue: ‘But I will do what I can. Have you any Body in Town that knows you, or will give you a Character?’ To this she answered, that there was a Gentlewoman in *London* who had known her from her being a Child, but that she did not know where to find her, only that she was acquainted with a Merchant that lived in some Street that was not a great Way from the *Strand*, whose Name she should know if she heard it; but that she could not for her Life recall it to her Memory. This Simplicity made Mrs. *Robinson* smile, and she asked her if she knew in what the Merchant traded? but this Question puzzled her, and she could only tell her that Mrs. *Evans* had said in

in her hearing, that he had a Part in several Ships, and had a Brother who was a Captain, and extremely rich. Mrs. *Robinson* told her, she would not have her depend on finding her Friend, if she had no better Directions; but advised her to speak to the Waggoner, to get him to tell what he knew of her. 'Alas, Madam,' says our Traveller, 'I never saw him in my Life till I came to his Waggon.' 'No! I thought you might belong to the same Town; and in the Country they are all Neighbours, tho' they live a Mile from each other; but if you have no one to speak for you, how do you expect to get a Place? Fortho' I think, if I wanted a Servant myself, I could venture to take you from the little I have seen of you; yet we ought to be extremely careful how we recommend any to the Service of our Friends upon the Strength of our own Opinion, lest they should suffer for our Want of Judgment.'

Mrs. *Robinson* began to entertain some Doubts concerning our young Traveller, and she justly concluded, that tho' it might be possible for a country Girl to know Nothing of the Manner in which People at *London* hire Servants, yet that it was extremely improbable that her Relations should think of her getting a Place without a Recommendation. This Thought made her imagine that she had come away from her Friends without their Knowledge, and the Girl's bursting into Tears on her asking her if she had a Father and Mother alive, confirmed her in this Suspicion; but as she had given her a small Relief, her being more inquisitive would have had the Appearance of Insult, and as she feared she should hear something that would lessen the Satisfaction she had received, in reflecting on the Goodness of Providence that had enabled

bled her to relieve her, she, without saying any more, went down to Breakfast, where the poor Girl, struck with the unusual Severity of her Countenance, had not the Courage to follow her. This Timidity was taken Notice of by Mrs. *Robinson*, who had every Morning given her her Breakfast, and a little revived her good Opinion, as it was a Proof of her Sensibility ; and as she was conscious of some Imperfections herself, she, with great Humanity, called to her in her usual Tone of Voice, telling her, if she did not make Haste the Waggon would go without her, in order that the other Passengers might not take Notice of her not coming along with her.

C H A P. III.

Which some Readers will think very little to the Purpose.

THIS Day was spent pretty much like the former, only Mrs. *Robinson* behaved with some Constraint, and seemed more thoughtful than common. When they arrived at the Inn, which was early in the Afternoon, they found a long Table spread with a great Quantity of coarse Provisions, which were provided to suit the Tastes of the Guests, as they that Night expected no less than three Waggon. On this Mrs. *Robinson* asked if she could not have something dressed for herself ; saying that she could not eat her Supper at Tea-time. When this Message was carried to the Mistress of the House, she answered snapishly, ‘ Marry come up ! here’s a Rout with Waggon Customers ; I suppose this is some decayed
‘ Gentlewoman,

‘Gentlewoman, that can’t bring her Taste to her Circumstances, with her Tea-time at her Back-side. Does she look, *Bridget*, as if she could pay for any more than ordinary Trouble?’ This fine Speech was heard by Mrs. *Robinson*; for she had followed the Maid to the Kitchen-door, in order to ask what they had in the House, when with an Air that most People would call haughty, and which she never assumed but when she was ill treated, she asked the Landlady what she meant by such a Behaviour; ‘How should your Maid know what I am able to pay for? however, you need not give yourself any extraordinary Trouble on my Account; for, as there is another Inn in the Town, I shan’t stay in your House: for it is a Rule with me, never to lay out my Money with Folks that are above their Business.’

‘Lord, Madam!’ cried the Woman, ‘you are very hasty; ’tis a Sign you don’t know what it is to keep an Inn. If I had known I had a real Gentlewoman to serve, I should be the last Woman in the World that would give an Affront; but it is so seldom that People any Thing like travel in a Waggon, that one is not aware of it, and we have so often Servant-girls who give themselves Airs of Importance, that we have enough to do with them.’ ‘Let them be what they will,’ said Mrs. *Robinson*, ‘if they pay for what they have, they have a Right to civil Usage; and if I was a Beggar, where I paid I’d have it. So, if you think it worth your while, kill me a Duck, and get it ready by nine o’Clock, or I’ll go where I shall have Thanks for my Custom.’ She then left the Kitchen and went into the Room where her Fellow-travellers were raving at the Impertinence of the Landlady:

For on hearing Mrs. *Robinson* speak loud, they could not restrain their Curiosity within the narrow Bounds of good Manners; but had arisen from their Seats to listen. 'I wonder,' said the Soldier's Wife, 'at the Assurance of such mean vulgar Creatures. Servant Girls! I'll assure her! as if because People go out into the World, they must be trod under Foot by such as she. I'd have her to know, there is many a Servant that would scorn to set themselves on a Footing with the Mistress of a poultry Inn.'

Mrs. *Robinson* would not have been displeased to have heard a hearty Scold between the Woman of the House and the *quondam* Waiting-maid; as it would have indulged her Vein of Ridicule, which she carried a little too far, since it sometimes happened, that her uncommon Spriteliness abashed modest Merit, and made it afraid to shew itself. She, therefore, answered with great good Humour, that she was quite right, and that it was very public-spirited in her to stand up for the Honour of Servants now she was out of the Number; "tho' to say the Truth," she continued, "I once travelled with two young Sluts that were going to *London* from *Nottinghamshire* to Service, who behaved with more Haughtiness than would become Persons of Fortune. On our going out of the Waggon, they called about them, as if they alone were People of Distinction, and all the Servants of the House their Domestics; they could neither wash in the same Bason, or wipe with the same Towel; tho' perhaps they never before in their Lives had made Use of any other than the common Jack-towel of a Kitchen; but I have observed that those, who, by their Station, are obliged
to

to serve, take Care to revenge themselves on Fortune in their Turn, by commanding with the utmost Haughtiness.

The young Woman with the Child had, during the Journey, said very little ; for she seemed intirely taken up with the Care of her Infant ; but to Mrs. *Robinson's* Remark on the Pride of Servants, she replied, " I fancy, Madam, if these young Women had never been at Service, they would have behaved in much the same Manner ; for surely it can never be the Situation that can alter the natural Disposition. A mean and fordid Soul will produce mean Actions, tho' it animates the Person of a Princess ; and I believe a great Mind would scorn either assuming or cringing, tho' it inhabited the Body of a Scullion."

This Speech, which gave Mrs. *Robinson* a much higher Idea of the Sense of her who spoke, than she had conceived from her Looks, was put an End to by the Arrival of a genteel Youth, who at that Instant alighted in the Inn-yard just before the Window where the young Woman sat. She no sooner beheld him than she blushed as red as Scarlet, and almost in the same Instant changed white as her Handkerchief. This Alteration was seen by Mrs. *Robinson*, who snatched the Child out of her Lap to prevent his falling ; for his Mother, at that Instant, seemed to have quite forgot her Care. The young Gentleman had by this Time come to the Door of the Room, but the Eyes of the young Woman were still fixed on the Place where she had seen him, till his Voice in asking if there was not a Person who had a Child there besides that Gentlewoman, meaning Mrs. *Robinson*, roused her Attention, and she, with eager Steps, ran towards him, crying, " It is,

"I'm sure it is him !" The Youth received her with the utmost Transport, and as soon as a Gush of Joy would give him leave to speak, cried out in the tenderest Accent, " We meet, my dear *Lydia*, I hope, to part no more : For my Father, my Dear, my Father has forgiven me, and it is by his Permission I come to bring you Home ; but where is my Child, my Boy !"

It was in vain that he asked ; for the fond Wife was quite unable to answer, and perhaps at that Instant thought no more of her Child than if she had never felt the Pangs of a Mother ; for it is certain that conjugal Affection greatly surpasses maternal Tenderness, where the Passion of Love is carried to the Excess it ought ; notwithstanding some Ladies make it a Merit in their Chastity, as Lord *Townly* says, not to be fond of their Husbands ; and I have heard many Women say, they could not think what Sort of fond Creatures they must be, who could love any Man better than their own Children ; but our Wife knew none of these Refinements, and it was not till Mrs. *Robinson* presented the Child to the Father, that he at all employed her Thoughts ; and he was forced again to tell her of his Father's being reconciled, before she heard it, so intirely was she ingrossed by the Delight of beholding him, who was to her, she said, far beyond Father, Child, Ease or Affluence.

On Mrs. *Robinson's* holding the Boy towards the Gentleman, his Mother, with great Precipitation, snatched him from her ; saying, " Madam, you'll forgive me, but it must be in my Arms that he receives his Father's first Kiss." The Father now in his Turn as eagerly snatched the Child from his Mother, and almost smothered him

him by the Excess of his Tenderness, while the innocent Smiles of the Infant served to render the Scene still more affecting.

When the young Woman became a little calmer, by her Happiness being more familiar to her, she made many Apologies for her being so unguarded before so much Company ; to which her Husband replied, " Why, my Dear, should you think that wants an Excuse, that rendered me more happy at a Time when I thought it impossible that my Bliss could admit of Increase." " Indeed, Madam," said Mrs. *Robinson*, " your Behaviour needs no Excuse ; but I'm afraid mine will, when I tell you that I impatiently long to hear the Reason of your Separation, when you seem so perfectly fitted to make each other happy. If my Curiosity is not impertinent, I should be extremely obliged if you would take Part of what I have ordered for my Supper, which, with the Addition of what we shall find cold in the House, will be enough ; for I know Lovers, such as you, are no great Epicures : You are much above such low Enjoyments," she added with a Smile ; " but as it will be some Time before I shall see Mr. *Robinson*, I'm forced to console myself with a good Supper, which I had much ado to get the Woman of the House to dress for me ; because I came in the Waggon." The Gentleman looked at his Wife, as if for her Approbation or Dislike of the Proposal, and was answered with a Smile of Assent, that made him accept the Invitation. They then adjourned to a small Parlour ; that is, Mrs. *Robinson*, the Gentleman and his Wife, and *Betty Barnes*, whom Mrs. *Robinson* had, before the Arrival of the new Guest, asked to save her Stomach for a Part of her Supper ; for tho' she had

had entertained some Doubts about her, yet as she thought her in Distress, she behaved to her with great Kindness.

As soon as the Ceremonial of seating themselves was over, which, as they were People of good Sense, was soon adjusted, the young Woman told her Husband, that she was greatly obliged to Mrs. *Robinson* for the Trouble she had taken with her Child. "If it had not been for your Kindness, Madam," said she, addressing herself to her, my Fatigue would have been insupportable; for this poor young Woman was so sick she could be no Help, and the other Woman did Nothing but scold about the Child, and was too ill-natur'd to give me the least Assistance, while her Companion was fretting about her Husband, who, she said, she supposed would not come in the Waggon because he abominated the squalling of Children. She hardly spoke all Day, and I began to have the most gloomy Notions of my Journey, when Providence sent you to my Relief; for I was ready to sink under a violent Depression of Spirits, which I foolishly fancied the Forerunner of some heavy Misfortune, when perhaps it only served to render my present Happiness more complete." This naturally led them to talk of their Affairs, and the Husband asked his Wife, if she had any Objection to his making the Gentlewoman acquainted with their Story. She replied, that she only feared Mrs. *Robinson* would think it scarcely worth her Attention, since it had but few Incidents.

On Mrs. *Robinson's* expressing her Desire of hearing it, the young Man began what will be found in the next Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

*In which the young Woman's Husband tells their Story,
and poor Betty Barnes loses the friendly Mrs.
Robinson.*

‘ **M**Y Father, Madam, by his Industry and
‘ Success in Trade, has acquired a large
‘ Fortune; and as he has no other Son but myself,
‘ he always used me with the greatest Indulgence.
‘ There lived next Door to us, when I was but
‘ a Boy, a Gentleman who had a Place in a pub-
‘ lic Office; he was the Father of my dear
‘ Wife, whom I no sooner saw than I loved. As
‘ this Gentleman had a numerous Family, and
‘ no other Subsistence than his Place; for he had
‘ been in Trade, and had had the Misfortune to
‘ fail, he could do little more than live above Con-
‘ tempt and Want.

‘ In this Situation they lived near three Years;
‘ in which Time I had the Happiness to get ac-
‘ quainted with the old Gentleman, when in or-
‘ der to introduce myself into the Company of
‘ my dear *Lydia*, I offered to teach her and her
‘ Sister French, tho’ then I myself had need of a
‘ Tutor: but Love is an excellent School-master.
‘ I applied, with the greatest Eagerness, the
‘ Forenoon of every Day to study, that I might
‘ be able in the Evening to keep Pace with the
‘ Readiness of my charming Scholar, whom I
‘ had whole Hours to myself; for her Sister grew
‘ sick of the Employ, but in Spite of all my Indus-
‘ try she would have been beforehand with her
‘ Master, if I had not sometimes endeavoured to di-
‘ vert the Subject by introducing one in which my
‘ Heart

‘ Heart found more Satisfaction, and which I often
‘ had the Happiness to see disconcerted my Scholar,
‘ in Spite of all her Endeavours to resume her
‘ Lesson.

‘ This Happiness lasted till she lost her Father,
‘ who died suddenly, leaving his Affairs in the ut-
‘ most Confusion. The Family were all disper-
‘ sed, and the Children taken Care of by one
‘ Relation or other; but my dear Girl there,
‘ chose rather to submit to go to Service, than to
‘ accept of the Invitation of a Cousin who resided
‘ a hundred Miles from *London*, to live in her
‘ Family. This Refusal my Heart told me the
‘ Reason of, and, in such Circumstances, her be-
‘ ing a Servant added to, rather than diminished,
‘ her Value; but as my Father, tho’ a worthy
‘ Man, has the common Failing of the rich,
‘ who generally think that it is in any Man’s
‘ Power to command Success, had never much
‘ liked his Neighbour, I was obliged to behave
‘ with great Circumspection, lest he should sus-
‘ pect my Attachment, and I fully determined
‘ never to marry without his Consent, hoping
‘ that some lucky Accident would favour my
‘ Wishes and reconcile him to my Choice.

‘ My *Lydia* had several Places, but the Delica-
‘ cy of her Constitution made her unfit for Service;
‘ and it was with inexpressible Pain that I some-
‘ times beheld her ready to sink under the Fatigue
‘ that I knew was caused by her Affection to me;
‘ since her Sister, who accepted of the Favour she
‘ refused, lived in Ease and Affluence. These in-
‘ tending Ideas were too much for all my Reso-
‘ lution, and I thought myself under uncommon
‘ Obligations; but not to keep you in Suspence,
‘ for Fear of a Separation I was privately married,
‘ and

‘ and contrived to have my Wife, come into our
‘ own House, without my seeming to have any
‘ Hand in it. Here she gave me many Proofs of
‘ her good Sense and Affection, by her submitting
‘ to the Caprices of my Sister with the greatest
‘ Patience; who, in the Insolence of being a For-
‘ tune, used her with much Haughtiness; tho’ they
‘ had in her Father’s Life-time conversed as Equals.
‘ My Impatience at her Usage was too great to be
‘ kept within Bounds, and I actually determined
‘ to part with my Wife, rather than to see her ill
‘ treated.

‘ In Consequence of this Resolution, she gave
‘ my Sister Warning, who was extremely mortifi-
‘ ed at the Thought of losing the only Servant who
‘ had ever bore her Temper. She told me as a
‘ Subject of Complaint, that *Lydia* was going
‘ away; I made her a very short Answer, that of-
‘ fended her Pride, and in Return she took Care
‘ to watch me close; for she said, she was fully
‘ persuaded that there must be more than ordinary
‘ betwixt us, or I would not take the Part of a
‘ Servant against my Sister. In short, she one
‘ Day overheard me talk to my Wife in such
‘ Terms of Endearment, as convinced her that
‘ there was the greatest Intimacy betwixt us, and
‘ she brought up my Father, to make Use of her
‘ own Words, to be Witness to the Virtue of his
‘ Son and the Modesty of her Maid. My Father,
‘ who had no Notion of my being married, dis-
‘ charged my Wife as a Servant; while she, out
‘ of Regard to me, bore all the Virulence of my
‘ Sister’s Virtue, which vented itself in a thousand
‘ bitter Reproaches, and she went from our House
‘ to that of a Neighbour, where she had been ac-
‘ quainted;

‘ acquainted; but the Tongue of Scandal had got
‘ before her, and the Woman refused her Admit-
‘ tance, as an infamous Creature; tho’ she had but
‘ a few Days before connived at our Meeting at her
‘ House. But my Father was her Landlord, and
‘ she was afraid of incurring his Displeasure. This
‘ my dear *Lydia* sent me an Account of in a Note,
‘ and I resolved no longer to expose her to such
‘ cruel Insults; but boldly owned her for my
‘ Wife. This Declaration raised my Father’s Fu-
‘ ry to the highest Pitch, and he solemnly vowed
‘ never to own me for a Son, if I was ever known
‘ to speak to her. This Injunction I would by no
‘ Means submit to, but in order to gain Time,
‘ and in Hopes of what has since happened, I mean
‘ my Sister’s Marriage with my Father’s Journey-
‘ man, I sent my dear Wife into the Country, tho’
‘ she was with Child; where I maintained her just
‘ above Want, out of the Allowance my Father
‘ gave me for Pocket-money.’

‘ My Sister’s Disobedience a little reconciled my
‘ Father to mine, and as a general Rebellion is
‘ commonly productive of a general Pardon, I took
‘ the Benefit of the Act of Oblivion, even before
‘ it was signed, and in Hopes of its taking Place,
‘ sent for my Wife: But my Father, partly out of
‘ Affection to me, as he saw me anxious and un-
‘ easy, and partly out of a Revenge to my Sister’s
‘ Husband, who had treated him with Disrespect,
‘ as his Wife has an independent Fortune left her
‘ by my Grandmother, of his own Accord bid me
‘ fetch my Wife Home, and try if I could not make
‘ a better Husband than I had done a Son. This
‘ Order I obeyed without Delay, in Hopes of meet-
‘ ing my Wife and Child, whom I longed to see
‘ with the greatest Impatience. You now, Ma-
‘ dam,

‘dam, know our Story, which I’m afraid has been
 ‘but a poor Recompence for your waiting so long
 ‘for your Supper, at least, if I judge of your Hun-
 ‘ger by my own; for I have not tasted any Thing
 ‘since Morning, but a Crust of Bread and a Glas
 ‘of Wine : For my Haste to see my Wife was
 ‘too great to suffer me to think of alighting till I
 ‘met with her; and I can’t describe my Disap-
 ‘pointment on seeing a Child in a Stranger’s Arms,
 ‘when I first came into the Room, where I had
 ‘been told she was.’

Mrs. *Robinson* gave him Thanks for the Trouble
 he had given himself in satisfying her Curiosity,
 and they spent the Evening together with great
 Harmony. The young Gentleman told his Wife
 that she should no longer go in the Waggon, but
 stay for the Stage-coach; to this Mrs. *Robinson* re-
 plied, that if it was agreeable, she should be glad
 to bear a Part in the Expence of a Post-chaise;
 for she was quite sick of her Companions.

This Proposal was readily accepted, and they
 set out next Morning, leaving our poor Girl to the
 disagreeable Reflection of having lost one whom
 she hoped to find a Friend in a strange Place.

CHAP. V.

*In which is introduced a Stranger, whose Complaisance
 exposes Betty Barnes to much Mortification; and
 an Account of a ridiculous Accident that befel the
 talkative Tradeswoman.*

THE following Day was spent at the Inn, as
 is frequently the Case in long Journies, un-
 der Pretence of easing the Cattle; but really to
 promote the Interest of the House they stay at, be-
 tween

tween the Owner of which and the Carrier there is generally a very close Connexion. *Betty Barnes* not well knowing what to do with herself, for her Fellow-Travellers affected to appear above her, out of Revenge for the Favour she had been shown by *Mrs. Robinſon*, rambled a good Way from the House, and by the winding of the Path was led to believe that she had, according to the common Phrase, lost herself; when she went up to a Couple of Horsemen whom she saw at some Distance, in order to enquire her Way back. On their Meeting, she found it was a young Gentleman attended by a Servant in Livery. The natural Bashfulness of the Girl made her afraid to speak to him, and the Servant, in Consequence of some Order he had received from his Master, galloped hastily by her without minding what she said. The Air of Irresolution and Suspence on her Countenance, was observed by the young Gentleman, who asked her with great Condescension if she had lost her Way; on her answering she was afraid so, he examined from whence she came, and then found that it was the very Inn to which he had sent his Man to order something for Supper, that she had strayed from; and as they had but a little Way back, he very complaisantly alighted, and led his Horse by the Bridle.

In this short Walk our young Traveller felt many Sensations to which her Heart had hitherto been a Stranger; his Person, which was very agreeable, the Benignity and Openness of his Countenance, the Sound of his Voice, which she could not help thinking she had somewhere heard, tho' she did not know that she had ever seen him before; all contributed to give her Emotions, and I
am

am far from being certain that even his Dress had no Share in the Conquest; for to be sure it enhanced his Humility, since, tho' it made People at the Inn give him the Title of your Honour, he conversed with poor *Betty Barnes* with as much Familiarity as if she had been a Lady. He asked her what she was going to *London* for, and if she had any Relations there; to this she answered with more Caution than she had done to Mrs. *Robinson*; for as she had found that confessing herself desolate was the Way to be thought criminal, she avoided letting him know her Situation, by saying that she followed a Friend, who would, as soon as she knew she was in *London*, take Care of her. The good Opinion of this Gentleman she would by no Means venture, tho' there had been ever so high a Probability, that his knowing her real Circumstances would have been of Advantage to her.

When they came to the House, the two Women, who were to be her Companions for the rest of the Journey, did not fail to put the most ill-natured Constructions on her Absence, as she was in the Company of a sprightly young Fellow, who, notwithstanding the visible Disparity of their Condition, was talking to her with much Freedom and great seeming Satisfaction; while her Blushes, which were the genuine Colour of bashful Virtue, were to Persons of their Penetration, a Proof, to make Use of the very Words of one of them, that the Girl had been doing something to blush at. The Gentleman, tho' his whole Behaviour had shewn something more than Compassance, had never mentioned any Thing like Love; he had never so much as told her he thought her pretty, the common Compliment of every Clown; yet she
could

could not help entertaining some faint Hopes that he would find some Opportunity to speak to her after Supper.

While she was amusing herself with these Thoughts, which were doubtless inspired by her own Sensibility, she beheld a Footman enter the Room where she sat : This was called the Hall, and had for its principal Furniture a long Table, and two Forms ; he brought in a small Table, which he placed near a Window, saying at the same Time, that his Master would sup there, as it was more airy than the Parlour.

The Girl was just going to retire when the Master entered, and in the most obliging Manner desired that he might disturb No-body ; for if any Body went out on his Account, he would go back to the Room he came from ; she then returned and sat in the Window at the greatest Distance from that where the Servant had placed the Table ; but on the Cloth being spread for the Waggon Gentry, the Girl, unmindful of what passed, had kept her Station, till there was never a Seat empty but one at the Corner of a Form next the Gentleman, which all had declined out of Respect to his Dress : This, on *Betty's* asking for a Chair, he insisted on her filling, and added to her Confusion, by offering her a Part of his own Provisions. At this the Tradeswoman, in a Whisper loud enough to be heard by all at the Table, cried to her Companions, " See what it is to be young and handsome, I thought he wanted Air, and now he is squeezed up in a Corner, where he has scarce Elbow-room. 'Tis plain enough what Sort of Airs he wants, and she'll fit him, or I'm mistaken."

At

At this, the Eyes of all that heard her were directed towards the Girl, who was too much confused to be capable of eating, when she was a little relieved by an Accident : one of the Men at the Table let a Pepper-box fall out of his Hand, into a Dish of Soup, or rather Broth, that he was seasoning, which slopped a large Quantity of the Liquor into the Lap, and over the Gown, of the Woman who was enjoying in Triumph the Effects of her Ill-nature. The spoiling of a good Gown, for she had dressed that she might, according to her own Phrase, be thought Somebody, gave a new Turn to her Loquacity, and she uttered with great Volubility, " Was there ever any Thing so careless ? Sure I was bewitched to put it on ! I might have thought, if I had not been stupid, what Sort of Company I should be in. Well may it be said, that any Thing is good enough to travel in. I have made a pretty Piece of Work of it. This is being Penny wise and Pound foolish with a Witness." Then turning to the Man that had done the Mischief, who was endeavouring to wipe off the Grease with a snuffy Handkerchief, she cried, " Prithee let it alone, you only make bad worse ;" but the Man kept rubbing, saying at the Time, " Ads-zookers, never mind it, Mistress, it will all rub out when it is dry, I warrant you. The Silk Mercers must live as well as other Folks."

This Unconcern, and the Marks of his Handkerchief, which were pretty visible in some Places, was too much for her Quantity of Patience ; and she, with all her Strength, attempted to remove his Hand, which was busily employed on one of her Shoulders ; when the unlucky Rogue, as if by Chance, gave her own Hand a Fling with such Force,

Force, that it struck her under Jaw against her Tongue with great Violence ; and for a Time put a Stop to the great Profusion of Eloquence that was pouring forth against the Author of the Mischief, the Stile of which was not very different from that used at a certain titular Gate near the *Tower*.

This Incident unhappily caused *Betty Barnes* to join with all the Room in a Laugh, which all her Endeavours could not make her suppress ; this was no sooner seen by the Person who was the Cause of it, than she seemed to forget the Man who now really deserved her Anger, and with much Action, and in the loudest Key, exclaimed, " So, Mrs. *Minx*, you think that Laugh becomes you ! because the Gentleman demeans himself to take Notice of you, I suppose you imagine you have a Right to be impertinent to other Folks. 'Tis a Sign you know how to get Things easily, or you would think spoiling such a Gown as this no laughing Matter ; but I suppose, if it had been your own you'd have told us another Story.—Nay, may be not," continued she in the same Breath, and without receiving an Answer, " for light come, light go." " Madam," said the Girl with great Calmness, for she understood nothing of her Insinuations, I did not laugh at your daubing your Gown, tho' I could not help it for my Life, at your chucking yourself under the Chin. As to my getting Things easily, I wish I may find it so ; but I'm afraid I shan't be so happy." " No," returned the Woman, with an Air of Contempt ; ,, since you are so ignorant, you must get that Gentleman to instruct you ; but I am greatly out in my Bias, if you want teaching now."

The

The young Gentleman, who was pleased with the good Temper and Simplicity of the Girl, said to the Tradeswoman, that he thought it barbarous in her to asperse the Character of one she knew nothing of. "Good lack a-Day!" she returned, "we shall never have done when Stripplings set up to teach People old enough to be their Mothers. — Pray, Sir, since you come to that, what do you know of her? Oh! I beg your Pardon; Folks of your Age and her's grow often very intimate at first Sight, and I think I saw you come from a private Walk together. Ha, ha, it is easy enough to be seen why you stickle for her; it's the least that Folks can do; Words cost nothing, and she may perhaps feel the Effects of an Evening's Walk some Months hence, and then what will she do for her Champion?"

This was too plain for the poor Girl to mistake the Sense, but she could give no other Answer, than a Flood of Tears, which ran in great Plenty on her Handkerchief; the Sight of which enraged the Youth as much as being given the Lie or a Box on the Ear could have done: But where was his Remedy? His Antagonist was of a Sex that forbad his challenging her, and as to scolding, she would evidently have the best on it; therefore, as the wisest Step he could take, he quitted the Room, saying, as he went out, that none were so apt to be censorious as those that gave themselves Cause for Censure.

Betty Barnes soon after retired, I was going to say to Rest, but, alas! Sleep was this Night a Stranger to her Eye-lids, the agreeable young Man filled all her Thoughts. In Spite of the vast Disproportion betwixt them, she fancied she discovered something in his Behaviour, that spoke him
not

not quite indifferent, and this was a Reflection too charming to be lost in Sleep.

CHAP. VI.

In which Betty Barnes arrives, at the End of her Journey, and is helped by a Stranger to a Place that promises her much Satisfaction.

IN the Morning Betty was hurried to the Waggon, which, as they had had a Day's Rest, set out very early. The talkative Tradeswoman was too much in the Dumps to speak. The Soldier and his Wife both slept some Hours, and the Girl was near following their Example, when the Sight of two Men on Horseback, which, tho' at a Distance, she knew to be the Gentleman whom she had left at the Inn, and his Servant, thoroughly roused her. It was in vain that she summoned up her Resolution to hide her Emotion; when he came to the Waggon, she was as much confused as if she had but just seen him, and could return the Salutation he paid her but with an ill Grace. On his wishing her a good Journey, and much Happiness with her Friends, she was obliged to turn away her Head, to conceal her Tears, which prevented her speaking; but a little recovering herself, she thanked him, and he rode off, giving her a Look at parting that she never forgot, and which served to confirm her Hopes.

The Tradeswoman, who had great Penetration in little Things, observed her Confusion and Tears, and said with an affected Toss of the Head, she supposed she had seen the last of her fine Lover; "but never mind it, Child, there is enow
of

of 'em in the Place you are a-going to ; forty of 'em is not worth crying about. I'll lay my Life when he gets to *London*, he will be making his Brags of meeting with you, and perhaps say more than is true : For tho' I was vexed about my Gown, and said Things in my Passion, I believe you are an honest Girl, for all that."

This strange Apology had very little Weight with our young Traveller, who answered in a Tone of Resentment, that she did not Trouble herself about what she believed. They travelled this and the two following Days in a total Neglect of each other, and without any Thing remarkable happening among them.

The Girl had been pleasing herself with the distant View of the great Metropolis of the Kingdom, when a well drest, good looking Man came to her ; he was talking to the Waggoner when she first saw him, and seemed to be describing somebody while he was looking into the Waggon where she was : He said he came to see if his Wife was not there, for he expected her that Week, and then went to see if she was not in one of the others that were a little behind ; but he soon returned, and said he supposed something had prevented her. He then followed the Waggon, and began to talk very freely to our pretty Lass, as he called her. He enquired if she wanted a Place. On her telling him she did, he told her he had a Sister that wanted a Servant, who, he believed, would be glad of such a tight Girl.

This, you may be sure, was very pleasing to our young Traveller, as her Cash run low, and she, with much Joy, asked him, where she might hear of him ? He gave her a written Direction ;

and after having bid her be sure to call on him the next Morning left her.

The Tradeswoman asked the Girl where the Gentleman lived; and on her answering in *Bridges-street Covent-Garden*, she said, "I thought it was in some such Place. Oh, it will fit you to a Hair; we shall soon see you as fine as Five Pence."

This Speech would have alarmed any Body who had known the World; but our Girl knew nothing of that Species of low, or rather, no Wit, called Sneering, and fancied, that the ill-natured Look that accompanied her Words was a Proof of her Envy at her good Fortune, for how was it possible for her to imagine, that any one, who wore a human Form, could be base enough not to prevent the Ruin of an innocent young Creature, when that Ruin would not in the least promote her own Interest? but so it was; the penetrating Tradeswoman read the Pimp under the Appearance of an honest plain Man, yet, out of Pique at the Girl's retaining her Resentment for what passed at the Inn, was cruel enough to hazard her falling a Prey to that detested Villain, for want of telling her plainly what she thought of him.

When they came to the Inn in *Smithfield*, it was pretty late in the Afternoon, and as *Betty Barnes* had great Hopes of getting the Service the Man told her of, she staid that Night at the House where the Waggon put up. The next Morning she enquired for the Place she was directed to in her Note, which she soon found; and on her asking for *Mrs. Danvers*, she was carried

ried into a genteel Parlour, where a jolly elderly Woman sat at Breakfast with three young ones, whom she called her Nieces. The Woman of the House, with great Affability, told her, she supposed she was the young Person that her Brother had talked to her about. 'If you and I agree, Child,' said she, 'you will find no great Deal to do in my Place; but as I keep a good Deal of Company, I expect to have my Servant appear genteel and handsome. Have you any Friends in Town?' To this she replied, that she had decent Cloaths, but that she knew Nobody in *London*, but one Gentlewoman, and her she did not know where to find. She was then, after agreeing about Wages, which the old Woman had promised to raise if she liked her, ordered to fetch her Box; but alas! she had none, for all her Moveables were contained in a large Bundle. These she brought, and they were deposited in an empty Chest belonging to her Mistress, who told her with a Smile, that if she was a good Girl, and tractable, she should soon exchange them for better.

She was quite pleased with her Situation, for as there was an old Woman constantly in the Kitchen, she was employed in no Drudgery. She observed the first Dinner-time, that there was something drest on Purpose for one who was not at Table, which the old Woman carried up Stairs: When she returned, *Betty Barnes* asked her, if there was any one sick in the Family, to which she replied, that one of her Mistress's Kinswomen had taken a Surfeit, and was under a Course of Physick.

The first Night passed without her having the least Suspicion of the House she was in; for

tho' the Dress and Behaviour of the Girls were such as plainly told their Profession, yet to our Country Maid there appeared but little Difference between them and those she saw pass the Door in Coaches who, by their Equipages, she imagined People of Fortune, whom her Country Innocence taught her to believe must be virtuous, because they were rich; since she had never known any one punished for being wicked, but those whose Dress plainly spoke their Indigence.

C H A P. VII.

Betty Barnes finds all her Hopes disappointed, loses her Clothes, and is in Danger of much worse Misfortunes; which she escapes by a speedy Flight.

BETTY BARNES had for her Bedfellow one of her Mistress's Nieces; a Girl of a good Deal of Sprightliness, who painted the gay Scenes of a Town Life in such Colours, as quite charmed the young Heart of our new Servant. She told her, she would ask her Aunt to let her go to *Vauxhall* in the Evening; and in short, talked of nothing but a Round of Pleasure, that made the artless Girl think, that all the Years she had lived in the Country, was Time mispent.

In the Morning the Mistress was requested, as a Favour, to grant her Niece the Liberty to shew the Girl the Town; tho' it was in Consequence of her own Commands she made the Proposal. She was much delighted with what she saw, and the Beldame began to have great Hopes of a large Profit from her Innocence and Beauty. In the Evening, after being equipped in a Gown belonging to one of the Girls, which exactly fitted her, she went
to

to *Vauxhall*, which, in the Warmth of her Imagination, she called an earthly Paradise. The Smarts, who judged of her by her Companion, began to flutter about, and talked to her in a Language that was almost as unintelligible to her, as if they were conversing in *High Dutch*. Indeed she could pick out of the Heap of Jargon of Flames and Darts, and Dying and Nonsense, that she was ravishingly handsome, which she, perhaps, the readier understood, as she had herself a Thought not much unlike it, on her surveying herself in the great Glass in the Parlour, just before she came out.

Her Companion began to have Hopes of giving her infernal Directress a good Account of her Pupil; for she had observed the Flush of Vanity on her Countenance, when the Entrance of a young Gentleman into the Walk where they were, baffled all her Schemes: This, Reader, was no other than the charming Youth she had seen at the Inn; who passed them without seeing her, as he was engaged in Talk with another Gentleman. She heard him say, as he went by her, "but what charmed me most was her unaffected Simplicity." This, her Heart assured her, must be meant of herself, and she began to feel an inward Reproach that she had passed some Hours without so much as thinking of him, when a few Drops of Rain made him return to that End of the Walk where she was, and he was making directly up to her, when his Friend pulled him by the Sleeve, crying, "Psha! you are mistaken; why, they are Whores:." And the young Gentleman suffered himself to be carried away by his Friend, only giving her a Look that

at once spoke Contempt and Pity. She was now too much affected to enjoy the natural or artificial Beauties of the Place, and begged of her Companion to go Home.

The Syren Song of Flattery had lost its Melody, and she would have given the World, had it been in her Possession, to regain the good Opinion of him, who was, notwithstanding her Vanity, infinitely dearer to her than Youth or Beauty.

When they took Water, she saw a young Fellow, in the same Livery as that she had seen worn by the Footman belonging to him who now employed her Thoughts, take a Pair of Oars and follow their Boat; and on their landing, she observed that he still followed them. As she now began to have an ill Opinion of her Place and Companion, whose Behaviour in the Gardens had alarmed her, she would fain have shook him off; but the Vigilance of the Fellow was too great for the little Art she was Mistress of, and he saw her enter the House she set out from. Her Mistress on seeing her look so gloomy, for she was an ill Dissembler, asked if she had been suddenly taken ill; on which the young Woman who went with her told her she had, and that she thought she had better go to Bed. This she agreed to with an aching Heart.

While she was absent, the Girl who had been her Companion told her Aunt, as she called her, all that had passed in the Gardens, and of the Servant's following them; concluding, with its being her Opinion, that the best Way to make something of *Betty*, would be to wait a little; for that she was very sure the young Gentleman was able to pay well for a Mistress, and that he would certainly find the Way to come at her, since it could be for

no other Reason that he sent his Servant. ‘ Besides, Madam, I know by myself, nothing will be able to subdue her Pride, and make her good for any Thing to our Purpose, while she thinks of a Lover, as I am convinced she does.’

This Reasoning was relished by the old Woman, who at once came into her Way of thinking; and they resolved, if possible, to behave in such a Manner, as would keep the Girl without Fear.

This being adjusted, they went to the Chamber of the sick Woman whom they found extremely ill. She was suffering for her Deviations from Virtue the extremest Torments both of Body and Mind.

The old Woman had, while *Betty Barnes* was gone to the Gardens, told the poor sick Creature of her new Maid, and said to her with much Cruelty, ‘ None of your repenting Airs before her, I beseech ye; for if I lose her through your Means, the next Hour sends you naked to Jail for what you owe me.’

This Menace had terrified the unhappy Woman; who had come to her House some Years before pretty much in the same Condition with our Girl; she spent all the Time after she had left her in Tears, which she endeavoured to conceal from the hard-hearted old Wretch, she knew her incapable of Pity. But when she was left alone with the young one, she conjured her by all that was sacred, not to seal her own Damnation by repeating again the Arts she had practised to her Ruin. ‘ Not the Dread of starving,’ said she, ‘ could have made me consent to live the detested Life we have lived, if I had not been first taught by your Example to be fond of gay Expence. God alone is Witness for me, how dearly I suffer for my

‘ Crimes. I never expect to be able to leave this House till I am carried out a Corpse, or the cruel Creature serves me as she has threatened.’

As this was spoken with great Agitation, and many Tears, it had a good Effect on the Person it was address’d to, and, lost as she was to a Sense of Virtue, she promised to try all her Skill to save the young Woman from Ruin; ‘ But dear *Kitty*, what can I do? You know as well as I what will be the Consequence of our Mistress’s knowing we have any Hand in saving her. You know that she can, when she pleases, make us suffer the Punishment due to her Guilt. You know she has found the Way to make the Colonel her Friend; and you must remember how poor *Jenny Watson* was served when she refused to intice her Countrywoman to our House.’ ‘ Well,’ replied the unhappy Woman, ‘ I can but die, and I may as well die in a Jail as in a Baudy-House. Bid her but come to me, and if it is not her own Fault, I’ll send her out of this cursed House. I have a strong Persuasion we shall be able to do it without Suspicion, and if not, I am resolv’d to run the Hazard.’

The young Woman who had been abroad with *Betty Barnes* had the Advantage of a pretty good Education, and tho’ she had been many Years a Slave to Vice, was by no Means so abandoned as some of the poor unhappy Wretches who earn a precarious Living by Prostitution. The Condition of her most intimate Companion had awakened some small Remains of Humanity and Pity, and her so solemnly charging her not to seal, her own Damnation, had added to the Twinges of her Remorse. When she went to Bed to *Betty*, she found her

her awake and weeping ; on her asking her the Reason she replied, that she was extremely ill, and found that she should not be able to stay ; ‘ But,’ says she, ‘ my Mistress has got my Clothes in her Chest, and I am afraid she will not believe I am ill, so that I know not how to ask for them.’

The young Woman, in her present Disposition, was glad to hear the Girl talk of going, without being obliged to tell her own Shame, which she must have done if she had given her any Caution concerning the House ; she told her, that it was her best Way, if she was resolved to go, to take no Notice to her Mistress, for she was sure she would not part with her if she could help it. ‘ I know not,’ said *Betty*, ‘ what to do. I am frightened out of my Wits at staying ; forgive me, Miss, but I can’t help it, if I am in a bad House do, for God’s Sake, tell me. What Good can the Ruin of a poor Creature, that has no Friend to speak for her, do you ? I now remember, one of the Women in the Waggon told me this Place would suit me, and she had before as good as called me Whore about the Gentleman we saw in the Walks last Night.’ ‘ So then you know him,’ returned the young Woman. ‘ I have only seen him once before,’ *Betty* replied, ‘ and I wish never to see him again, since he can be cruel enough to think me what I hope all the Hardships in the World will never force me to be.’

The resolute Tone, in which she spoke these last Words, was another Sting to the Conscience of the unhappy Woman, which reproached her for wanting the same Steadiness ; however, she neither

persuaded

persuaded her to stay or go, but left her to her own Choice : For such is the Dignity of Virtue, that she could not bring herself to own her having lost that inestimable Jewel, even to a poor forlorn friendless Girl, as she seemed to have so strong a Sense of its Value.

In the Morning an Incident soon determined her ; for as she rose a little before her Mistress, she heard the Woman, who did the Drudgery of the Family, answer a Man at the Door, that none of them were up. On which he replied, in a Voice that was more terrifying to *Betty Barnes* than if he had spoke in a Clap of Thunder, ‘ Tell ‘ the little Toads, that I’ll call at Twelve o’Clock, ‘ and bid them be sure to be at Home. Do ye ‘ hear ?’

This terrible Visitant was the hideous Captain, whom the poor Girl now began to think born for her Destruction : There needed no other Inducement to make her leave the House ; so while the old Woman was employed with the sick one, she slipped out, blessing Providence for her Escape, tho’ she had nothing but a few Shillings in her Pocket, the Gown on her Back, and a little Linnen, which, as it was foul, she had not put in the Chest.

C H A P. VIII.

Betty Barnes after leaving her Place falls sick, and is reduced to great Distress. A Word or two concerning Hospitals.

AS *Betty Barnes* was quite at a Loss where to go, she rambled without any fixed Design, till she came to a Court in a Street behind the Roy-
al

at Exchange ; at the Entrance of which there was a Chandler's and Grocer's Shop, where a good looking Man sat behind the Counter. She went to him and asked for a Roll ; for she was ready to sink through Faintness and Hunger, yet was afraid to go into any House, lest it should be such a one as she had left. He seeing the Girl look tired, reached her a Stool, and while she was eating her homely Meal asked her several Questions, which emboldened her enough to make her venture to ask for a Lodging. The Man told her, that he had a good clean Woman lived in his Garret, who, he believed, would take one that could have an honest Character. ' Have you been long in Town, Child,' says he, ' for yon look like a Country-Girl ?' She then told him, she had not been in *London* above three Days, and that she had lain at the Inn, quite suppressing, in her Account, her fine Place ; as she thought it could be no Recommendation to come out of such a House, by whatever Means she came there. The Man called down his Lodger, and she agreed to take *Betty* for her Bed-fellow, for the trifling Consideration of a Shilling a Week.]

This Woman had a Child who was at that Time ill ; but our poor Girl was not in Circumstances to be nice. The next Day the Small-pox came out upon the Child, and as *Betty* had never had that Distemper she soon caught the Infection.

In this Distress, sick and almost penny-less, what could she do ? The Woman, in whose Room she was, could not give her the Attendance necessary in that loathsome Disease, except she could pay for it, as she had herself and Child to maintain. The Want of necessary Linen was another Hardship : All together made her earnestly wish for an

End

End to her miserable Being ; till the Fever, which always attends this Malady rendered her less wretched, by taking away her Senses.

While she was in this Situation, the Woman, on looking in her Pocket for Money to fetch something which the poor Creature wanted, found that her whole Stock hardly amounted to four Shillings.

This Discovery drove her to her Wit's End, as she told the Man of the House ; ' For tho', ' said she, ' I can't turn a Fellow-creature out, in her Condition, if she should die, I and my poor Child will be quite ruined. Can't you, Mr. *Dobson*, make a Friend to get her into an Hospital.' The Man said, he believed he could, but they would insist on twenty Shillings to be laid down, which, in Case she died, was to pay for her Burial. This was an Obstacle which they knew not how to get over, as the Man was unwilling to pay it for a perfect Stranger, who, in all Probability, would not live to thank him. Thus for Want of a trifling Sum, that a very small Donation would supply, do many poor Creatures fall a Prey to Disease and Want, who would otherwise have been many Years useful Members of Society ; a Consideration well worth the Attention of the Gentlemen who have the Management of those publick Charities.

But Providence was kinder to our poor Girl. While the Man and the Woman were talking, a Mesmate and Companion of the Master of the House came in, who had, as well as himself received a considerable Sum in Prize-money ; he, as he had no Family, on hearing the Story, generously offered, tho' he had at that Time never seen the Girl, to be Half of the mighty Sum, rather than a
Fellow-Creature

Fellow-Creature should perish for Want of necessary Help in so dreadful a Circumstance; and the Landlord consenting to bear his Part, she was removed to an Hospital, where I shall leave her to regain her Health, while I follow the worthy Mrs. Evans, whom we have known nothing of since she set out on her Journey.

C H A P. IX.

Some further Account of Mrs. Evans, with the Reason of her Journey and Stay at London.

THIS Lady's perfidious Husband, to get rid of the Importunities of a Woman he had long before ceased to love, I mean his first Wife, had left his native Country. He had made Shift to maintain himself tolerably in *France*, as he understood the Language of the Country, and was an excellent Penman; but a Defluction in his Eyes having rendered him incapable of Business, he felt all the Miseries of Want. In this Situation, which the Stings of an accusing Conscience now rendered inconceivably wretched, he had no Friend to apply to for Relief; having, by his irregular Conduct, disobliged all his Relations, most of whom were since dead; and he was near perishing for Want, when Providence threw in his Way a young Gentleman, who, from a Sense of Humanity as he was his Countryman, generously relieved him, and paid his Passage to *England*.

He was no sooner arrived, than he made some Enquiry concerning his Wife and Child whom he had so cruelly left; but could only learn, that his Wife had lived some Years in *Wapping*, and was since gone into the Country. This Information he

he received from the Landlord of the House where they had lived till he left his Wife. The Man, indeed, knew more than he told him ; for he heard all that Fame had said of her too great Intimacy with Mr. *Gibbons*, yet he suppressed what might hurt her Character ; a Conduct, I confess, I should never have been able to account for, had I not heard that he had just before suffered severely for telling all he knew of a pretty Woman his Neighbour, whose Husband would not permit any one to scandalize her but himself.

Time and Distresses had so altered him, that he was not known by his most intimate Acquaintance, and the Meanness of his Appearance made him in no Haste to discover himself. He took a Lodging by Accident in the very Street where his Wife had lived, and was drinking with a Sailor, when a little Boy brought a Letter to his Grandmother who was with the Woman of the House, which she no sooner opened than she told her Friend, that it came from a Gentlewoman who had lived with her, and who had once been her Mistress. " Sure," says she, " you must remember her, she had a vile Rogue of a Husband, who had another Wife living when he married her, and because, when she came to know it, she would not live with him as a Wife the barbarous Wretch left her and a pretty Boy to starve ; but God has provided for them, and she is now with a great Lady who was her Acquaintance before she was married, and her Son is a fine Gentleman.

This Speech was too interesting to escape the Notice of this repenting Husband, who, as soon as he could disguise the Confusion it had thrown him in, asked the Woman, if the Lady she was talking of, was not the Daughter of Mr. *Evans* ; and

and her Husband's Name is——“ No Matter for her Husband's Name,” she replied interrupting him, for she never went by it, after she found he had another Wife.” “ Where is the Son you speak of ?” he returned with much Emotion; which however escaped the Observation of the Woman. “ He is now in *France*,” she rejoined, “ but is expected Home every Day.”

This Answer was what he expected, for as soon as he was informed, that his Wife went by her maiden Name, he recollected that he had heard his generous Benefactor called *Evans*, and that the first Sight of him had put him in Mind of his injured Wife. These Circumstances assured him that he could be no other than his own Son, and indeed he was right in his Conjecture; for that young Gentleman had been sent to *Jamaica*, but the Climate not agreeing with him, and Captain *Gibbons*'s Vessel not being in a Condition to return, he embarked in a *French Ship*, and had, by the Permission of Mr. *Gibbons*, continued some Time at *Paris*.

I shall not attempt to describe what he felt at this Discovery; but it was of such a Nature, that this, together with the Want of proper Nourishment and Advice totally deprived him of his Sight, and made him too weak to walk about.

In this Condition, he sent for the Woman to whom his Wife had wrote, and told her who he was, at the same Time desiring to know where he might send a Letter to her; for that he could not die in Peace without having her near him, and obtaining her Forgiveness.

The Sight of such an Object, blind, helpless, and worn to a Skeleton, disarmed all the Resentment the good Woman had conceived against him

him before she saw him, and she herself offered to send the Letter which he had procured to be wrote by one who came to *England* with him, and with whom he was acquainted in *Paris*. This Letter was that which my Readers may remember Mrs. *Evans* received, and which was the Cause of her second Journey to *London*. As it bore all the Marks of the most lively and undissembled Remorse, it gave the tender Heart it was addressed to almost as much Pain as it described, and she, without the least Hesitation, determined to comply with the Request it contained; which was, that she would immediately come to Town, if she had Compassion enough to wish to see, and forgive a dying Man, who sincerely repented of having so cruelly injured her.

C H A P. X.

Mrs. Evans's Story continued.

MR S. *Evans*, on her Arrival in Town, went to the House of her old Landlady in *Wapping*, who had inclosed in the Wrapper of her Husband's Letter a few Lines from herself. Here she was informed, that the good Woman applied to Captain *Gibbons* and his Brother, as she knew them to be charitable compassionate Gentlemen, in Behalf of the sick Man, who had several Times relieved him, but did not tell them that he was Mrs. *Evans's* Husband, for Fear such Information might prevent their lending him any Assistance On this Woman's describing the extreme Misery of his Situation, and saying she believed he was bred a Gentleman, the humane Merchant and his Brother the Captain called at the House where the

the poor Man lodged, and after that they not only supplied him with whatever he wanted, but sent him a Nurse and a Physician, and frequently visited him. As this was all the Account the Woman could give of the Affair, Mrs. *Evans* hastened to see herself the miserable Object, who had thus moved the Pity of Persons, to whom she believed him to be a perfect Stranger.

She found him in Bed, by the Side of which sat Mr. *Gibbons* the Merchant, to whom he said, as she entered the Room, for he had heard her Voice as she asked which was the Door, "Oh! Sir! this is the dear Woman whom I have so cruelly injured; let me beg you, Sir, if you have forgiven me yourself, to intercede with her to forgive me too."

The Sight of the poor emaciated Creature who spoke this would have disarmed all her Resentment, had she not already forgiven him; but from the first Moment that she had his Miseries set before her in such lively Colours by her Friend, she had forgot her own Injuries; she, therefore, with great Impetuosity, cried out, at the same Time seizing one of his Hands, "Oh! Sir! you have no Need of an Intercessor with me; I freely forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven."

Mr. *Gibbons*, whom the strong Pity she felt for her Husband had made her almost forget, now begged to be informed what this meant. "You told me," said he to the sick Man, "that you hoped to see your Wife. This Lady is not that Wife you meant?" This Question remained unanswered; for the Person he spoke to had, by the violent Emotion caused by the Presence of his injured Wife, which was too much for his weak Frame,

Frame, fainted away, and lay some Time entirely senseless. During this Scene they were all too much affected to think of Explanations; but when he came a little to himself, and she had again assured him of her Forgiveness, he, addressing himself to Mr. *Gibbons*, said, "This, Sir, is my Wife, my much injured Wife, whom I barbarously left after I had taken her from the Protection of her Friends. All I can do now is to recommend her, Sir, to you; to you, who I know are too just to let the Innocent suffer for the Guilty. Let her Merit make up for my Deficiencies. She is of a Family that you need not be ashamed of, and has Virtue; that none, but such a Wretch as I have been, could have abused."

As this was accompanied with many Tears, it affected the tender-hearted Merchant too much for him to prolong his Pain, he therefore interrupted him by saying, "Nephew, don't waste your little Strength; for I know the Lady too well myself to need an Advocate in her Favour. I had determined, as much as was in my Power, to promote her Happiness, at a Time when I thought I should never see you more; without knowing that she had any other Right to what I possess, than by being the worthiest Person I could leave it to: but as she is your Wife, it can hardly be thought a Favour; since I could not leave what I have from her and your Son without apparent injustice." "My Son," replied the sick Man, "where is he? See him I never shall; but if I could embrace him, and thank him for Favours, which I am sure I am beholden to him for, I think I could die in Peace. If it had not been for him I must have perished—I am sure it was
he;

he ; for his Face and Voice are too much like his Mother's, for me to be mistaken."

He then told Mr. *Gibbons* where he had seen him, and that Gentleman was convinced that he was not deceived. Mr. *Gibbons* then offered Mrs. *Evans* his House ; but this affectionate Wife refused it, as her Husband was too weak to be removed : And now manifested her Reconciliation by the Assiduity of her Attendance, scarcely permitting any one to give him any Thing but herself.

She had been but a few Days in Town, when her Son arrived from *Paris*, and after his Father had been acquainted with his coming, lest the Surprise should be too much for him to bear, was introduced to him. It was extremely moving to see the Son, with filial Duty, ask his Father's Blessing ; and the next Moment, to hear that Father beg his Son to forgive his cruelly leaving him to Want and Misery ; to hear him thank, as a Benefactor, the Person who owed to him his very Being.

Notwithstanding all Mrs. *Evans's* Care, and the Advice of several eminent Physicians, he did not live above a Month after her coming to Town. On his Decease she went to Mr. *Gibbons's* House, not in the Quality of a Servant, but as his Niece, and the Mother of him who was to be his Heir, not only by Choice, but as his nearest Relation.

She had not been long settled in her new Situation before she permitted her Son, as Mr. *Gibbons* had a small Estate in the same County, to pay a Visit to the Lady *Benson*, and inform her of what had prevented her returning ; and, at the same Time, gave him Orders to ask her Ladyship to let her have her young Pupil with her, some Time at least, if she would not spare her intirely. But, alas ! this Request came too late to do the poor Girl any Good ;

Good; for he did not arrive at her Ladyship's till the Night after *Betty Barnes* had been drove by her Fears from the House, as has been related, and just after the Discharge of the pious Mrs. *Judy*: When her Ladyship, warm with Resentment against her Nephew and Waiting-maid, said many Things in Favour of *Betty Barnes*, which convinced the young Man that she thought her quite innocent of what they laid to her Charge. This he did not fail to tell his Mother, who was really grieved that she knew not where to find her. Mrs. *Evans* now went by her late Husband's Name, as she had certain Information that there was no one to dispute it with her, the young Woman, to whom her Husband had been married when but a Youth, having been several Years dead. This she learned on her sending to know, to the Place from whence the fatal Letter that she had opened was dated; for a small Legacy falling to her Son, as the Heir of his Father, her natural Love of Justice would not let him receive it, till she was certain that he had no Children.

This Lady had nothing now to disturb the Tranquillity of her Mind, but a Melancholy that her Son had contracted, of which no one knew the Cause; tho' by some distant Hints that escaped his Servant, his Mother had Reason to fear some guilty Attachment: However, she concealed from him and all the World her Suspicions, lest his having no Dread of a further Discovery might take from him that Restraint of Shame, which often serves as the Crutch of tottering Virtue.

We shall leave her in this Situation while we look after *Betty Barnes*, whom we left under Cure in the Hospital.

C H A P. XI.

Betty Barnes *regains her Health, and goes to Service ; but is obliged to leave her Place by the causeless Jealousy of her Mistress.*

WHEN the Distemper grew near its Crisis, Betty Barnes was thought to be in extreme Danger ; but the Goodness of her Constitution got the better of the Disease. When she came to her Senses, she shewed great Signs of Surprize at the Place she was in, and was under no small Apprehensions, lest she should be again in the same dangerous Situation as in *Bridges-Street*. The odd Questions she asked on her coming to herself, gave Room to one of the Patients, who was perhaps made wise by Experience, to suspect her having been decoyed into some Brothel ; and on her asking her, her Regard for Truth would not let her evade the Question, tho' she would have been glad to have concealed her Misfortune. This gave the Woman an Opportunity to offer her Service to help her to a Place, when she should be well enough to be discharged ; which was gratefully accepted on the Part of our friendless Girl, who was quite destitute.

While she was here, the Woman, in whose Room she had lodged, came frequently to see her ; and when she was better, told her by whose Means she had been admitted. On her Discharge she received nineteen out of the twenty Shillings that had been given as Security in Case of her Death ; this Money she justly thought she had no Right to apply to her own Use, and therefore went to the honest

honest Grocer to return it. Here she found her other Benefactor, who, as well as the Master of the Shop, absolutely refused the Restitution, and expressed himself prodigiously pleased with her uncommon Honesty. 'I have,' says he, 'since I have been ashore often helped Folks; but I have never found that when their own Turn was served they so much as thought of the Obligation: And I had made a Sort of a Vow, never to part with my Money to any Body; tho' I'm glad with all my Heart that I broke my Word, since it was to help such an honest Lass.'

This small Supply was of great Service to her; for she began to be in Want of many Necessaries: While she stayed out of Place, she lived with the Woman she was with before she was ill; and, the Master of the Shop being a single Man, was employed by him to make his Linen, or do any Thing about the House. The Person, who, before he had seen her, had so kindly relieved her, had now an Opportunity to observe the Goodness of her natural Disposition, which, added to his high Opinion of her Honesty, and the Agreeableness of her Person, made him, tho' he was possessed of upwards of eighteen hundred Pounds, great Part of which he had received as Prize-money, offer to make her his Wife: Thus, destitute as she was, she refused; tho' she expressed herself extremely sensible of the Advantages of such an Union; but Mrs. Evans had inculcated it, as her Opinion, that the Woman, who married one Man while she was prepossessed in Favour of another, deserved no better a Name than that of a lawful Prostitute: However, this Reason she kept to herself, and the honest Tar thought her refusing him proceeded from

from his Age ; for he was full thirty Years older than her ; tho' he was a good likely Man, and not quite fifty, and as he could not put back the Hand of Time, he judged it in vain to pester her with his disagreeable Courtship. From the Time of her seriously denying him, he treated her rather with the Affection of a Father, than the Resentment of a discarded Lover ; he assisted her with Money to buy what she wanted, but was forced to make Use of Stratagem to make her accept it ; for from the Time he had professed himself her Lover, she had carefully avoided having any Obligation to him, for Fear of his laying upon her the Charge of Ingratitude : But the Man of the House offering to lend her a Couple of Guineas to equip herself for Service, she accepted it with many Thanks, and was soon after helped, by the Woman she had seen at the Hospital, into the Family of a reputable Tradesman.

Here she lived some Months with tolerable Satisfaction, till unluckily her Master cast the Eyes of his Affection upon her. His Spouse was a considerable Deal older than himself, and consequently the least Deviation in his Regard to her was enough to make her suspect his Thoughts being employed on some younger Woman. The Blushes of the Girl whenever she appeared before her Master, which was caused by a villainous Proposal he had made to take her into Keeping, gave the jealous Wife great Uneasiness ; and on her one Day staying a little on an Errand, on which she was sent just after her Master went out, she, in the most outrageous Manner, taxed her with defiling her Bed, and by her Allurements drawing from her the Affections of her Husband, who, she said,

said, she was sure she had been with, for all her demure Looks.

It was in vain that she pleaded her Innocence in Relation to the Charge, and offered to bring the Man, at whose Shop she had stayed, to bear Witness for her: Her Mistress was at that Instant so blinded with Rage, that she would have doubted the Testimony of her own Senses, if they had contradicted what she believed to be true, for no other Reason than because it was what she most dreaded should be so.

Unable to bear the Thought of staying in a Place, where she was obliged to undergo such cruel Aspersions, she came away. When she was at some Distance from the House, she was surprised at Receiving from a Porter the following Note, in which was wrapt a Guinea.

‘ BETTY,

‘ **Y**OUR Prudence, in not mentioning the
 ‘ Proposal I made to you, has laid me under
 ‘ great Obligations. I desire, therefore, you
 ‘ would accept of this, as an Earnest of farther
 ‘ Favours from

‘ your sincere Friend

J. G.’

She was going to return the Guinea, as it came from one whom she wished never to see again, but the Porter had slipped away while she was reading the Note.

She now went again to the Grocer’s, and from thence was soon helped to another Place, She left
 the

BETTY BARNES. 145

the Guinea in the Hands of the Man of the Shop, that he might give it to the Gentleman, whom he had often seen hovering about the Door while she was there, tho' she would never give him an Opportunity to speak to her; this Task he would have performed the Day after she went away, but the Person to whom he was ordered to give it would not take it back.

BETTY BARNES

BOOK II

CHAPTER I

VOL. I. THE

THE
HISTORY
OF
BETTY BARNES.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

*Some Account of Betty Barnes's new Place, and the
History of her Lady.*

THE Lady to whom our young Servant was now recommended, was a Woman of good Sense; but had some Oddities in her Temper that rendered her Service not quite pleasing. She would not suffer any Thing Male to be a single Moment in her Apartment if she knew it; and had discarded two Servants, because one had been visited by a County-cousin, and the other by her Father. This the Girl was told the first Time she went to a little Thread-shop, which was as good an Office of Intelligence to the Girls in the Neighbourhood, as the Barber's was to the Men; the Woman accompanied

compained her Information with many sagacious Gueſſes at what could be the Reason of this ſtrange Averſion.

Betty Barnes chearfully complied with all her Miſtreſs's Caprices, and by this Compliance gained her Confidence. She lived with her ſeveral Months, rather like a Companion than a Servant; for as the Lady boarded in the Family where ſhe lodged, ſhe had very little to do. Her Miſtreſs had a Taſte for Books, and often employed her Maid in Reading aloud to her, out of ſuch Works as ſtill farther improved that Delicacy and Juſtneſs of Sentiment which ſhe had received from *Mrs. Evans*; and by this Means attained a Dignity of Thinking, that ſet her above the low Arts of Deception, ſo commonly practiſed by thoſe whoſe Circumſtances oblige them to live in a State of Servitude. A conſcientious Regard to her Word rendered her extremely dear to her Miſtreſs, who, on her expreſſing her Wonder that ſhe admitted none of her Male Relations to viſit her, condeſcended ſo far, as to relate to her ſome of the principal Tranſactions of her Life.

'I have,' ſays ſhe, 'very powerful Reasons to deteſt the Sight of all Men, ſince the faithleſs Sex has been to me the Source of uncommon Misfortunes.'

'My Father, who I verily believe was ſtrictly juſt, tho' in his outward Form he was a Man, was Vicar of a conſiderable Pariſh in the Weſt of England. My Brothers, who are intire Men, ſince they are ungenerous, falſe and prodigal, diſſipated his Subſtance; ſo that tho' he had near ſeven hundred a Year, he was obliged to keep a Kind of Academy, that he might, out of the Savings of the yearly Income of his Vicarage, be

‘ enabled to pay a large Sum he stood jointly engaged with them to discharge.

‘ Among the young Gentlemen intrusted to his Care, there was one, who, young as I was, for I was scarcely fourteen, made an Impression on my Heart, which no Time could efface, and I foolishly believing what he told me, - imagined myself equally dear to him. In this happy Deception I passed three whole Years, when it was thought proper that my Lover, who was only one Year older than myself, should go to *Cambridge* - to compleat his Studies, and fit himself for holy Orders.

‘ I shan’t go about to describe to you, who, I hope, are quite free from the ensnaring Passion that has been my undoing, the Pangs I felt at this Separation. Nothing but the delightful Thought of sharing with him the Competency that, by this Means he hoped to obtain, and frequently receiving from him the tenderest Epistles, could have enabled me to have supported his Absence ; but I have recalled to my Mind such Ideas as make me unable to proceed. So, *Betty*, while I endeavour to recover, do you, as a Safeguard to yourself, see what the Villain Man is capable of, when he has Ruin in his View.’ On this she threw into her Lap a Bundle of Letters, most of which appeared by the Date to have been written near twenty Years before. As her Lady was in a violent Fit of Crying, she had Time enough to peruse several of them ; out of which take the following :

‘ My

‘ My dearest ALLY !

‘ **H**OW shall I make you sensible of what I suffer, while divided from my Life, my Bliss, my Happiness? There’s not a Minute passes thro’ the Day, that is not devoted to Love and you, but what appears to me as lost Time. How cruel then my Situation! while condemned to this tedious Absence, in vain I endeavour to apply, in vain I rove from Science to Science; History, Divinity, and even Drawing, which was always my favourite Amusement, since I knew it my dear *Ally*’s, have lost their Charms: every Thing that interrupts my dwelling on her dear Idea, is to me the most painful Intrusion. My Dislike for Learning is remarked by my Companions, who have already given me the Title of *The Dull Fellow*: but what is Fame to me, who am almost struggling for Life? Oh, my Charmer! let me hear that you pity me. Let me see from under your Hand, that my fond Hopes have not deceived me, when I fancied myself dear to the most agreeable of her Sex. Thus supported I will try to live, that I may have it in my Power to be the Means of Happiness to you and all that are dear to me, by being allied to my lovely *Alicia*; to whom it is my Glory and Honour to subscribe myself her ever devoted,

‘ faithful Lover and Servant,

‘ GEORGE SUMES.’

The Answer to the above was pinned to it, on the Top of which was wrote with a different coloured Ink, "Kept as a Memorial of my Folly, which ought for ever to make me humble." The Letter was as follows.

' Dear Sir,

' **T**HE Description you give me of your Uneasiness has greatly increased my own, which was, (a Shame on my Sensibility!) as much as I could well conceal from the prying Eyes of my Sister, who has been ill-natured enough to inform my Father of receiving a Letter from you; for she caught me weeping over it, too much lost in what I would, if I durst, call Love, to act with my usual Caution. The good old Man, with Tears in his Eyes, warned me to dread the Consequence of a clandestine Amour, which, he said, was often the Source of Misery to both Parties. You know, my dearest Daughter, he cried in the most affectionate Accent, the Sum I stand engaged for; you know my Inability to provide you a Fortune equal to the Expectations of Mr. Sumes's Friends; but I shall not give you Pain by doubting your Conduct, since your own good Sense will suggest to you what Steps you ought to take. Thus tenderly was I treated by the best of Fathers, tho' he had just been told with much Rancour, I make no Doubt, that I had encouraged your Addresses without his Consent. What Return can I make to his Goodness, but to sacrifice to his Happiness my own? Help me, Oh, help me to conquer myself: Teach me to forget you. Alas! I rave, since the very Lesson would only serve to put me in Mind of the Master. Let
' me

‘ me not have the Pain of reflecting, that I am the
 ‘ Cause of your neglecting your Studies; you
 ‘ know nothing is dearer to me than your Honour;
 ‘ exert the Talents Heaven has blessed you with,
 ‘ and trust to that Providence that so often deli-
 ‘ vers us from Difficulties, by Means the most un-
 ‘ expected, for Success. I detest Dissimulation, so
 ‘ I think you might be satisfied without receiving
 ‘ under my Hand the Confirmation of my pitying
 ‘ you, of your being dear to me, and of my being,
 ‘ with the greatest Sincerity,

‘ your affectionate Friend

‘ and Servant,

‘ ALICIA ASKEW.’

I shall give my Readers that which Miss *Askew*
 received in Answer to the foregoing, and then pro-
 ceed in her History.

‘ Unkind and cruel ALLY!

‘ **D**O you indeed wish to forget me? Then
 ‘ for what Purpose should I live, since I must
 ‘ be wretched? Why should your Father want
 ‘ to part us, when Heaven has so plainly pointed
 ‘ out our Union? The same Desires, the same
 ‘ Sentiments, the same Way of thinking in every
 ‘ Circumstance, except in this last cruel Wish, has
 ‘ long been to me a Proof that we are destined for
 ‘ each other. Let not my dearest, by a too stri&
 ‘ Adherence to Duty, forget the Demands of
 ‘ Love. Sure there is something due to my up-
 ‘ matched

‘ matched Tendernefs.. Oh! if you loved, if
 ‘ you doated to Diftra&ion as I do, you could not
 ‘ thus coolly confider our being united among the
 ‘ common Occurrences of Life. I could, with
 ‘ Patience, wait the Removal of Pain, Sicknefs,
 ‘ or Poverty; but when my Life, my Soul, my
 ‘ *Ally* is the Goal I have in View, Moderation is
 ‘ not in my Power: I could brave thro’ Dangers
 ‘ and Death to obtain the inestimable Prize.
 ‘ Then, Oh! my Charmer! if my Health is dear
 ‘ to you, talk no more of parting, left the very
 ‘ Idea fhould frustrate all our Hopes, by preying
 ‘ on the Life of him, who is, while he has Senfe
 ‘ or Being,

‘ your devoted Lover and

‘ affectionate humble Servant,

‘ GEORGE SUMES.’

CHAP. II.

In which the Lady's Story grows more interesting.

MISS *Askew*, having a little recollected herself, refumed her Story.

“ You need not,” said she, “ read many of them; for they are all in the fame insinuating Strain, and were moft of them sent me in the three Years that he was at College. When he had obtained a Fellowship, he returned again to my Father, and was treated by him with the fame Tendernefs as if he had been his Child; tho’ it was thought proper that our Attachment to each other fhould wear

wear the Face of a Secret, as he had at present no other Provision than his Fellowship, which he would have lost had he been married.

“ Mr. *Sumes*’s Father had been long dead, and his Mother was in no Condition to procure him a genteel Establishment, without the Assistance of her Friends, one of whom had a good Living in his Gift, which was the most powerful Call that his Nephew *George* had to the Ministry, and which had been heard at a Time when it was not so much as pretended that he was actuated by the Commands of the holy Spirit, since he was scarce out of his Petticoats, when his Uncle told his Mother, if she would make that Boy a Parson, he would provide for him; and that he might be as good as his Word, he gave the Living to a Gentleman who had no other Recommendation than that he was extremely old. But in Spite of this Precaution, Mr. *Sumes* was some Time before he could be put in Possession, after he had received his Ordination; for the divine Impulse, as is commonly the Case, kindly concurred with the Designs of his Uncle, at least, he gave that as a Reason for his entering into the Ministry: But the old Vicar had not half so much Complaisance; for tho’ he was near seventy, when he was presented to the Living, and had been in Possession sixteen Years, he still preserved a good State of Health, and seemed in no Manner of Hurry to resign to the Nephew of his Patron, what had so much contributed to his Happiness in this World, though he often expressed his desire of going to a better.

“ In this Suspence we lived several Years, not daring to marry for Fear of disobliging his Uncle; in the mean Time I, or rather my Father for me,

had two or three advantageous Offers: But I was infatuated enough to reject all for him; and I make no Doubt I had done so, had a Monarch been my Lover."

"One Summer I received an Invitation from a dear and intimate Friend, who had not been long married, to come and spend two or three Months at her House in *London*. I hesitated whether to to accept of the Invitation till I had acquainted Mr. *Sumes*, to whose Opinion I paid as unreserved a Regard, as if the dreadful Word OBEY had been already past.

"He was gone to pay a Visit to some of his old Companions, who still continued at the University: My Friend rallied me on my being such a Slave to Love; for she was no Stranger to our Amour; but secure of the Heart of him I loved, I laughed at her, and patiently waited his Return.

"When he came back, he brought with him two young Gentlemen, who were going to take Orders, to fit themselves for Preferment. They, as the Friends of Mr. *Sumes*, received a hearty Welcome from my dear Father, and continued some Time at our House, which protracted my Journey to *London*. Two or three Days before they were to leave us, I told Mr. *Sumes* of my Friend's Invitation, and of my Inclination, if he approved of it, to go in the Stage with his Companions, who were both going to *London*; the one having the Prospect of being made Chaplain of a Man of War, the other in Hopes of a Curacy. I was greatly surprized at his shewing the utmost Uneasiness; he conjured me, if he was in the least dear to me, not to render him miserable by leaving him. "If you once go to *London*," says he, "I am sure I shall lose you for ever; those Charms,

Charms, that even here do not escape Admirers, will there meet with universal Adoration, I know your Friend is not in my Interest ; she thinks, while I am obliged to defer my Happiness in Compliance with the Caprice of my Uncle, you waste your Youth and Bloom in Obscurity. It is—— I am sure it is in order to ruin me, that she makes you this Invitation ; and, as I know she has a great Ascendant over you, I dread the Consequence.”

“ I endeavoured all in my Power to dissipate his Fears ; I told him, that I thought his Suspicions injurious to my Honour, and that he wanted that Confidence in me, which I had ever shewn to him. He pleaded, in Excuse for his Jealousy, the Excess of his Passion, and his strong Sensibility of the Power of my Attractions : But flattering at this Discourse was to my Self-love, I could not help being a little chagrined at the Disappointment, and let two or three bitter Words escape me, which I instantaneously repented, on seeing the big Tear just starting from his Eyes, and told him, that I would send my Friend Word that I did not chuse to come.”

“ He now seemed perfectly easy, and all Thoughts of the Journey were dropt, when my Sister, I verily believe out of pure Malice, resumed the Subject, by telling me before my Father, that I could not find a more proper Time to comply with my Friend's Request, since I might now be sure of good Company ; which is, says she, the most essential Thing in so long a Journey : “ but may be,” she continued with the most spiteful Air, “ you are afraid I shall run away with Mr. Sume in the mean Time. But never be frightened, Child, I hate a long-winded Lover ; for when there's
such

such a Rout beforehand, it seldom comes to any Thing."

"This Discourse put me out of Humour, and on Mr. Sumes's asking me why I looked so dull, I told him what had passed; and concluded with saying, that if it had not been for his unjust Suspicions, I had escaped this Mortification.

"To prove," he returned with Avidity, "that they are unjust, grant me the Request that I am going to make, and I will leave you entirely Mistress of yourself, and chearfully consent to your going to *London*. Permit me but to call you mine; permit me to have a Right to the Title of your Husband, and I'll lay myself under what Obligations you please, never to demand any other Privileges but those innocent ones I have already enjoyed, till I can publickly, in the Face of the World, own my Happiness." I asked him, by what Means he thought it possible for us to be united so privately, that the Secret should not get Air. He told me, that if I neglected this Opportunity, he thought we never should have another.

"At last, over-persuaded by the Man who had all the secret Recesses of my Heart at Command, I consented to be privately married in my Father's Parlour by one of his Friends; the other serving as Clerk and Father, making Use, on this Occasion, of a Diamond Ring that had been my Mother's, which my Father had given me out of the Excess of his Fondness, little thinking that it would be made an Instrument of Disobedience. The Ceremony was performed the Evening before we were to set out, and he religiously observed his Word, contenting himself, as he told me, with the bare Title of my Husband, since he

was

was assured that my Integrity of Heart would not suffer me to act otherwise, than if the whole World had been Witnesses of our Engagement. On my Departure, he earnestly recommended my keeping our Marriage an inviolable Secret from the Lady I was going to.

“ This Injunction I obeyed with great Com-punction of Heart, for as I had been extremely intimate with her from our Infancy, and we had not kept a Thought from each other, that was of Importance enough to be communicated, I could not help thinking this Concealment a Sort of In-road into the Delicacy of Friendship: However, I did not think myself at Liberty to contradict the Commands of him, whom I now looked on as my Husband, for any Consideration of Ease or Pleasure to myself.

I stayed at this Lady's House near three Months, in which Time I scarce missed a Post by which I did not either receive a Letter from my dear Lover, or send one to him; but as these were wrote with a Freedom that would have made any one suspect our Situation, he made it his Request, that I should destroy them immediately after the Perusal. This, giddy and unthinking as I was, my unsuspecting Heart complied with, and by that Means I lost the Power of doing myself Justice on the Villain, when he afterwards basely denied his Engagements.—But why should I torment myself by recollecting Circumstances that almost turn my Brain but to think on! yet if it should keep you from the Tallons of such another Monster, I shall not regret my own Uneasiness.”

To this *Betty Barnes* returned the most grateful Thanks; shewing at the same Time much Earnestness to hear the Remainder of her affecting Story.

Story. Her Mistress only deferred satisfying her Curiosity, till she should have sufficient Spirits to go on with the Relation, and, as my Reader may likewise want some Relaxation, I shall also defer the Continuation of her History to the next Chapter.

CHAP. III.

The Conclusion of Miss Askew's Story, who is reduced, by the Perfidy of her Lover, to the Extreme of all human Wretchedness.

“**I** THINK,” says Miss *Askew*, on her going to resume her Story, “I left off at my foolishly burning the Letters I received whilst I was in *London*. On my Return into the Country, I was welcomed with the warmest Expressions of Transport that ever escaped the Lips of a fond Husband, if there is really such a Character among the deceitful Sex, which I almost doubt. The old Vicar gave Signs of Decay, and I thought myself near the Possession of my utmost Wish, when my Lover began to insinuate, that there could be no Need of our still keeping the painful Restraint, which he, in Compliance with my Scrupulosity, had laid himself under, since no Consequence could arise from the utmost Indulgence of his Passion, before; in all human Probability, he should be in a Condition to own me for his Wife in the Sight of all Mankind.

“Overcome by the Persuasions of him, whom I thought authorized to command what he condescended to sue for, and by the Weakness of my own Heart, I granted him every Favour, and he past most of his Nights in my Apartment. This Intercourse

Intercourse went on for two Months, without Suspicion ; for he always took Care that the Servants should find his own Bed tumbled, though he often went into it for no other Reason. My Sister, who, because she was very notable, thought she had a Right to be inquisitive and censorious, having one Morning got up earlier than common, heard, as she past my Room, me and my Lover talking. This alarmed her, and that she might be sure that she was not mistaken, she went to the Door of Mr. Sumes's Room, which she found unlocked, and plainly saw that he had not been in Bed ; for it was usually his Custom to go into his own Bed just before his Time of rising in the Morning.

" She, transported with Rage that I had kept from her a Secret of that Importance, flew to my Father, and, without the least Precaution, told him, he might now see the Effects of his Partiality ; for his favourite Daughter was, at that Instant, bringing the utmost Shame on his aged Head. My Father, with a Sternness not natural to him, demanded the Meaning of this insolent Preamble, and was answered by my Sister, with " Nay, I did not expect to be believed ; but if you'll only command my chaste Sister to open her Chamber Door, you may be convinced by the Testimony of your own Senses, that I have told you no more than Truth." My Father followed her, as he has since told me, with a Heart ready to burst with Grief and Shame, and in a loud Voice, that shewed his Agitation, commanded me to open the Door. The Dastard, to whose Carresses I had so foolishly given up myself, on the first Sound of my Father's Voice, seemed in the utmost Terror, and insisted that I should conceal from him our Marriage : But had instant Death
been

been the Consequence of the Discovery, I could not have resolved to have appeared in a Light so shameful and guilty to this dear Parent, who would, with just Reason, have detested me as an infamous Wretch, and a Scandal to himself and Family.

"I therefore, as soon as I had opened the Door, begged my Father to forgive this first Act of Disobedience, and owned our having been married five Months. He then, a little recovered from his Emotion, addressed himself to my Lover, who remained in a sullen Silence that gave my Heart the most dreadful Alarms. I can forgive you, Mr. Sumes, said he, this Step; tho' I had much rather you had deferred it till you might have taken it in a Manner more to both your Honours; but what am I to think! one of your Friends publicly said, that he did not believe you had any Thoughts of my Daughter; yet I am well informed, when you was told of it, you returned an Answer which rather confirmed than contradicted his Opinion. I hope, Sir, you have not made so vile a Return to my Care of your Youth, as by a sham Wedding, to deprive my Child of her Honour and Innocence?"

"The very Suggestion raised Ideas that staggered my Reason; but Words cannot represent my Despair, when I heard the perfidious Miscreant make the following Reply. "If, Sir, you think it will be for your Daughter's Reputation to divulge to the World the Favours she has been kind enough to grant me, you have my free Leave to do it; but beware how you hurt my future Fortune by any Talk of Marriage, which People will hardly be brought to believe, except you have some other Proof than her bare Word." He then left the Room, casting, as he went out, a Glance at me, that made me at once see the Extremity of my Misery.

Misery. No Heart can conceive, except it has been made wise by such another Villain, the Racks, the Tortures with which my Bosom was bursting, yet not a single Tear came to my Relief. I seemed to myself, as if an instantaneous Fire had suddenly dried up all my Moisture. I had it not in my Power, or even in my Inclination, to speak. I loathed my Food ; I loathed the Day-light, and even the good old Man my Father, who was weeping over me. Anon, carried away by a sudden Impulse, I told aloud all my Grievs, when I had none about me but Strangers, or at least they appeared such to me : tho' I have been since told, that I was surrounded by my most intimate Friends.

In this Condition I was brought to *London*, and placed in one of those Habitations of Horror, called private Mad-houses. My Usage, notwithstanding my Father streightened himself to pay a handsome Salary for my Maintenance, was, beyond Description, bad. If, at any Time, by the Force of the maddening Ideas that whirled through my Brain, I was rendered raging enough to tear off my Cloaths, a Fellow, whose Person I shudder but to recollect, had Authority from the Master of the House, who was himself rendered incapable of feeling, by frequent Sight of Woe, to beat me unmercifully. Not the vilest Reptile that crawls on the Earth, but was at that Time my superior ; devoured with Vermin, groveling in Nastiness, I had certainly expired in this Wretch's House, had it not been for the kind Care of the Lady with whom I had spent some Time the Summer before. She came to see me, and found me in the Situation I have just represented. Yet this was only the Effect of her Compassion ; for the vile *Sumes*, by his diabolical Arts, had deprived me of the Consolation
of

of her Friendship. He, in order to ingratiate himself enough in her Favour to be believed, had told her, that I had betrayed to him her Design of parting us, and had made Use of her very Expressions, which he learned from some of my Father's Servants who attended me when I was, by his inhuman Cruelty, rendered incapable of concealing any Thing, by being stripped of that Ray of the Divinity my Reason.

“ From this House of Misery I was taken, and conveyed to another that bore the same Appellation; though the Master and every Attendant differed as much as if they had not been the same Sort of Beings. I was not now, like a Dog, made to tremble at the Sight of a Whip and a Chain, or the more dreadful Countenance of him who carried them. All the Weapons that were here made Use of to combat my Frenzy were Gentleness and Persuasion; and the Success was answerable to the Means. I soon began to be less furious; the Compliance with such of my Whims as were not hurtful, made me, all Animal as I was, the willinger to consent to such Regulations as were necessary, as to Food and Physick. The free Use of open Air was, I make no Doubt, another great Means of my Recovery; for I think no Mortal, that had the Sense of Smelling, could long survive the intolerable Stench in which I was pent in the horrid Prison I came from. I was, as I verily believe many more are, by the same successful Hand, in a short Time restored to my perfect Senses. So well did Dr. *Davis*, the Gentleman who was happily the Instrument of my being now a reasonable Creature, deserve the Sum stipulated for, on my Entrance under his Care; for he had agreed, that if my Distemper baffled his Art,

Art, he was only to have a Consideration for the Expence of my Board ; but if I was perfectly restored, he was to have a handsome Sum. Happy would it be for many poor Wretches, if all those who set themselves up for the Cüre of Lunaticks were obliged to the same Restrictions ; since, by this Means, they would escape becoming the Prey of a Parcel of vile Wretches, who, if they do not find their Patients mad enough to give them a Prospect of a long Time of Profit, take Care, by Cruelty and ill Usage, to make them so.

“ I was scarce capable of feeling fresh Misfortunes, before I lost my dear and affectionate Father, who had sunk under the Weight of my Grief, and had been declining from the Time that a Representation had been made to him of my Sufferings in the House of the Barbarian under whose Care I was first placed. This Loss was attended with every Circumstance that could render it painful, since I was by his Death stripped of the very Means of Life ; but Providence raised me up Friends in the Room of those I had lost.

“ About this Time the wicked *Sumes* came to the Possession of his Hopes, by the Death of the old Incumbent ; as I thought so consummate a Villain very unfit to be trusted with the Cure of Souls, I wrote to his Diocesan an Account of my Case ; and his Lordship very kindly condescended to answer my Letter, and assured me, that if Mr. *Sumes* did not clear himself of the Charge, or yield to do me Justice, he should be forced to it, under the Penalty of having his Gown stript over his Ears. The Justice that I thought his Lordship hinted at, not the Wealth of both the *Indies* should have bribed me to have accepted ; the very Idea of passing my Life with so vile a Creature was
attended

attended with insupportable Horror, and I presumed to write again to the Bishop, to inform him, that it was with no such View that I gave him Trouble. To this I received an Answer, the Style of which let me see, that his Lordship believed me out of my Senses; and I soon after learnt, that the false Wretch, in the most solemn Manner, not only disclaimed our Marriage, but had protested, with many Execrations, that no Intimacies had passed between us but what mere Friendship might allow; and appealed to all who knew any Thing of my Affairs, if I had ever so much as mentioned my being his Wife before I had lost my Reason.

“ My Father was dead, and my Sister, who was extremely fond of the Honour of the Family, he undoubtedly thought would not be prevailed upon to disprove him. One of the young Gentlemen was, by some Means, spirited away; for not all the Diligence of my Friends could find him; and the other was Chaplain to a Ship that was stationed abroad. With all these concurring Circumstances, it is no Wonder that the good Bishop permitted this Wolf in Sheep’s, or more properly, in Shepherd’s Cloathing, to raven among the Flock.

“ I have now, *Betty*, given you my History; and I hope it will be a Service to you, if your Innocence and Youth ever should expose you to the Designs of the cruel Sex; but hold, I ought not to leave your Curiosity unsatisfied in Relation to my present Situation. About two Years after the Decease of my Father, a maiden Lady, with whom I had been intimate in my Days of Happiness, left me two thousand Pounds; with Part of it I purchased an Annuity for my Life, and with that and the Interest of the Remainder, I live
above

above Want, and am enabled sometimes to give myself the noblest Entertainment, that of relieving indigent Merit."

C H A P. IV.

Contains what may, perhaps, offend some Readers, and be laugh't at, as improbable, by others.

THE affecting Relation of Miss *Askew's* Misfortunes, a good deal reconciled *Betty Barnes* to the Restrictions under which she was obliged to live, and she found very little Pain in discountenancing the Addresses of the spruce young Fellows in the Neighbourhood. Perhaps the Idea of the young Gentleman she had seen at the Inn, had a little Share in her Disregard, since, whenever she thought that her Mistress carried her Satire to too great a Length, and made it too general, this lovely Youth was the Inspirer of her Charity. She could not think that so open a Countenance concealed a Villain, and his Behaviour at *Vauxhall*, now her Anger was cooled by Time, appeared rather a Proof of his Virtue than its contrary.

As she was one Day at Work in the Dining-room Window, with the Sash up, she observed behind a Hackney-coach, a Servant who had on the Livery of the Gentleman I have just mentioned; and, on her looking out, she beheld him, who, in Spite of herself, she loved, with his Eyes fixed on her's. This Sight melted all her Resolutions, and she found that her Compliance with her Mistress's Humour proceeded more from his Absence, than from all the wise Lessons she had been inculcating. She imagined that his Looks spoke the tenderest Things, and that it must be the Presence of the old

old Gentleman who was with him that hindered his stopping the Coach, in order to speak to her. The next Day she was told by the People who kept the House, that a Gentleman's Servant had been enquiring for her. "I think," says the Gentlewoman, "he is the genteelest Fellow I ever saw in a Livery; you must take Care, *Betty*, or he will be too many for all your Lady's grave Admonitions."

Betty Barnes was piqued at the Insinuation of a Footman's being her Lover; for Love is the greatest Dignifier and Degrader upon Earth, since it always exalts or debases, to the Level of those beloved. A Reflection which I would recommend to all such of my fair Readers as are in the least Danger of becoming wiser than their Parents or Guardians, and of seeing Charms in those whom Fortune has placed much below them. She made an Answer which wanted much of her accustomed Sweetness, and the Person she was talking with, began to imagine she was really the Prude that her Mistress's Injunctions had made her appear; but on the second Visit of this Footman, whom *Betty* affected so much to despise, she entirely changed her Opinion; he was admitted to a long Conversation with this haughty fair One, who, in Spite of his Disguise, beheld in him, that dear Lover who had given her Heart all its Pride.

He, with a Submission, that to a Mind unacquainted with the little Delicacies of Love, would have appeared suited to his present Out-side, begged her to forgive his Suspicions of her Virtue: "I have," says he, "been already punished for my Rashness, by being deprived for more than a Year of the Satisfaction of seeing you, tho' I have used my Endeavours to attain that Blessing. The Night

Night after I saw you last, I went by the Direction of my Man, to the House where he had seen you enter ; which I found in great Confusion, occasioned, as I was informed, by the Mistress having caused a young Woman to be arrested and carried to Prison, who the People about the Door said was just expiring.

„ Tho' I was shocked to the utmost at her Cruelty, I was resolved to carry it fair till I had learnt, if possible, what was become of you ; for I found, that she alledged in her own Excuse, that the sick Woman had inveigled from her a Servant whom she much liked.

“ The Purity of my Passion made me wish that this Servant might be you, tho' I greatly feared I should never have it in my Power to tell you how I rejoiced at your Deliverance ; but a Love like mine is by no Means selfish. I was hardly five Minutes in the House before I was accosted by the young Creature whom I had seen with you, whose Behaviour had given my Friend so much Offence, as to make him hinder my speaking to you, and was the Cause of his making Use of the coarse Epithet, which I am sure you heard. She knew me at first Sight, and endeavoured by all her Blandishments to make me forget what I came about. But when she found that I was not to be won by her Arts, she seemed to understand the Signs I made to get out of the Hearing of the old Wretch, who was still uttering Vows of Vengeance against the poor helpless Wretch, who was already the Victim of her Rage. On the young Woman's whispering something to her, she seemed to recollect herself, and, with a fawning Air, asked my Pardon for her Passion ; „ but, dear Sir,“ said she, “ she was the sweetest Creature I such a Complexion !

a Complexion ! such Eyes ! I don't know that I ever saw her Fellow, except that Girl there ; and I find you are Judge enough of Beauty to make her your Choice."

" Tho' my Heart assented to the Praises she gave your Person, the vile Designs she had on your Innocence made me loath to stay in the House where she was, and the young Woman, by her Consent, which I procured by the Present of a Guinea, went with me to a Tavern in the Neighbourhood ; from her I learnt, that you went away from their House before any of the Family was up, and that she was quite a Stranger to the Place where you were gone.

" As I could not learn any Thing more of you, I asked her several Questions concerning the Woman who had been carried to Prison. On my first mentioning her, she burst into Tears, and said, that she believed she could not possibly live a Week. I then asked what was the Sum she stood indebted for to the Woman of the House. To this she said, that she charged her with ten Pounds ; but, that she believed, she would be satisfied with one Quarter of the Sum when her Passion was over ; for it was only out of Revenge that she had claimed it. I gave her Half a Guinea, and promised her more, if she would bring me to the Speech of the sick Girl, and endeavour to soften the old Woman in her Favour ; she readily promised to perform both, and next Morning I had a Letter left for me at the Tavern ; which, when I called for, I found directed me to apply to the Master of a Spunging-house in the next Street, for a Sight of her I wanted, and also told me, that she believed I should not have an Opportunity to see her, if I long delayed my Visit ; for the
old

old Creature, bad as she was, began to relent, and talked of taking her Home again, when her Apprehensions of the Prison had frightened her enough to make her fear offending her for the future.

“ On this I went to the House you came from, and offered the old Woman three Guineas to resign her Prisoner to me. This she readily accepted; for as she imagined the Guinea I had given her the Day before was the Price of Lewdness, she undoubtedly thought me a Customer worth obliging. When I had obtained a Receipt in full, I went to the unhappy Woman, who was in a Place beyond Conception wretched. On my Entrance into the Room, I found her on her Knees in an Agony of Grief, by which she was so entirely engrossed, that I advanced very near her before she took Notice of my being there, tho’ the Man who attended the unhappy in this House of Restraint, had, while he was unlocking the Door, told her that a Gentleman wanted her. She made many Attempts to rise, before her trembling Legs could support her: But at length, by my Assistance, she was seated on a wretched Heap of Rags, that I suppose had served her for a Bed, which was the only Furniture of the Room, except a Piece of a Petticoat that supplied the Want of a Curtain to the shattered Window, and which I imagine had formerly belonged to some miserable Inhabitant of the same Apartment.

“ On my mentioning the Place I came from, she, with streaming Eyes, cried out, “ Sir, my Death will soon satisfy Mrs. *Danvers*’s utmost Malice; I can’t conceive what fresh Persecution she can have for me now; I am sure a common Jail

can't be worse than the Place I am in. If it is, I am ready to go where-ever you please ; for I suppose that it is your Errand." I begged her to be calm, for that I was not come to increase, but, as far as it was in my Power, to remove her Grievs ; and at the same Time held out to her the Discharge I had got from her vile Persecutor : But her Eyes were too full of Tears for her to be able to read a Line, and she replied, she did not doubt my Authority, and was ready to obey it when I pleased. So strongly was this unhappy Woman prepossessed that I was come to carry her to Prison, that I had some Difficulty to persuade her out of it : However, after I had read to her the Receipt, and told her, that I thought myself under great Obligations to her on your Account, she began to look on me in a different Light ; but seemed to be shy of talking before the Fellow, who listened to what I said with the greatest Greediness. A Trifle purchased his Absence, and she then told me, that I had misplaced my Bounty, for she had not so much as seen the young Woman, whom she believed I meant ; but that she durst not say so before the Man, for Fear he should tell the wicked *Danvers*, who would perhaps wreck her Spite on Somebody else.

"Tho' I was much disappointed that I could not learn where to find you, I was far from repenting what I had done for her, since she appeared to deserve Charity for her Candour, in disowning a Merit, which she might have pretended to without any Danger of Detection. I paid her Fees, which were in no Manner of Proportion to her wretched Accommodations ; and, after I had given her some Money to supply her present Necessities, and advised her to endeavour to gain an honest

honest Livelihood, I left her ; but recollecting, that she must perish in her present Distress, if she had not some Advice ; for her Companion had told me her Condition, I returned back just as she was coming out of the Officer's and going into a publick House, I made a Sign for her to follow me ; and on my asking her several Questions relating to what she designed to do, she answered me with many Tears, " Indeed, Sir, I know not : But I am resolv'd, if God gives me his Grace, never to follow the Course of Life that I have done, by the Advice of the vile Creature your Generosity has delivered me from. I have but one Acquaintance in *London*, and she is sick, and I believe in the Hospital : I am sure, vile as I have been, she will pity me ; but it is not in her Power to help me." I then told her, that her first Care must be to get cured, and then perhaps she might get a Place ; and I promised at the same Time, that if I had Reason to believe she continued honest, I would be still her Friend ; and that if she could find any one to make the first Application, for I did not chuse to be seen in it, I would endeavour that she should be carried to a Place where such unhappy Creatures as herself are provided with Food and Physick. I told her I would call the next Day at the House where we then were, to know if she could make a Friend ; but she replied, with much Eagerness, that she knew Nobody, except the Man of the House would be so good. On this I sent for him, and telling him the Case, he very readily complied with the Proposal, on my promising to pay any Expence he should be at ; " For," says he, " such poor Folks as I am can't afford to be out of Pock-

et, you know ; though I should be Glad with all my Heart to serve the poor Girl ; for I remember her when first she came to that harridan Devil of Hell, and a pretty tight Girl she was. I am sure my Wife and I both pity'd her ; but it was not for us to speak, because she fetches her Drink here. And now, Master, I must be mum ; for my Wife mortally hates a Whore, and very likely if I am known to serve the Girl, I shall have an old House on my Head." As I observed this Discourse made the poor Creature uneasy, I put an End to it by calling to pay, which was, perhaps, the only Sound the Landlord preferred to the Musick of his own Voice.

" In two or three Days after I called at the House, and found that my talkative Landlord was a Man of his Word ; for the Girl had been taken that Day into the Lock." On *Betty Barnes's* asking him what Place that was, he told her it was an Hospital filled with unhappy Creatures of both Sexes, who laboured under the worst of Distempers. A Blush on the Face of her he was talking to, convinced him that she had no need of further Explanation, and he went on.

" About seven Months ago, the Man of the Ale-house followed me down the Street, and when he had got out of Sight of his own Door, stopped me and gave me a Letter. This came from the Girl I had relieved, and contained many Expressions of Thankfulness ; but she told me the Reason of her making bold to write to me, was her believing that she could tell me something about the young Woman I wanted ; if I would let her know where to find me. I then asked the Man, who waited while I read it, when he should see the Girl ; he told me he thought it would not be long first,

first, for she had hardly missed a Day since she had given him the Letter, without calling at his House, and that he thought she had a good Place, for she appeared very decent. I was pleased with her Assiduity, and resolved to wait every Day some Time at the House, till I should meet her.

“ On my going next Day, the Man told me she had promised to call there that Night. She did so, and when I saw her, she informed me, that the Person she had mentioned to me as her Friend had helped a young Woman to a Place, whom she believed to be the Girl I wanted to see; for she had been in some bad House, and had left it suddenly; but that she did not know where to find her, as she was gone from the Place she had recommended her to; but that she had once lived at a Grocer’s near the *Royal Exchange*, who, she thought, might possibly know where she was.

“ Full of the Hopes of finding you, I ran, or rather flew, to the Man I was directed to; but, alas! he obstinately refused to give me any Information; saying, you desired that the Gentleman would not give himself any Trouble about you; for it would signify Nothing, and, to my great Surprise, offered me a Guinea to give to my Friend. It was in vain that I told the Man, he was certainly mistaken; for he persisted in it, that he had seen me with the Gentleman for whom you had left a Guinea; and though I went several Times after this, it was still the same. The last Time I called, the Man, with a good Deal of Rudeness, desired me not to be so troublesome; for that you was in a good Place: He called you an honest sober Girl, and said, he believed, all the fine Things that I and my Friend could do for you would not make you otherwise: “ for, Sir,” he continued, “ though

it does not become me to give a Gentleman the Lie, I am sure I saw you Yesterday with her last Master, tho' you pretend not to know him."

"I went away much offended at the Bluntness of the Shop-keeper, and have not from that Time to this been able to recollect who he can mean; for I don't remember to have been in any Company the Day before, except with a young Fellow who married a Relation of my Mother's, whose Name is *Glanville*, is it not?" returned *Betty Burnes* eagerly. On his acknowledging that she was right, she replied, "Then the Mystery of the Guinea is easily unfolded." And, on her giving him an Account of the whole Affair, he was so far from being offended at the Repulse he had received, that it still enhanced his Esteem for his charming Mistress. They were just entering on the Subject that filled both their Hearts, when they were obliged to part by the Return of the Lady, who had luckily gone that Day to visit a Friend.

Some Time passed before *Betty* could have another Opportunity to entertain her dear Lover, for she was above Deceit, and scorned to purchase any Satisfaction at the Expence of a Lie; however, in her Mistress's Absence, she again received him; but the Uneasiness it gave her to be obliged to do it by Stealth, and the Meanness of acting in Fear, determined her to remove to a Place where she might have more Liberty. She was extremely at a Loss how to inform her Mistress of her Intention; for she had used her more like a Child than a Servant, and the grateful Girl really loved her; but she was quickly relieved from her Embarrassment by the Lady herself giving her Warning, and telling her, she had been informed that she entertained Fellows in her Absence. *Betty* expressed

pressed her Sense of the many Favours she was obliged to her for, and resolved to enquire for a Place.

But lest my Readers should imagine, that Miss *Askew* found out what was done in her Lodgings when she was abroad by any supernatural Means, I think proper to give them a short Sketch of some Particulars that were prior to her giving her Maid Warning, and which would be too trifling to deserve Notice, if they were not remarkable by the Effects they produced. This I shall reserve for the Subject of the following Chapter.

C H A P. V.

Recommended to the Perusal of all Servants, as containing the Spirit of Kitchen Conversation.

WHEN first *Betty Barnes* came to her Place, before her Mistress knew her enough to think her worthy her condescending to make her her Companion, Want of Society had made her a little sociable with the Servants that belonged to the Gentlewoman of the House; but the low mean Artifices she saw them practise, soon made her weary of her new Associates.

One Day, when the Absence of her Lady had given her a little Leisure, there was a Consultation among them, about joining for a Regale of Tea, when one of the Maids, as if recollecting herself, cried out, ' But what need we spend our Money? I am sure we work hard enough for it. I dare say Miss *Askew's* Chest is easily got at, and, for my Part, I see no Harm in the World in taking a little Tea for our own drinking; as long as we make no Money of it. 'Tis what all

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' Servants

‘ Servants will do.’ “ Then all Servants will be “ Thieves,” replied *Betty Barnes*, interrupting her, “ for I see no Difference between taking “ People’s Goods and their Money,” ‘ Mayhap,’ returned the Girl, ‘ when you have been a Servant as long as I have, and have worked early ‘ and late for a Pack of unthankful Creatures, ‘ who regard a Servant no more than a Dog, you ‘ will be of another Mind. Servants would be in ‘ a fine Condition truly, if they were to be so ‘ scrupulous as not to take a little Tea, or a Bottle of Wine either, to entertain a Friend, if it ‘ fell in their Way. Let who will be such a Fool ‘ for *Moll*, I am sure I won’t. And yet I think I ‘ have as much Conscience and Honesty too, as ‘ your Ladyship. But it is the still Sow that drinks ‘ up all the Draught; and I never knew any Body ‘ in my Life that pretended to be better than ‘ other Folks, but, at the long Run, they were ‘ found to be worst.’

This fine Preamble was put an End to by the other Maid’s saying, “ Let her alone, *Mary*, ‘ you know she is just come out of the Country, ‘ she’ll grow wiser in Time, I’ll warrant you. I ‘ have got some in my Canister that I brought ‘ from my last Place; for I always crib by little ‘ and little, for Fear it should be missed; and the ‘ Lady I lived with was such a sneak-nosed Toad, ‘ that I thought no Sin to cheat her. Though, ‘ to say the Truth, she allowed me so much a ‘ Year to find myself in Tea and Sugar.’

This Proof of the superlative Honesty of those she was conversing with, made the astonished Girl soon put an End to the Conference; and not all their Persuasions could prevail with her to partake
of

of their ill-gotten Junket. She debated within herself, whether it was not her Duty to inform their Mistress of their Want of Conscience; but one of them affirming that all Servants were guilty, she thought, if she troubled her Head about every Maid she met with, who acted in the same unjust Manner, she should be in continual Uneasiness. She therefore resolved to keep herself at a greater Distance, that she might, as little as possible, be acquainted with their low shuffling Arts; but, as she was sometimes obliged to be in the Kitchen, she could not help being privy to some Actions which offended her Scrupulosity; particularly, to their giving away all Sorts of Provisions, under the Notion of broken Victuals, to Chare-women, Shoe-cleaners, &c. who, in Return for their Kindness, did the meanest of the Drudgery. She likewise observed, that Candles and Coals paid the same unwarrantable Tribute.

Afraid of wounding her Conscience by the Concealment of what she thought extremely unjust, she acquainted her Lady with what she had seen, though in the gentlest Manner possible; who, to her great Surprise, confirmed what the Maid had told her, by saying, that very few Servants made any Scruple of wronging their Masters or Mistresses in such little Things. However, some Time after, Miss *Askew*, who was above minding what her Landlady's Servants thought of her, told the Mistress of the House of the numerous Retinue which attended her Kitchen: the Consequence of which was the Discharge of the Cook. For, as these petty Thefts were committed in her Domain, the other Maid, though equally guilty, escaped without Punishment.

The first Notice she received of the high Offence she had given to the lower Powers, by this Act of Justice, was from the Brow of a Person who kept a little Thread-shop in the same Street, where she frequently went to buy Needles, or what else she wanted in her Way. This Woman, who was before all Fawning and false Complaisance, now behaved with the mean Pride of tossing and frowning. This Alteration was immediately seen by the Girl, who innocently asked her, if any one had affronted her; for she had not the least Suspicion that she herself was the Cause of all these important Airs: when the Woman replied, "No, I can't say you have done any Thing to affront me; but I must needs tell you, young Woman, that I think you are very cruel to turn a Servant out of her Bread for such a Trifle as giving a poor Body a little Viſuals. A mighty Matter indeed! suppose you had winked at it; your Folks can afford it well enough, though they have not the Heart to do it themselves; and I don't know what would become of many a poor Creature, if there was such Pick-thanks as you in every House."

The last opprobrious Term, which, tho' the Girl did not well understand, she thought, by the Manner of its being spoken, was a heinous one, a little warmed her; for I assure my Readers, though she was naturally good-tempered, she was neither a Stock nor a Stoic.

She, therefore, answered with some Bitterness, that she wondered why the Woman who kept the Shop should be angry at her informing against Thieves, if she did not find her Account in what they stole.

This Insinuation, which struck the deeper, because it was just; for this Woman's House was the Rendezvous

Rendezvous of all the Servants in the Neighbourhood who were vile enough not to come empty-handed, threw her into the most violent Rage; she stamped, she chattered, she grinned, she foamed, and her Countenance partook more of the Fury than the Woman. The Girl, made wise by the horrid Metamorphosis she beheld in her Neighbour, suppressed her own Rage, and prudently left her to indulge by herself the Pleasure of scolding: An Exercise that she seemed much to delight in, and, in which, by frequent Repetition, she was become so great a Proficient, that she constantly had the last Word of every Antagonist who was weak enough to contend with her.

Betty never afterwards went to her Shop; but this served rather to increase than allay the Ferment; for though she could not talk to her, she took Care to baulk no Opportunity that offered to talk against her; but as this did not come to her Ears, it did her no Manner of Harm, till her having a Lover, or, in vulgar Language, a Sweetheart, provoked the Envy of the Maid who staid in the Family. She told the Haberdasher, as a mighty Secret, that *Betty*, for all her Pride, was Fool enough to let a Footman come to see her, and that it would be a good Deed for Somebody to serve her as she had done poor *Mary*: This was the Maid who had been discharged.

The Woman was pleased at the Thought of having it in her Power to revenge on *Betty* the Affront she had given her Character; for she was a Person, who, by often repeating the Words Conscience and Honesty, had brought herself and some others to believe, that her Actions were the Standard of Equity and Justice: She therefore egged
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the Maid on to give Miss *Askew* an Account of her keeping Company with a Man in her Absence. The ungrateful Creature, unmindful of her Obligation to *Betty Barnes*, in concealing her own Confession of her pilfering, complied with the request of this Virago ; and the first Time she found Miss *Askew* alone, told her, that *Betty* encouraged a Lover, of the party-coloured Regiment ; adding, in a Tone of Friendship, “ ’Tis Pity, Ma’am, that such a clever Girl should throw herself away upon a Skip-kennel. I only tell you out of Goodwill to her ; because I know she’ll mind what you say to her, tho’ she thinks me not worthy to give her Advice.”

Miss *Askew*, vexed that she should disobey her positive Commands, when she treated her with so much Indulgence in every Thing else, in the first Heat of Resentment gave her Warning, as has been already related ; which *Betty*, who had before resolved to remove to a Place of more Liberty, immediately accepted : And, tho’ she loved her Mistress with almost a Child-like Affection, she would not be prevailed on to stay with her any longer than while she suited herself with a Maid : For no Consideration of Advantage was of Importance enough to compensate for the Want of her Lover’s Company.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

In which Betty Barnes unexpectedly meets with one of her Fellow-travellers in the Person of her new Mistress.

WHEN Miss *Askew* had hired a Maid, *Betty Barnes* sought for a Place, and was recommended into the Family of a young Tradesman, whose Father was lately dead. When she went to be hired, she did not see her future Mistress, but made her Agreement with her Sister as the Lady herself lay in ; but on her first Attendance in her Chamber, she was agreeably surprized to find in her the young Woman who had been her Fellow traveller, whose affecting Interview with her Husband, at their first Meeting at the Inn, the Reader must remember.

As her Business here was only to take Care of a pretty Boy who ran about, and was the Child who had given so much Offence in the Waggon, she pleased herself with the Hopes of being enough at Liberty to entertain the dear Engrosser of her Thoughts. The Lady, the first Day of her being in the House, did not take much Notice of her ; but on bringing the Child to her, when she sat up the following Day, she asked her, if she had not lived in some Family where she had seen her ; for she was sure that her Features were quite familiar to her, tho' she could not recollect where she had known her. This Forgetfulness may be well accounted for, if my Readers remembers that *Betty* had had the Small-pox since this young Lady had seen her, which, tho' it did not alter her enough to cause a Lover to forget her,

her, it might reasonably be supposed to have that Effect on a Person who had only spent two or three Days with her on a Journey

Betty Barnes, with many Blushes, said she believed she had seen her when she was coming out of the Country ; but she hoped, that as she had a good Character, she should not lose her Place for any Thing that the Gentlewoman who came to Town with her in the Post-chaise might have said. There needed no more, the Lady instantly knew her, and told her, she had not the least Cause for Fear ; for *Mrs. Robinson*, who was now her most intimate Acquaintance, had often regretted that she had not let her know where to find her.

The condescending Sweetness of this Lady made the poor Girl rejoice at her own Happiness ; but the Absence of her Lover began to disturb this Joy. She had told him, that whenever she removed she would leave Word at the honest Grocer's where she might be found ; yet she had been almost a Fortnight in her Place and had not seen him. What could she think of this Neglect ? Notwithstanding all her Endeavours, her Thoughts incessantly ran on the perfidious *Sumes*, and drew injurious Comparisons.

When her Uneasiness was almost great enough to render her unfit for her Business, she was relieved, by the Sight of him she so much longed to behold ; for, on her being called one Day after Dinner to bring Master into the Dining-room, she cast her Eyes on the very Man. He was now in the Dress of a Gentleman, and had with him the same Person she had seen in the Coach. Her Confusion and Tremor made her near letting the Child fall, as she advanced towards the old Gentleman, who wanted to see the Boy ; the young
one

one seemed as if he durst not lift up his Eyes, for Fear they should betray the Sentiments of his Heart : at least that was the Construction *Betty Barnes* put on his having them, as it were, rivetted to the Ground, all the Time she staid in the Room ; but on her quitting it, he, with a Vivacity, which had Nothing in it remarkable in so young a Man, cried out, " stay, I have hardly " looked at the young Rogue : " And instantly followed her into the Entry ; for on the first Sound of his Voice she stopped, almost without knowing that she did so. He gave the Child several hearty Kisses, casting a Glance at the same Time on her who held him, which sufficiently informed her where he had much rather have placed them, and with a free easy Air, said, " I fancy, Child, you " are a good Nurse." At the same Time he slipped into her Hand Half-a-crown and a Letter. The Money was by far the least acceptable, and was only given as a Blind to conceal his giving the other, if the Action should observed by those in the Dining-room. On his Return to the Company, he bore, with a pretty good Grace, the Rallery of almost every one in it, on his being so demure before Folks, and so alert when he had got a Girl in a Corner. His being fond of the Child, for the Sake of the Nurse, was by no Means to be forgot on this Occasion, and perhaps was never better applied. This Mirth led to the Mistress's speaking of her new Servant, which she did in such Terms as made the enraptured Lover ready to kiss her too ; but he was obliged to conceal his Satisfaction, and with seeming Indifference, to listen to the Detail the Lady gave of her first Meeting with the Girl, and of the Uneasiness Mrs. Robinson

binson had expressed, at her not having told her where she lived : She added, that soon after they came to Town, they enquired at the Inn where the Waggon put up, and were told that *Betty* had got a Place ; the Reason of their calling was, that she herself at that Time wanted a Servant, and tho' *Mrs. Robinson* faithfully told her her Suspicions of *Betty's* having come away from her Relations without their Knowledge, and that perhaps she might have brought one more than herself to Town, that would in a few Months make its Appearance, she was so strongly prepossessed in her Favour, by the native Modesty of her Look, and the Simplicity of her whole Behaviour, that she had resolved to take her, tho' she should not be happy enough to have found her Friend, and consequently, would have no one to recommend her. "And I am sure," continued the Lady, "*Mrs. Robinson* when she comes to Town is good-natured enough to be glad, that for once she has lost her Sagacity."

During this Conversation *Betty Barnes* was employed in reading, and re-reading her Epistle ; which I am not absolutely sure she did not press to her Bosom and her Lips : tho' this was a Secret, that the Delicacy of her Sentiments and her Sex, would never let her acknowledge, and it was not till some Time after she had received it, that I myself, intimate as I am with her, could get a Sight of it : But as I think it will be most acceptable to my Readers at the Time of her having it, I shall give it them in the next Chapter.

CHAP. VII.

Betty's Lover explains the Reason of his Absence, and offers to maintain her without Servitude, which she rejects.

THE Letter which I promised my Readers in the foregoing Chapter, and which was indeed the Transcript of a faithful Heart, ran thus :

' Dearest Creature !

' THO' I was extremely pleased at hearing
' you were removed from a Place where I
' could not have the Delight of seeing you, and of
' telling you, how dear, how very dear you are to
' my fond Heart ; yet my Satisfaction was but of
' short Continuance, when I found that you were
' gone to the House of an intimate Friend. I am
' obliged, worthy as I think you, to conceal my
' Passion, as your present Master is in great Fa-
' vour with my Mother, whose Ease and Happi-
' ness is full as dear to me as my own. The
' Dread I am under of having from her an In-
' junction that must separate us, gives me ex-
' treme Pain, since Gratitude, Affection, and
' Duty, Claims which an honest Man must for
' ever think sacred, forbid my disobeying her. It
' is possible, my lovely Girl will think I talk
' more like a good Son than a tender Lover ; but
' I have uncommon Obligations to this dear Pa-
' rent. Oh, that I could persuade you to accept
' of such a Provision, as would keep me from
' these dreadful Alarms ! Do not, my Charmer,
' do

' do not wrong an Affection which is as pure as
 ' it is ardent, by a Suspicion that this is a Design
 ' to entrap your Innocence. I would venture my
 ' Life to preserve you chaste, if you were in Dan-
 ' ger ; for betraying heedless Beauty is among the
 ' Things I dare not do, since I am unfashionable
 ' enough to believe that I have a Creator, and to
 ' tremble at his Wrath. I am at present far
 ' from independant ; but have it in my Power to
 ' maintain my dear Girl above mere Necessaries ;
 ' and in what Manner can I lay out the Bounty of
 ' Providence more acceptably to the gracious Do-
 ' nor, than in giving Happiness to the most lovely
 ' of his Works ? Besides, my Dear, it is really
 ' promoting my own Happiness, since Nothing can
 ' render my Felicity compleat, but an Assurance
 ' that yours is so too ; However, if I cannot pre-
 ' vail upon you to accept what I offer, I must in-
 ' sist on your removing to some other Place ; for
 ' it is impossible for me to see you there, without
 ' being known. I intreat you to let me see you
 ' at your Friend's the Grocer's some Day next
 ' Week, and I will call at your Master's to give
 ' you an Opportunity to appoint the Time.
 ' This I can do without Suspicion, as he and I
 ' have been School-fellows and Companions from
 ' our Childhood.

' I am, my charming *Betty's*
 ' affectionate Lover, and sincerest
 ' Friend,

' W. MARSHALL."

Betty felt the most refined Delight at reading
 this Letter, which to her appeared to breathe
 Nothing

Nothing but Sincerity, and Love ; but the latter Part greatly embarrassed her. The Proposal of living at her Lover's Expence before she was his Wife, she instantly rejected, as highly inconsistent with Prudence, tho' she did not find any Inclination to be offended at the Offer. How to leave her Place was now her principal Care, and tho' it employed almost all her Thoughts, she was quite at a Loss what Method to take. When Mr. *Marshall* payed another Visit to her Master, she could only find an Opportunity to say to him softly as he passed her, and seem'd to take Notice of the Child, ' On Sunday, Sir.' This Hint was enough for the watchful Lover; and he did not fail to meet her; but as she had obtained Leave to be absent the whole Afternoon, which Mr. *Marshall* did not imagine, she was at the friendly Grocer's a full Hour before him. This Man very honestly warned her of the Danger she would expose herself to, by giving her Company to any one, let his Appearance be what it would, except she had Reason to believe that his Designs were honest. This plain man had not admitted the Word HONOUR into his Vocabulary, tho' he felt its Dictates, but he had met with so many Disappointments from those who are called Gentlemen of Honour, that he detested the very Sound.

The Girl took her Friend's Admonitions in good Part, and promised to adhere to his Rules, ' but as to the Gentleman I expect here,' says she, ' I have been in his Company before I came out of the Country, and I am sure he has no Designs that I have Reason to be afraid of. He is, I verily believe, a very sober Man.' ' That may be,' replied the Grocer, ' I have known many a sober Whore-master before now, and the worst
' of

‘ of it is, they seldom grow better while they have
 ‘ Money and Health to be wicked.’

This Discourse, which made *Betty Barnes* very uneasy, was put an End to by the coming of him who was the Subject of it, tho’ he was far from deserving this Censure. The Traces of her Vexation were still in her Countenance tho’ his Presence had given her a Flush of Joy. This did not escape him, for Love is a great Help to the Apprehensions in every Thing that regards those who are dear to us. He, with great Tenderness, asked her the Cause of her looking out of Humour, and said with a Smile, ‘ I almost hope, my dear
 ‘ *Betty* thought me long, but I did not imagine I
 ‘ should be happy enough to meet you so soon.’
 ‘ I have been here this Hour,’ she replied with a Blush, ‘ but that, Sir, was not the Reason of my
 ‘ looking dull ; my Friend has been reading me
 ‘ such a Lecture on the Imprudence of meeting
 ‘ Men, that I am resolved never to be again guilty of the Folly.’ Mr. *Marshall* did all in his Power to vanquish her Resolution, and her Heart took his Part too much for her to remain steady. When he had gained this Point, and she had promised to see him, they talked about her coming from her present Lady ; but they could hit upon no Scheme that would escape Suspicion, and therefore determined to wait a little till something happened that might facilitate the Design. This *Betty Barnes* was the rather inclined to, as she wished to see Mrs. *Robinson* who was now in the Country.

The Restraint she was obliged to observe, in regard to her Lover, was far from being agreeable ; but as she had often the Pleasure of seeing him when he came to visit her master, and had the greatest Reason to be satisfied with his Behaviour

viour whenever they had an Opportunity of being together, she grew a little reconciled to her Situation : when an unexpected Incident made her resume her Resolution of leaving her Place.

C H A P. VIII.

*Betty receives a Proposal of Marriage from one much
her Superior.*

ONE Day, when *Betty* had obtained her Mistress's Leave to be absent, and was spending the delightful Moments in the Company of her dear *Mr. Marshall*, she was inquired for by a Gentleman in deep Mourning. On her coming Home, she was told of this new Visitant, but had not the least Notion who it could be ; however, she was not kept long in Suspence ; for the next Day she was again asked for, and on her going down, she found it to be *Mr. Glanville*, the Gentleman who had been her former Master, and who had made her the dishonourable Proposal of a private Settlement.

As soon as she saw him, she, without any Ceremony, begged him to desist from persecuting her, and to let her remain in a Station which she preferred to the utmost Splendour, when it was to be accompanied with Guilt. He then told her, that he had it now in his Power to make her an Offer which she might accept, consistent with the most scrupulous Virtue, since he had lately buried his Wife, and should think himself the happiest of Men, if she would permit him to place her in a Station more suitable to her Merit and her Charms.

Flattering as this Discourse was, she remained inflexibly steady to her first Attachment ; but as he
had

had how a different Appearance from the brutal Seducer she had always thought him, she very civilly thanked him for the Honour he designed her, and told him with a Blush, that she had, at present, no Thoughts of a married Life, and that the greatest Favour he could do her, would be to leave her to enjoy the Happiness of her present Station. ‘And to see you,’ replied Mr. *Glanville* hastily, ‘become the Wife of a Footman; a Fellow who will never be sensible of Half his own Happiness, or your Merit.’ ‘Sir,’ returned *Betty Barnes*, ‘I do assure you, I shall never think of marrying such a one, nor do I believe that any such would have me, if I would.’ ‘No! for what then do you keep him Company?’ was replied in a perfect Fret. To this she very calmly answered, that as she was not now his Servant, she did not demand an Account of her Conduct; and then told him, that she should be wanted.

As this meant no other than that she was weary of his Visit, he took his Leave, muttering as he went out, that this Cane should curb the Insolence of the Fellow.

The next Time she had an Interview with her Lover, she told him the whole Affair. He seemed quite stunned when she mentioned his Cousin’s offering to make her his Wife; for tho’ he had in Prospect a much larger Fortune than this Gentleman, yet he was not, like him, independant. *Betty* saw, and for a few Moments triumphed in, his Pain; however as she had but a very little of the Coquette in her Disposition, she quickly relieved his Anxiety, by assuring him, that she was absolutely determined to accept of no Man merely on Account of his Wealth; and that Mr. *Glanville* should be the last Man she should chuse. ‘Oh, have

‘ my Dear !’ replied the transported Lover, ‘ you have now given Ease to my throbbing Heart ; but, my charming Girl, forgive a Lover’s Fears, when I tell you, that I can’t be easy while you are exposed to the Addresses of this Man. I know by myself, that nothing will hinder his seeing you, if he knows where you are. I would to God I had it in my Power, consistent with my Obligations to the best of Parents, to make you mine. I have great Hopes my Perseverance will, one Time or other, have that Effect ; but in the mean Time, it is almost Death to think of your being prevailed upon to become another’s. Why will you not let me provide for you ? why will you be cruel enough to refuse me the extatic Pleasure of contributing to the Happiness of her I love ?’

But all his Arguments on this Head were without Effect, for she resolved never to be dependent on her Lover, till the Laws of God and Man gave her a Right to his Fortune and Protection. Not that she dreaded his making an ill Use of this Dependance ; for he had by this Time all her Confidence ; but as she hoped to be his Wife, she would not do any Thing that would hurt her Character, and consequently his Honour, when she should become such ; and as she had no Relations of her own, she wisely resolved to act in such a Manner, as might give her Hopes of feeling the delightful Sensation of relative Endearments from those who were allied to him.

I could heartily wish that my fair Country-women had this last Design more at Heart. Nothing, but its being so extremely common, can hinder our being surprized, when we see a virtuous Woman inveigh with the greatest Bitterness against the very

ry Person to whom her Husband owes his Being; or at hearing a fond Mother expatiate with much seeming Delight, on the little Foibles and Follies of the bosom Companion of her darling Son. The Behaviour of Mother and Daughter-in-law, in most Families, has a greater Resemblance to that of two contending Rivals, who depreciate each other, to advance their own Merit by the Contrast, than of the Tenderness and Duty of Parent and Child.

But though *Betty* would not comply with this Request, she agreed with her Lover, that Mr. *Glanville's* coming might serve as an Excuse for her leaving the House of his Friend, and determined to mention it to her Mistress when she came Home.

On her Return, she found Mrs. *Robinson* with her Lady, who I ought to have told my Readers had been some Time in *London*, and had expressed great Good-will to *Betty Barnes*, whom she knew at first Sight. It was before her, that she desired her Mistress to suit herself with a Servant; for tho' she had no Cause for Complaint, she must be obliged to leave her, since she could not live at Ease for the Persecutions of a Master she had once lived with. Mrs. *Robinson*, with a Freedom natural to her, asked the Girl, what were the Objections she had to him, as she supposed he was in better Circumstances than she could reasonably expect. To this she replied with all the Dignity of conscious Virtue, "He, by a base Proposal, has sunk himself lower in my Esteem than an honest Cocker, and I think the Woman, who would accept of a Man who had attempted to seduce her, must be greatly in Want of a Husband."

Mrs.

Mrs. *Robinson* smiled at this Piece of Heroism, and perfectly agreed that she was right in her Notions. "Though," said she, "I imagine a sprightly young Fellow, whom you happened to like, would melt all these prudent Resolutions; for I don't take you, *Betty*, to have much of the Prude in your Constitution."

This Remark, which was quite just, spread a Blush over the Girl's Face, and she made no other Answer than a Sigh, which was the Consequence of a secret Wish, that Mr. *Marshall* was in her Master *Glanville's* Situation, and had made her the same Offer. The discerning Mrs. *Robinson* had observed something particular in the down-cast Looks and Silence of Mr. *Marshall*, whenever *Betty* was present; but had concealed her Thoughts from her Friend, till she should be more confirmed in her Suspicions. *Betty's* Behaviour about Mr. *Glanville* strengthened her Surmise; for she imagined that nothing but her being prepossessed in Favour of another could have made her so blind to her own Interest, as to refuse being the Wife of a reputable Tradesman, merely because he had once endeavoured to have her on dishonourable Terms; and I imagine whatever Turn *Betty* gave to the Affair, had not Mr. *Marshall* been in the Way, she would have easily overcome all her Difficulties, in regard to his former Proposal. Not that I think she asserted any Thing contrary to Truth, but that the present Disposition of her Mind, in Favour of another, made every Fault in him appear with double Magnitude. So have I seen a Lady plume herself on her immaculate Chastity, for no other Reason, but because she has denied the Favour to a Man she hated, tho' her Aversion to his Person was never brought into the Account. It was, to

be sure, her innate Love of Purity, that enabled her to escape the Snare, and she has persuaded herself, and perhaps a few others, to believe, that it was not in the Power of the whole Sex to batter down the impregnable Fortrefs of her Virtue; when lo! a Man whom she happened to like, has, in a few Months, or Weeks, destroyed the mighty Fabrick. I would fain prevail with the Ladies never to call that a Temptation where the Affection does not take the Part of the Tempter; for methinks it is a Disparagement to the lovely Sex, to believe them liable to be deluded from any other Motive; but from that charming Softness that has so well fitted them to make the iron Cares of Life sit easy.

C H A P. IX.

Mrs. Robinson gives Betty some wholesome Advice, and a Person is introduced, with whom the Reader will shortly be better acquainted.

MR S. Robinson kept her Suspicion of Betty Barnes to herself, till by her being sent on some Errand to her from her Lady, she had an Opportunity to speak to her without Witnesses. Accordingly she seized the first Occasion of this Kind that offered, and then told her, that she fancied she could guess the Reason of her wanting to quit her Place; for if she was not much mistaken, Mr. Marshall had found the Way to her Heart. "Nay," she continued, at seeing her blush and look confused, "I don't want, Betty, to pry into this Affair, with a Design to hurt you. I shall not speak of it to your Mistress, if you desire she may not know it: For if the young Gentleman means honourably,

honourably, I am too much your Friend to hinder your Advancement : But you are young, and unacquainted with the World, and I think I owe you a friendly Caution, to make you Amends for the unjust Suspensions I formerly had of your Conduct."

Betty, encouraged by the easy Familiarity with which this was spoken, owned that she had seen *Mr. Marshall* at the Inn the Day after she was left on the Road ; and, in short, *Mrs. Robinson* drew from her, by little and little, an Account of the whole Amour.

If ever Curiosity is excusable, it is in this humane Woman, since she never makes an ill Use of the Secrets she learns, but employs her utmost Art to render happy all she knows.

From the Account *Betty* gave of the Behaviour of her Lover, she saw the greatest Reason to believe that his Affection was deeply rooted, and that he would act with Honour. She highly commended her for her Resolution in not accepting a Maintenance from him, and persuaded her to persevere in it. " I have" said she, " very little Knowledge of his Mother, but I have heard, that she is excessively fond of her Son, who, it is thought, will be his Grandfather's Heir, and is in Expectation of a handsome Fortune from a Relation of his Father's. But, dear *Betty*, let not these distant Views make you forget what you owe to yourself : Ten thousand Accidents may happen ; or one unguarded Hour may destroy all your Schemes of future Happiness. Don't be too confident of yourself : for an over-weening Opinion of our own Power to repel Temptation, has ruined more Women than the united Stratagems of the Men could have done without it."

Betty thanked her in Terms of Gratitude for her friendly Advice, and the good-natured *Mrs. Robinson* promised to endeavour to reconcile her Lady to the Parting with her, without betraying her Secret, and, if she could do it, with the Approbation of her Friend, to help her to a Place.

While she was returning her Acknowledgments for this fresh Profession of Kindness there came a young Lady to see *Mrs. Robinson*, whose Face bore the most lively Marks of pungent Sorrow; She, unmindful of *Betty*, who stood by her, as she had risen from her Seat at her entering the Room, flung herself into a Chair, and in the Violence of Grief cried out, "He is dead, and I am ruined," *Mrs. Robinson* made a Sign for *Betty* to go out of the Room; this she understood, and as she had not received an Answer to her Message, waited in the Kitchen till the Lady was gone. On her being called to *Mrs. Robinson*, she found she had been sympathizing with the poor Lady who had just left her, for her Face was wet with Tears, and she had lost all her natural Vivacity. Tho' she would have been extremely glad to have heard her Story, the Difference of their Station made her repress her Curiosity; but *Mrs. Robinson*, having a little recovered herself, ordered her to sit down, and then said, "You remember that I was advising you not to be too much elated with your present Prospects, and to be careful of trusting too much to yourself, when this poor young Creature came in. I really think I can't do you a greater Piece of Service, than to give you a little Sketch of her History. It is not above a Month ago since she was, like you, in the highest Hopes of living in a State of Affluence with the Man she loved, and now, I believe, the meanest Wretch that asks a Charity is happier."

C H A P.

C H A P. X.

The Story of an unhappy young Lady, which, if read in Connection with the foregoing Chapter, will neither be found impertinent, nor ill placed.

“THIS Lady’s Father, who is a distant Relation of mine,” continued Mrs. Robinson, “has by his Industry gained a handsome Fortune, and as she is his only Child, in order to render her happy, he was contented to give a large Share of his Wealth with her to the Son of a Wholesale Trader. This Gentleman was imagined greatly above her, on Account of the immense Riches of his Father; but as he liked her, the old Man consented, on Condition that my Cousin would advance a little in Point of Fortune. This the fond Father agreed to, and the young Couple thought themselves near the Fruition of all their Wishes. The Day was appointed for their Marriage, and the two old Men fixed upon a neighbouring Tavern to sign the Writings. The Lovers, raised by their Passion above such low Considerations, chose to spend the Day together at my Cousin’s Country House. There the Youth, presuming on his being so soon to have a Right to all he should ask, treated his Mistress with more Freedom than she had Reason to expect from his former Reserve. She was greatly offended, and reproved him sharply for his Want of Delicacy. The mortified Lover seemed thoroughly sensible of the Imprudence of his Behaviour: This Humiliation made Way for a Reconcilement, and this Reconcilement, as I believe is very often the Case, for
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future Offences. In short, (for I don't think Scenes of this Kind at all proper to dwell on; when we would promote the Cause of Virtue) my poor Cousin was weak enough, half persuaded by her own Sensibility, and half by his Arguments, that it must be a Union of Hearts, and not a Priest, that could make a Marriage, permitted him to take all the Liberties of a Husband. But, alas! she had soon Reason to repent her Folly, notwithstanding the Affection and Probity of her Lover. In their Return to Town they ordered the Coach to stop at the Tavern where they expected to find their Fathers, in Hopes, as the young Gentleman told his Mistress, that their Presence would disperse the Gloom he beheld spread on her Countenance, which was undoubtedly caused by her Reflections on her imprudent Condescension. They were informed by a Person at the Bar, that the two old Gentlemen had been there; but that they had quarrelled, and had parted in great Anger. This News, you may be sure, gave the poor young Lady terrible Apprehensions, and it was hardly in the Power of the most solemn Vows of eternal Fidelity to calm her Fears.

“ On her coming Home, her Father received her with his usual Tenderness; but, little imagining what had passed, insisted on her thinking no more of the Son of a Man who had used him so unworthily. He told her, that on their talking about Settlements, her Lover's Father refused to make any, except he should be willing to oblige himself to leave his Son full and sole Heir to all he was worth.” “ Now, my Dear,” continued my Cousin, “ tho' I have not the least Doubt about your future Behaviour, yet I should be very loth to tie myself to such Articles as might possibly

sibly be a Temptation to you, influenced by your Husband or his Relations, to wish my Death ; besides, you know, I have Relations, who in Case of your Mortality have, if you leave no Children, a much greater Right, and far more Need of what I possess, than the purse-proud Fellow whom I now think unworthy of having you for his Daughter-in-Law."

"As my young Cousin found her Father in no Humour to be reasoned with, she prudently made no other Reply, than a short Vindication of her Lover, by assuring him, that he was not guilty of the same mercenary Views as his Father. To this the old Gentleman readily assented ; but answered, that a considerable Part of the Wife's Happiness depended on the good Dispositions of the Husband's Relations, since nothing can more endear Felicity to a sensible Mind, than its being bestowed on us by them we love, or those who are near to them by Nature or Affection."

"After the poor Creature had spent the Night in restless Anxiety, she received a short Note, which informed her, that her Lover was confined to his Bed in a high Fever. This the young Gentleman had got a Friend to write, for he was both too ill, and too closely watched to do it himself. Almost wild with Despair at this News, she brought her Father to permit her to visit her Lover, which after much Intreaty, he consented to ; but the inhumane Brute, who was to have been that very Day se'nnight her Father, refused her Admittance, tho' forgetful of the Affront she had received, she begged it with Tears."

"She spent this and the two following Days in all the Horrors of a Despair, more easily to be imagined

gined than described. At last, the Fear of losing his only Son, softened this obdurate Wretch, and she was brought to the Bed of her almost dying Lover, in a Condition not far removed from his own. From him she learnt, for he was now in his perfect Senses, that his Fears for her were the Cause of his Illness, and that his Father had commanded him, on Pain of his eternal Curse, to think of her no more. "But," says the faithful Youth, "tho' I would do all that is lawfully in my Power to obey my Father, yet, my dearest Wife, for such you certainly are, if Heaven spares my Life, you shall find that I will brave Poverty and Want, or what I think infinitely worse, a Parent's Curse, to do you Justice."

"My poor Cousin had no Words to answer this Tenderness, but he was sufficiently informed of her Sensibility, by the Profusion of her Sobs and Tears.

"As the Physicians, at their next Visit, found their Patient rather worse than otherwise, my Cousin was again refused to see him, on Pretence, that the Doctors had ordered that he must be kept quiet, and she passed three tedious Days in the most cruel Anguish and Suspence.

"At last the young Gentleman's Mother prevailed with the rough Father, to suffer her to see him once more; for by this Time the Physicians themselves despaired of his Recovery. This Interview, notwithstanding their Predictions, seemed to be attended with very happy Effects, and the sick Youth was in a fair Way of doing well, when the unaccountable Caprice of his Father reduced him again to Extremity. He, in Compliance with the Advice of the Doctors, carried his Son into the Country; but as if he had a Mind to prevent
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all the Benefit he might receive from the Air, he was eternally teasing him about my Cousin; threatening him with Ruin, if he thought on her as a Wife; abusing her Father, and even she herself, for her Condescension in coming to his House; tho' perhaps it was to that Condescension that he owed the present Hopes of his Son's Life.

"This Conduct, tho' it did not cause an instantaneous Alteration, preyed on his Spirits by slow Degrees; and, as it were, fretted away Life. In less than three Weeks Time he was brought to Town in as much Danger from a galloping Consumption, as he had been in before from a malignant Fever.

"The fair Physician was again applied to; but, alas, he was too far gone to admit of a Cure from any Hand but that of Death. She attended him with all the affectionate Duty of a Wife, for eight Days, and, I believe, has not been in Bed in all that Time; yet the barbarous Father has been cruel enough to reproach her, as the Cause of his Son's Death, even while she was, in all the Agony of Grief, weeping over his Corpse; but what greatly enhances her Affliction is, that she very much fears she is with Child.

"I shall leave you, *Betty*," continued Mrs. Robinson, "to make a suitable Application of this affecting Story; and, I hope, I need not caution you to be careful of my Cousin's Secret; since you know I can make a Return, if you abuse my Confidence."

Betty Barnes, as well as she could for crying, for she had sincerely sympathized with the unhappy young Lady, thanked Mrs. Robinson for her Advice and Confidence, and, after having received her Orders, took her Leave.

CHAP. XI.

Betty gets a new Place. Some Account of her Master and Mistress. The Dusting of a Livery-Frock, and other Matters equally curious and important.

MR S. *Robinson*, on her next Visit to her Friend, pleaded *Betty's* Cause so effectually, that her Mistress, tho' extremely loth to part with her, consented that she should endeavour to help her to a Place; and she was, by her Interest, recommended into the Family of a Gentleman, who had been Captain of a Man of War, and was now on Half-pay.

In this House she had the greatest Prospect of Liberty; for her Mistress was one of those Ladies who look on Home as a Kind of Prison, except they are surrounded with Visitants of as thoughtless a Disposition as themselves. This was the Character Mrs. *Robinson* gave of her to *Betty*, and, indeed, this was all she knew; for she was not her intimate Acquaintance, but she had often seen her at a Relation's, who was a Woman of the same Stamp.

This was indeed the House of Jollity, if boisterous Mirth could be called so, and nothing could equal the Girl's Surprise, when she beheld the Master of this merry Family. She was ordered by her laughing Lady, to carry the Captain's Dinner up to his Room, and was shewn the Way by a little Boy, who was kept out of an Ostentation of Charity. She found him in a tattered Night-gown, bare-headed and without Stockings: He stared at her with a Wildness in his Looks that perfectly frightened her, and she was almost ready

to run back, without performing her Errand ; when the Child said, " You need " not be " frightened, Sir will do you no Harm, tho' he " is mad ; you shall see I an't afraid of him." He immediately went to him, the poor Gentleman stroaked the Boy, and sat down to his lonely Dinner, with the greatest Composure. *Betty* was soon called down, and the unhappy Man was without Attendant or Companion, except just at his Meals, while his unfeeling Wife was dissipating his Substance in Luxury and Mirth. A Woman of this Cast, could never make herself beloved by a Person who had the Delicacy of Sentiment that our Girl was blest with ; but the many Opportunities she here enjoyed of being happy with her dear Mr. *Marshall*, compensated, in a great Measure, for the Reluctance she felt at giving her Attendance, where, in her Heart she despised the Person. Yet she kept the bad Opinion she had conceived of her Mistress entirely to herself ; for she thought however she disliked her, while she was her Servant, it was some Part of her Duty to conceal her Faults. Her Lover, hid under the Disguise of a Livery, was well known to the other Servants by the Name of *William*, and *Betty* was looked upon as lustily promised. This kept her from the impertinent addresses of their own Footman, who in his Heart cursed the spruce Fellow, as he called him, for being before-hand with him in his Addresses to so pretty a Girl. The Hopes of some future Change of Circumstances, enabled her to bear her present Situation with a Chearfulness that was very near Content, when an Accident befel Mr. *Marshall*, that gave her great Uneasiness.

After having spent one Evening with her at her Master's, or rather her Mistress's House, he was
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in his Return Home attacked in a very rough Manner, by a Fellow whom he took to be a Street-Robber : he was going to deliver what he had about him ; but the Man told him, that it was not his Money he wanted, but insisted on knowing what Business he had so often at that Gentleman's House, meaning the Captain's, which he was but just come from. The Impudence of the Question exasperated Mr. *Marshall* beyond Prudence, and he attempted to chastise the Fellow with his Cane ; but as this was an Exercise he was but little used to, the Porter got the better of the Gentleman, and he was most horridly mauled.

When the Scuffle was over, the Victor with great Kindness invited the Vanquished to take Part of a Pot, which after some Hesitation, he accepted, partly from a Motive of Curiosity, that he might learn the Reason of the Fellow's Impertinence, and partly that his Resentment might not appear of a higher Order than his seeming Station.

They went therefore to a neighbouring Ale-house, and here, by Force of Liquor, he learnt all he wanted to know, and found that the Man had watched him by the Orders of his Master ; but the Fellow could by no Means be prevailed on to tell who his Master was ; he only said that he was plaguy rich, and he believed he might venture to promise him a good Deal of Smart-Money, if he would give his Word never to go to that House again.

Mr. *Marshall* peremptorily refused any such mean Compliance, and by Degrees learnt from the Fellow, that there was a handsome Lass in the Case, who, he believed, had once lived with his Master.

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This the Man foolishly thought he might safely discover, without any Danger of discovering the Person who employed him; but Mr *Marshall* needed no other Information to assure him, that his Master must be his Cousin *Glanville*. Therefore shaking Hands with the Porter, and suffering him, at his Request, to pay the Reckoning, he took his Leave, and made the best of his Way Home.

Notwithstanding the Address with which Mr. *Marshall* had prevented the Fellow's entertaining the least Suspicion of his being any other than what his Livery Frock was designed to make him appear, this Discovery at first filled him with a very warm Resentment again his Cousin; but soon recollecting, that tho' he had been beaten, he himself had been the Aggressor, since the Porter had no Intention to strike him, till he himself began the Assault, he resolved to bridle his Temper, and take no Notice of what had passed. And this Conduct appeared the more eligible, as he had Reason to dread, that if his Disguise was seen thro', his Cousin would, out of Revenge for his being the favoured Lover, acquaint his Mother and Grandfather with his Intrigue. Influenced by this Fear, he forbore his Visits for some Time, that he might, if possible, tire out the Patience of those he had Reason to believe would still watch his Footsteps: But lest his Mistress should suspect his Fidelity, he sent her a Letter by a Person who had Orders to wait about the Door till he could see her: for, favoured as he was, he knew not how to direct to her by any other than her Christian Name. On his once asking her if she had any Relations living, she burst into a violent Flood of Tears, and shewed so many Signs of Uneasiness, that the tender Lover chose rather to repress

repress his Curiosity, than give Pain to a Heart that was so infinitely dear to me. This joined to another Reason, that may perhaps appear in the Course of this Work, kept him in Ignorance, and she herself obstinately persisted in not answering his Letters, lest she should be obliged to sign a Name, which, on Account of the Cruelty that had been practiced on her infant Years, she considered as a Term of Reproach, which set before her the supposed Infamy of her Birth, and which she weakly thought might convey the same Idea to all who heard it.

Mr. *Marshall's* Messenger gave her the following Billet.

“ Dear BETSY

“ A N ugly Affair hinders my spending the happy Hours with my charming Girl for some Time. Mr. *Glanville* has by some Means got Notice where you are, and has hired a Fellow to dog me. If I am found out, my Mother will certainly be told of our Love, which, if possible, I would conceal from her, till I have prepared her for the Discovery, and till our Family Affairs are settled more to my Satisfaction. I would fain shew the Sincerity of my Affection by my Endeavours to make my lovely Maid lastingly happy, not only in conjugal, but in relative Tenderness. I know it will be an Addition to my own Bliss, blessed as your Possession would make me, to have my Mother approve our Union : And I hope I don't deceive myself, when I imagine my dearest Girl esteems whatever promotes my Happiness as an Increase of her own ; but I would not have my Pain have the

‘ the same Effect, when I tell you, that Mr.
 ‘ *Glanville’s* Spy has dusted my Livery Frock, and
 ‘ bang’d Mr. *William* soundly, which I took, for
 ‘ Fear of a Discovery, with as much passive Sub-
 ‘ mission as any Gentleman of my Cloth does the
 ‘ passionate Drubbing of a generous Master, and
 ‘ afterwards made up the Affair at the Ale-house,
 ‘ where I learnt who was his Employer. I am
 ‘ too sensible of the Force of your Charms, not
 ‘ to forgive my Cousin this Mortification, and
 ‘ think it but a trifling Debasement while I am
 ‘ in the Possession of your Heart, and can, with-
 ‘ out Fear of his rivalling me in your Esteem,
 ‘ an Esteem that, in Spite of all accidental Advan-
 ‘ tages of Fortune, does me real Honour.

‘ subscribe myself eternally yours

‘ W. MARSHALL.’

Mr. *Marshall* was longer absent than he him-
 self intended ; for he was obliged to wait on his
 Mother to his Grand-father’s Country-house,
 where the old Gentleman was taken ill ; but this
 he apprized her of by a Note, which served to
 prevent the Uneasiness she would otherwise have
 felt on this Occasion.

C H A P.

C H A P. XII.

Betty's Mistress applied to for Relief, by her own Daughier, who is ordered to be turned out of Doors.

BETTY was one Day waiting on her Mistress, when, to her great Surprize, she saw the young Woman who had accompanied her to *Vaux-ball*, come into the Dining-room. She had now lost both her Beauty, that Glow of Vanity, and those Airs which were then exerted from a Desire of ensnaring every Beholder. In short, her Person and Behaviour were extremely altered, and her Dress was remarkably mean and singular. She wore a ragged round-eared Cap, had no Apron, and was without Stays. Her Gown which had been made of a yellow Lutestring, was so full of Stains, so spotted with Grease, and besmeared with Grime, that it was difficult to discover its original Colour. It was rent in above a hundred Places: The Bottom was surrounded with Rags, some of which trailed on the Floor, and under each Arm might be seen a Kind of Purse of dirty Linen, which appeared to be Part of a Shift, which, if one might judge by its Appearance, had not been off her Back for several Months. Her silk Stockings, though they had been mended with Worsted of various Colours, were out at the Heels: And her Shoes, which were of pink-coloured Silk, had a broad tarnished gold Lace; but the Heels being worn awry, the hind Quarters almost touched the Ground: On one Foot, Part of the Silk had forsaken the Sole, and on the other, her little Toe had

had escaped from the Rest, and having slipped through a Hole, was exposed naked to public View.

This poor unhappy Wretch, with a pale and dejected Look, addressed herself immediately to the Captain's Lady, and to the Astonishment of *Betty Barnes*, called her Mother, and pleaded for some Relief, with all the Tenderneſs and Humility of a Child. But this obdurate Woman refused her the ſmalleſt Aſſiſtance; ſhe told her, that the Infamy of her paſt Life had cut her off from the Hopes of ever being owned by her, and that ſhe would not harbour, or give the leaſt Support to ſo vile a Creature.

The Cruelty of this Treatment made the unhappy Wretch ſay, as ſhe went, or rather was drove out of the Room; for her Mother had Barbarity enough to bid the Footman ſhut the Door on her; "If you, Madam, had been honeſt, I might have ſtill been innocent; and the poor Captain in his Senſes." This Speech did not eſcape the Servants, who none of them loved their Miſtreſs, on Account of her Neglect of her Huſband, whom ſhe ſeldom was at Leiſure to viſit.

She was no ſooner out of the Room, than *Betty*, whoſe Heart was full, followed her, and, without ſpeaking a Word, ſlipped Half a Crown into her Hand, and immediately ran down Stairs. It was impoſſible, the Moment ſhe ſaw her, for her to avoid being ſtruck with ſuch a dreadful Reverse of Fortune. She recollected the Gaiety of her former Appearance, and comparing it with her preſent Wretchedneſs, could not help crying to herſelf, how dreadful are the Ways of Vice! however guilty ſhe may be, ſhe permitted me to eſcape!—
O God forgive her!

Betty

Betty, on leaving her Mistress, went down into the Kitchen, and was there praying for her more heartily, than she, perhaps, had ever prayed for herself. She never expected, and indeed did not desire, to see again the unhappy Wretch; but the Footman and the other Maid, who had never seen her before, had very different Sentiments. As People in a low Station are commonly glad to hear any Thing of their Superiors, that reduces them more to a Level with themselves, they eagerly longed to learn from this young Woman, what it was she hinted at, that seemed so much to the Disadvantage of their Mistress: to this End they invited her into the Kitchen, and she accepted the Invitation, as much out of Spleen to her unkind Mother, as from her Necessity; for she was in Want of almost every Comfort of Life.

The old Wretch, with whom she had lived at the Time of *Betty's* knowing her, had been some Time dead, and as it commonly happens to those who make a Trade of Vice, she left not enough to pay her numerous Creditors. The poor Girl was therefore stripped of all, and to compleat her Misfortune, soon after fell into the Hand of Justice, whose Mirmidons became blind like their Mistress, because the unhappy young Creature had nothing left that was worth their beholding. While she was kept at hard Labour, she heard of the Affluence of her Mother, and resolved to try her Compassion, as soon as she should be at Liberty, and this Interview was the Consequence of her Resolution.

None but *Betty Barnes* had the least Notion of her being so nearly related to their Lady; they therefore, without Ceremony, asked her to partake

take of what was in the House, and by little Offers of Friendship, endeavoured to worm out of her what she knew. *Betty*, as she was grown fatter, and was a good Deal altered, tho' not for the worse, was not at all known to her; she addressed herself to her as to the upper Servant, appealed to her, if her Lady was not extremely barbarous to refuse to the only Child she should call her own, without confessing, at least to herself, her Shame, a little out of what she possessed, to support Life.

Betty modestly answered, that she did not chuse to sit in Judgment on the Faults of her Mistress; but if it was in her Power to serve herself, she would do it with all her Heart, and advised her not to prevent all Possibility of a Reconcilement with her Lady, who, she said, had a Right to expect from her, if she was indeed her Daughter, a Concealment of her Failings; otherwise she would herself justify her Mother in her not admitting into the Family, one who would lessen her Authority in it. The young Woman was too much exasperated to listen to this Advice, and, as some Sort of Revenge to her inhuman Parent, made the following Detail, which we shall reserve for the Subject of the next Chapter.

C H A P. XIII.

The History of Captain Milner and his Lady.

“MY Mother’s Father, tho’ she now, I hear, gives herself all the Airs of a fine Lady, kept a publick House in St. Katharine’s. When she was very young, she became acquainted with the Gentleman, who is now called her Husband ; he was then only Mate of a Ship, and as he expected Preferment, and a Fortune from his Friends, was obliged to defer his Marriage for Fear of disobliging them before he had obtained an Establishment.

“ While he was gone a Voyage, my Mother, in Compliance with the Desire of her Parents, married my Father. But she had not been his Wife above half a Year, before her old Lover returned ; his Father was lately dead, and he had now in his own Possession upwards of fifteen hundred Pounds, besides his Post, which was that of Lieutenant of a Man of War. He came to my Grand-father’s with the utmost Joy, to lay this Fortune at his Mistress’s Feet, but there heard the dreadful News of her being engaged to another.

“ My Father was at this Time absent, for he too followed the Sea, tho’ in an inferior Station ; the enraged Lieutenant, from a Motive of Resentment, watched incessantly till he at last obtained a Sight of my Mother, whom he called his perfidious Mistress.

“ This Interview was attended with the most unhappy Consequence ; for when the disappointed
 Lover

Lover had raved away his Resentment, Rage gave Place to Passions of a softer Kind, tho' not less destructive; it would have been happy for them both if they had never met, or at least, had never been reconciled. While my Father was abroad, which was near a Year, and in which Time I was born, the Lieutenant shared my Mother's Bed, and I have heard my Grand-mother, who brought me up, say, that they were so infatuated in Guilt, that when my Father sent his Wife Word to meet him at *Rochester*, the Lover made the same Journey, tho' my Grand-mother, for Fear of some such imprudent Step, accompanied my Mother. But here the Care of her Daughter's Reputation had like to have cost the good old Woman her Life; for on her going into the Chamber where my Mother lay, she, to her great Surprise, found Mr. *Milner* in the same Bed: The guilty Pair were both asleep, but on the Cry my Mother made, which was caused by her Fright; for she expected my Father every Moment, he awoke, and in a Transport of Fury at her, exclaiming against their Wickedness, would have run her thro' the Body with his Sword, had he not been restrained by my Mother. But tho' she started at Murder, she joined with her Lover in accusing my Grand-mother as the Cause of her Guilt, by helping to force her to marry a Man she could never love; but with how little Reason, her future Conduct made sufficiently plain.

" These mutual Upbraidings caused a mutual Dislike which was never totally got over; my Grand-mother left her Daughter, as she was indeed ashamed to see her Son-in-law, and when she came to Town, took me from the Nurse where I was

was placed, when my Mother went to meet her Husband."

"My Mother made not the least Enquiry after me for some Years; mean while my Father was the Dupe of her Artifices, and never suspected her Fidelity, till once, on his coming Home, he found her big with Child, though he had been absent fourteen Months. So flagrant a Proof of her Falshood opened his Eyes, and he refused to live with her: yet at the same Time allowed her a Maintenance; but died soon after he had made this Discovery. She now lived publicly with Mr. *Milner*, and had lost all Sense of Shame; but on his going again to Sea, my Mother in the Absence of her Lover, who had by this Time obtained a Captain's Commission, was weak, or rather wicked, enough, to enter voluntarily into a second Engagement."

"This Proof of Levity weaned him from a Mistress who had in a great Measure dissipated his Substance, and estranged him from his Friends, to reconcile himself to whom, he married a Lady who had a very large Fortune."

"In the first two Years of his Marriage, he was happy enough not to see my Mother; but as the Extravagance of her second Husband had reduced her to great Straits, she lost no Opportunity that offered, to throw herself in his Way. The Misery of a Person whom he had once loved touched his Heart, and he kindly relieved her Wants; but this was far from being all she aimed at; she found Means to draw him to her House, under Pretence of seeing his Child, and she there put every Artifice in Practice that could subdue his Resolution. In short, she again procured by Infamy a Life of Splendor, while the neglected Wife
pined

pined in Secret, and in a few Years fell a Sacrifice to the Cruelty and Coldness of a Husband whom she almost adored. The Death of this Lady awaked the Captain from his Lethargy of Guilt, and my Mother was once more reduced to Indigence."

My Grandmother dying suddenly, left me entirely without Subsistence; for my Mother, as her only Child, seized all. This cruel Parent took little or no Care of me; but I had the Mortification of seeing all the little Ornaments that my Grand-mother's Fondness had bestowed on me, exchanged for trifles to humour my Brother, her Son by the Captain. The little my Grand-mother left, tho' it might with good Management have served for a Support, was soon wasted, and we were reduced to the utmost Wretchedness. Neglected and almost starved at Home, I complied with the Proposal of a Woman whom I accidentally saw in the Street, to live with her, where I continued till she died; but I have since been in very unhappy Circumstances. I was several Years without hearing of, or indeed enquiring about, my Mother; but I one Day saw her in such a Condition as excited my Pity; she had Nothing to cover her but a few despicable Rags, and bore in her Countenance plain Marks of her Misery. I sent her a few Necessaries, and all the Money I could spare, without giving her the Mortification of knowing to whom she was obliged, and I have never seen her since till this Day.

A few Weeks ago I was told by one with whom she was very intimate before her present Exaltation, tho' her Acquaintance is but very little to her Credit, that the Captain, struck with Remorse
for

for his Usage to the best of Wives, and the other Enormities of his younger Years, was almost mad, and in a despairing Way, and that while he was in this Condition, he, by Chance, saw my Mother. He was going to Church, but a heavy Shower of Rain obliged him to stop over against the wretched Garret, where, unknown to him, she lodged. The Woman described her Poverty to me with every Circumstance of Horror; she was now turned of fifty, and the Hardships she had suffered, made her seem much older; she wore a tattered Gown, no Apron, and instead of a Handkerchief a Piece of old checked Linen, which hardly concealed her Want of a Shift.

This was the Situation the Captain found her in when he followed his own Son, whom she sent to inform him where she was. The Boy made pretty much the same Appearance, and was entirely forgot by his Father. My Mother, tho' she had now no Charms to inspire Love, had not lost her Cunning: She found by the Incoherence of this poor Gentleman's Discourse, that he was out of his Senses, and she directly resolved, if possible, to make his Misfortune contribute to her Advantage.

She pretended great Contrition for her past Sins, and agreed with him, that it must be a Judgment from Heaven for the Crimes they had both committed, that he should despair of Forgiveness in the next World, and that she should feel the Extremes, of Misery in this; and in this first Visit just hinted, that there could be no Hope of Salvation for him, if he did not make some Reparation to those he had injured: when the unhappy Man in a perfect Agony, cried out,
“ my

" my Wife ! my murdered Wife ! how shall I make thee Reparation ?" ' This Exclamation at once convinced her, that she had raised a Thought that it was her Interest to suppress, and therefore, for that Time, dropped the Subject.

" After this Interview, the Captain was continually teased by her, or Somebody from her, to allow her a Maintenance, and, as his tortured Mind was ready to snatch at the smallest Appearance of Relief, he consented, in Hopes that this Step would give some Ease to his wounded Conscience.

" But her Ambition did not stop here : She was now in a Condition to appear Abroad, and the first Use she made of her Ability to dress, was to endeavour to gain to her Interest an intimate Acquaintance of the Captain's, in whose House he boarded. She told this Gentlewoman a piteous Tale of her Sufferings, and her Sorrow for her past Faults, which, by the Way, she as much as possible extenuated, while the poor miserable Man was ready to acknowledge more Guilt than she threw on him, tho' she laid to his Charge all her own Crimes.

" His frequently seeing my Mother had a very different Effect than what his Friends hoped for ; he was now in a perfect Frenzy, and she cunningly persuaded his Landlady, that he never would be well if he did not make her his Wife.

" The good-natur'd Woman, tho' she was far from liking one of my Mother's Character, had so much Regard for her Lodger, that she mentioned it to him, in Hopes that it might indeed have contributed to his Recovery.

“ The Captain, at first, started at the Thought, but on my Mother’s employing one, who, by the Sanctity of his outward Behaviour, had gained a Reputation for Piety, and by the frequent Repetition of the Words Grace and Faith, was looked on as one of Heaven’s chief Favourites, to plead in her Behalf, she gained her Cause, and was actually married to him, when he was in a Condition that would have justified his Friend in confining him.”

“ When she had gained her Ends, I am informed, she soon threw off the Mask, and now lives in a voluptuous Riot, that must quickly waste the Wealth she has so unjustifiably got into her Possession : But I should have told you, that she had been married but a few Weeks before she found Means to get the Administration of the Captain’s Affairs into her own Hands, on Account of his Lunacy, tho’ a Brother of his strove in vain to set aside the Marriage from the same Plea, and there can be no other Reason given for his Want of Success, but that the Man was poor.”

This Relation, as it was attended with many Circumstances of Mortification to the Captain’s Wife, did not fail of getting Air, from the tattling Disposition of the Servants, who had two strong Motives to talk, Pity to their unhappy Master, and a Contempt of their Mistress, who had, by her Airs of Arrogance, rendered herself extremely ridiculous. Besides these, they had a third Inducement, which they did not think fit to acknowledge, and which, it was highly probable, was more powerful than either of the former ; this was a strange Kind of Fondness for hearing themselves talk,

talk, an entire Ignorance of every Subject fit for Conversation. From hence it happened, that as they had been accustomed to harangue on the Vices and Follies of all the Masters and Mistresses with whom they had lived, 'tis no Wonder that they greedily seized this Opportunity of displaying their Eloquence at their Mistress's Expence, and that the above Story spread like Wild-fire.

The many gross Affronts Mrs. *Milner* received, after this Relation came to the Ears of the Publick, determin'd her to remove into the Country, and that she might not have any about her who knew her former Circumstances, she resolv'd to make an entire Change among her Servants. This Resolution was so suddenly put in Execution, that *Betty* had not Time to acquaint her Lover with her going, before she was discharged.

The END of the FIRST VOLUME.

THE HISTORY OF THE

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